

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1925

COMING OF AGE¹

I. THE NOVITIATE

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

February 8, 1918. — What if I were to scream? I may yet. It would be so un-English and such awfully bad form. I'd love to do it. It would disturb all these good Sisters from their naps and knitting. The Major would be sent for, and he would hang over my bed and breathe on me and say 'Hmm.' Out of the tail of my eye I can see that Marston, the Canadian nurse in the next bed to me, has reached out and stolen my hot claret and is now drinking it under the bedclothes. She is a peach.

It's not that I mind being in bed. I don't even mind having the flu and trench fever. It was quite interesting at first and is not unpleasant even now. Nor have I any particular passion for work. I always was lazy. The real root of the matter is that I realize that the spring offensive will soon be on, and unless I get out of here I shall miss it.

February 11. — I have prevailed upon the Major to let me get up. I am now allowed to dress and wander about the château. It is a lovely old place.

February 12. — I have been at the Major again, this time to let me go home. The Harvard Unit Matron

remarked casually that there is to be a dance in our mess Thursday night. I feel that I am going to that dance, though I have n't mentioned my conviction to the Major. In fact I have n't even said there is to be a dance, but I have followed him about persistently. Wherever he goes, there am I also. I skip before him blithely that he may not fail to observe my unbounded energy. I carol gayly in the halls. This morning when I heard him stumping through the lower hall I came tearing wildly down the stairs, slipped, and landed in a joyful heap at his feet. From the floor I beamed at him. 'Good morning, Major,' said I.

'Good heavens!' said he.

'Major,' said I urgently, 'may I go home Thursday?'

He peered at me over his spectacles and puffed. It seems to me that he had the air of one who feels a trifle foolish. I was sitting on his foot, which may explain that.

'Good God, yes!' he said at last. 'Do anything you like. You're worse than the Wandering Jew!'

'Oh, thank you, Major,' I cooed. 'You are a darling!'

¹This diary is, of course, actual. — THE EDITORS

February 14. — Home at last! I came over in the ambulance, back over the familiar roads, past the little lake and through the village, past the machine-gun training camp and the hospitals, standing dim and dripping in the rain. The sentries all knew me and grinned, and my heart leaped at the sound of many pairs of boots squelching in the mud.

In my room in the hut the little stove is all hot and glowing. The wind is singing the same old song through the cracks in the wall. The corner of the canvas nailed to the wall is still hanging down where the tack fell out last year. The brown blanket on my cot is rough to the touch after the silk puffs at Villa Tino, but I have dreamed of that old blanket. And there is a hollow in the quilt that covers the coal-box, where Molly has been sitting to read. That is one advantage of having a roommate. When you come home from somewhere the room always looks lived in.

February 15. — I went on duty on C-5, medical, this morning. It is Miss McKayne's ward.

There's a strange soul. I wonder what she thinks of it all? She is old, and narrow-minded, and crumpled and tired, and she works on and on in the confusion, worrying about all the little unimportant things, bewildered by the big ones, pretending to be rather fierce, in self-defense. And so she slaves and mismanages, and adores her boys, and nags their very souls out about cigarette butts and keeping their lockers clean. I wonder if she thinks at all? One never can tell about people.

The mail sergeant came to the ward this afternoon bringing me a registered package containing Hamilton Borrow's picture — he wearing the full-dress uniform of the Irish Guards. He was a handsome creature, but rather stupid. For the life of me I can't see

why I fell for him so hard. If only he had n't come back it would have been all right, but I do hate an anticlimax. That whole thing was rather amusing. I met him at the Y. M. C. A. movie show, to which he had come with Ruth Brewster, who also had just met him that day. I don't remember whom I was with. But I perceived that here was an exceedingly handsome major with a roving eye. 'Is this yours?' I whispered to Ruth. 'No,' said she. 'Just a war ration.' So I sat down on the other side of him, and I meant nothing at all when I brushed his nice fur glove across my cheek. He took it entirely the wrong way. And I only smiled because the movie was amusing or something, though I don't remember what it was about, now. Anyway . . .

February 17. — I relieved on C-5 this afternoon. It was nice to be back — I had been on duty there when I went sick. Many of the boys I knew were still there, but they are up and around now and they were dears to me. They sat me, almost by force, in a chair in front of the stove, and served me tea. They brought me bread and butter and their best jam. They fried me eggs, which they brought to me on a tin plate not too clean. But it did n't matter. It is like that on all the wards. The boys love to do things for the Sisters.

When I was settled with my tea they gathered around and, according to the custom of the male in any group in which he feels at home, began to yarn. Their tales were of the war, and at first they tempered their language because Sister was there and might be offended by rough talk. But after a little they forgot that she was there at all, and never have I heard such stories. In reward for my silence there was revealed to me a strange world in which there were only men — a world of life and death and love and hate, but not

like any world I had ever known. There were tales of friendships of men for their horses, tales of the strange ways of shells and bombs, tales of violence and horror, tales overflowing with the simple poetry of the peasant mind, tales of days and nights and attacks and retreats. And through it all ran the theme of the comradeship which is created by danger and hardship. 'My mate, 'e,' they began.

And I listened. Around us the dingy tent-walls billowed and flapped; the smoky lantern sputtered in the draughts; the toes of our shoes burned merrily in the lower damper of the stove — along with the toast. The air smelled of smoke, and wet canvas, and eggs frying in butter, and there was an incessant and cheerful clump-clump of heavy boots on the board floor.

February 19. — A Boche plane was over to-day, taking pictures. We nearly got him.

Camp is full of rumors as usual. One is that the Boche plane dropped a paper saying, 'We are going to wipe you out the twenty-fourth.' That is the night the moon is full.

And here we are, three hospitals, lying along the one line of railroad that goes to the front. We are surrounded by anti-aircraft schools, machine-gun schools, and training camps, and an ammunition dump. Naturally, with all these excellent objectives the merry Boche is n't going to stop to disentangle what *may* be hospitals from the rest, especially as we have no distinguishing marks.

February 22. — Human beings are so ridiculous! This evening I bumped into Molly by the cookhouse door, and we wallowed along together, not saying much. Bye had come off duty early, and as we came up the hut steps her door flew open with characteristic

abruptness, letting out a flood of warm air and light, and a smell of cocoa.

'I say,' Bye called to us, 'I've got a box from home! Bring your pajamas in here and undress. Ann and Libby will be down in a minute. Never mind your fire.'

There is something so satisfying about these evenings, with their long companionable discussions and their atmosphere of affectionate comradeship. Men are always clamoring that women don't understand friendship — meaning, of course, that only they, as the lords of creation, are capable of it. I hate to differ with you, my lords, but these women understand it.

I like to watch them as they talk. Molly, curled up on the bed, always picturesque; wearing very chic pajamas; her brown hair hanging over her shoulder in a thick braid, and her eyes sparkling. She argues with unexpected clarity and emphasis for one with so piquant a nose.

And Libby, round-eyed and æsthetic-looking, sitting bolt upright against the wall, her face flushed with eagerness and enthusiasm and her hands clasped tight between her knees in her attempts to keep her opinions from running away with her temper.

Ann Peyton is the one pretty girl among us, except Bye. She is twenty-three. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and slender. She looks like a child, but there is a shadow behind the blue twinkle of her eyes, and a pallor in her cheeks. A generous, sweet-tempered girl, full of drawling witticisms into which there creeps, at times, a tinge of bitterness — and with good reason. She had been married just a month to a young Captain in the Royal Air Force, a childhood sweetheart, when he was reported missing. He has n't been heard of since, and that was about eight months ago. She still believes him alive.

And then Bye. There is a good deal of the devil in Bye. She stands, usually, half leaning against the table in the centre of the room, gesticulating with little nervous jerks as she talks. Now and again she rocks back and forth slightly for emphasis, and her greatest joy is to involve Molly and Libby in a political argument. Molly is a Canadian, and Libby English, with an American education. Both have violent convictions. Bye starts the game by aiming a few bitingly sarcastic comments at any existing political situation. Instantly Molly and Libby pounce, and the rest of us settle down to eat and watch the fur fly.

February 27. — To-night when I stopped to look at the bulletin board in the mess on my way to dinner I found my name posted for duty on A-1 in the morning.

There is no ward in the hospital which has the atmosphere of A-1. In the first place it's a bone ward, — mostly femurs, — which means back-breaking work, of course, but it also means that it is a ward where the patients stay for ages. Shattered bones are a long time healing. I had my very first war-duty there, too, months ago, and for the first time heard myself called 'Sister' in tones which made my throat ache. A great many of those boys are there still and nearly all of them were of the 'Old Contemptibles' — Kitchener's mob.

I am thrilled at going back, though my thrill is a little subdued because Knowlton is the Sister in charge there now; and Knowlton — well, Knowlton is the amazon type. Hard-boiled, aggressive, ill-bred, vain, and undeniably efficient. We do not like each other, but we manage to get on very well. I keep my mouth shut and work, and Know leaves me to it, generally.

February 28. — Knowlton was actually glad to see me this morning.

The first thing I heard when I went into the ward was Hilley, playing 'White Wings' on the gramophone. I don't believe he has had that record off since I was here before.

Know gave me back my old side — with Hilley and old Dad. Forty patients. But then they are hard dressings, all of them, so it is n't as easy as it sounds. I was so pleased to get that side again. Know is n't so bad after all. And I worked. Lord, how I worked. My back is busted in two to-night. Slowly down the ward, doing the dressings and making the beds. Old Dad beamed and beamed at me, turning his grizzled head from side to side on the pillow as I went up and down the ward, until by and by he fell asleep. That plucky old thing came all the way from Australia to fight for the England he had never seen. He is over sixty. No one can imagine how he got into the army. But he did. And now he lies here in the base hospital with his leg torn to pieces. He's a crotchety old dear, always roaring about something. But the time when I was here before he shot a temp and complained of pain in his thigh. It being laid wide open anyhow, I took a look along the bone — Dad meantime cursing the roof off — and found a walled-in pus pocket. I picked up a scalpel, told Dad to look out the window a minute — that I was going to hurt him, so to be prepared. And then, before he knew what I was about, I slit the thing open. At least two cupfuls of pus poured out, and his relief was tremendous at once. Of course his temp dropped. I put in a packing and watched it for a few days. It cleared right up. And that was absolutely all, but Dad thinks there is nobody in the world fit for me even to walk on. Naturally I spoil him to death.

And then there is Hilley. His hip was shattered with an explosive bullet and the story of how it happened would keep you awake nights for a week. He is an Irish Guardsman — and everybody in the hospital knows him. Long and thin, with a rather fine face, also long and thin, keenly intelligent and decorated with a very snappy black moustache. He has been on the ward for nine months, tied to a Balkan frame, and he is the heart and soul of A-1. He bucks the boys up no end. Always singing or joking or wrangling about something. He never complains, although he is tortured daily, and he is never consciously the 'sunshine of the ward.' He just *is*, because of his unquenchable exuberance. We have always been great friends. I adore him. We have old jokes that we cherish, and certain formulas of greeting and leave-taking.

It was Hilley who started the boys all saying good-night to me with one voice. They think it is a great joke, but there is a sweetness of intention underneath it that makes me value it greatly.

I wondered if they had forgotten. There were new boys in the ward, of course. But when it came time to go I stood in the doorway as usual and said good-night to the boys near at hand. Like a flash Hilley was pulling himself up on that frame, hand over hand, yelling, 'Hey, mates! Shut your noise! Sister's going!'

There was a grinning silence, while I said in a rather small voice, which I tried to keep from shaking, 'Good-night, lads. Sleep well!'

With a crash that shook the hut eighty voices responded, 'Good-night, Sister.'

The new boys stared. Knowlton flew out of the office.

'For God's sake, Boylston! What on earth are you doing?'

'Nothing,' I replied meekly. 'Just saying good-night to the boys.'

'Well, for the *luvva* Mike! I should think you were.'

March 8. — One would never dream there was a war on! We have had a grand clearing-out in preparation for the spring offensive and the hospital is nearly empty. So everybody is rejoicing in abundant time off. Matron says we'd better grab all we can, because it looks as though we should have a hot time later.

I have n't written in this lately because I've been too busy. There is a new crowd in at the Senior Officers' School and they have nearly rushed us off our feet. It is great fun, because no matter how complicated things get they have to go back up the line at the end of the month — and we should worry.

It is a fascinating game, this playing at love with people who can't stay long enough to be serious. One feels so safe. I hate these long-drawn-out affairs — generally. Now and then, of course . . .

It happened this way, this time. I was reading in the coal-box one evening when Ruth rushed in, all out of breath.

'Oh, Troubles, *dear!* Thank God, you're not doing anything! Get your mess uniform on quick! Jinks and I need you. Meet us in Matron's sitting-room in ten minutes.' And she fled without explanation.

Now there is this about the crowd — they never ask questions and they never let each other down. I was in Matron's sitting-room in five minutes — my veil a little askew, but otherwise all right. I found Ruth and Jinks with four men. There were hasty introductions. Jinks was obviously engrossed with a Scotch major. Very good-looking. I should have liked him myself: Ruth had taken on an English major

and an Irish one. This left the other Englishman to me. Major Gracie. Ruth explained all in one breath — Ruth is always breathless — that 'his-name-is really Alfred Travers Gracie but we call him Don because it doesn't take so long to say.'

We went down to the Hotel Du Lac for dinner — wandering through the back lanes and byways of the village, after the manner of all Sisters and officers en route to dinner. Don Gracie is a darling. It was one of those sudden things that occur to me from time to time. We looked at each other and I fell.

Since then I have dined every single night with him. Sometimes alone and sometimes with the crowd.

And yet — I wonder about it — and myself. What is the real truth of it? Are we a lot of silly jackasses, or are we just normal young people having a good time, or are we all a little mad, and chasing shadows? There is no way of knowing.

Don is a nice-looking creature — tall and blonde, with a nice little clipped moustache and even nicer brown eyes. I wonder what he looks like in civilian clothes. He's very clever and writes really good poetry.

March 9. — The spring offensive is on the way! The boys have all been recalled and there is an unpleasant tension in the air. Don left to-day. I was to have had a farewell luncheon with him this noon, but of course Knowlton changed my time at the last minute and I could n't go, so after a while he appeared at the ward and stayed about an hour. He is the first of the crowd at the school to go. Lord, but the thought of what is coming makes me sick. I wonder if it will be worse or better this time. The crowd at the school will all be killed — they always are.

I don't see why we are n't all crazy. We ought to be. And yet, after saying good-bye to Don — both of us feeling miserable and tragic — I went off duty and went out to dinner with Mol and Libby and Jerome and had the time of my life.

Well — what else is one to do?

Later we all went to a dance in the mess. It was an excellent dance!

When will the war start?

March 10. — We are getting as much time off as possible while the hospital is empty. I had 11-5 off to-day, and went up the hills with Bye. Gorgeous day out. Warm. At the top of the range we stretched out in the long matted grass and lay quiet, soaking up the warmth, chewing grass-stems, and staring out across to where the Channel sparkled in the morning sun. But I felt a little sick. I always feel that way before a push. Never have time to after it starts. I think Bye felt a bit off, too.

March 14. — I'm tired. Too many parties. And it is raining. It has always rained. It will never do anything else. It beats on the tents with paddy fingers. It drips from the ridgepoles. It leaks into everything. The bread tastes musty. The mud flows over the roads like lava. My feet are wet and my head aches. The boys are cross. I'm tired of parties, and of straining my eyes for a glimpse of the hills which are not there because of the rain clouds. I'm tired of waiting for the war and of listening to wheezy gramophones.

I wish I was in bed.

March 23. — I've forgotten what has happened since I wrote in this last. Nothing interesting anyway. The weather has been rotten. Spring in Picardy!

But — on Thursday the Boche attacked along a fifty-mile front. We are about due for the first lot of the poor lads. I hear they took Bullecourt, but lost it again. I feel as the poor lads must feel after they've watched the dressing-tray coming slowly all down the ward, until at last they know that they are next. The war is on.

4 A. M., *March 24.* — They've come! Convoy after convoy. I've been working all night. Just got off.

Fritz has broken through our lines. It's hideous. The field dressing-stations and casualty clearing-stations have all been destroyed and we are getting the boys direct from the line. There have been no stretcher cases so far. Fritz is killing any wounded who can't walk well enough to get away. And those walking wounded! I could scream when I think of them.

Our first warning that the convoys were coming was the steady hum of ambulances — ambulances winding over the road in the moonlight as far as the eye could see, with scarcely a yard between them. Just black beetles, crawling, and not a light anywhere.

It was about an hour after supper, and there was an air raid on. Not a very bad one, but our shells were coming over so low that our hair stood on end listening to them. Ruth and I were standing outside the mess looking at the air raid when we heard a low note, a steady drone, under the scream of the shells. After one startled look at one another we started for Matron's office, neither of us saying a word.

Just as we reached the administration hut the first ambulance stopped in front of us, the others close behind. We had to wait until the boys were taken out. Nearly every one should have been a stretcher case. Ragged and dirty; tin hats still on; wounds

patched together any way; some not even covered.

Their faces were white and drawn and their eyes glassy from lack of sleep. Some of them were not more than sixteen or seventeen and they stood ghastly in the moonlight, waiting to be told where to go. There were great husky men, crying with the pain of gaping wounds and dreadfully swollen, discolored, trench feet. There were strings of from eight to twenty blind boys filing up the road, their hands on each other's shoulders and their leader some bedraggled, bandaged, limping youngster.

Every one had a cigarette in his mouth and another behind his ear. And they grinned at us. Grinned! 'Cheerio, Sister. Got a blighty this time!' Over it all the shells whistled, the Gothas growled, and the searchlights swept the sky. Now and then a bomb exploded in the distance and those poor devils jumped horribly — and then grinned again at 'Sister.' They were sickly things, those grins.

Ruth and I stood beside the road with the tears rolling down our cheeks, trying to smile back. I wonder if I'll ever be able to look at marching men again, anywhere, without seeing those blinded boys with five and six wound stripes on their sleeves, struggling painfully along the road.

Matron sent us to the D Lines. She said there were five hundred in this convoy, and that there were stretcher cases on the way. If she sent Topsy Stone with us did we think we three could clean up the five hundred walkers?

We thought that we could, though Heaven knows how we thought we were going to do it.

In the D Lines dressing-tent we made a frantic effort to systematize our work. We had a small table for the medical officer, and a large table, piled with bandages and splints, boric ointment,

sponges, and a basinful of Dakins for wet dressings. Then there were two smoky lanterns and an enfeebled primus stove.

Ruth, armed with a pair of scissors, stood in the doorway and beckoned the boys in, two or three at a time. Because there was so much to do it was impossible to try to take the stiff, dried bandages off carefully. The only thing to do was to snatch them off with one desperate yank. Poor Ruth! She could hardly stand it. She'd cut the dressing down the middle, the poor lad looking on with set jaw and imploring eyes. Ruth's own eyes were full. There'd be a quick jerk; a sharp scream from the lad; a sob from Ruth; and he was passed on to the medical officer, and Ruth began on the next.

The medical officer looked at the wound, said 'Wet — dry — boric ointment' or 'Splint' to the orderly sitting at the table. The orderly scribbled the order on a bit of paper and gave it to the lad, who moved on to Topsy and me.

They came much too fast for us, and within fifteen minutes were standing twenty deep around the dressing-table. As the hours went by we ceased to think. Our hands moved automatically. We were hardly conscious of the shuffling of feet and the steady drip-drip, wounds bleeding from surface vessels torn open when Ruth took off the dressing. I remember hearing a soft thump now and then. I suppose somebody fainted, but there was no time to look up. We were needed elsewhere, for stretcher cases, at that very moment.

After a while Topsy had to give it up, and went away, very white. She was sick before we started anyway.

We're through now, just as the dawn is coming. I don't know whether I'm sleepy or not. But when I close my eyes the bandages go on rolling and winding and staining crimson. The blur

of faces is still there in the sputtering lantern-light, and I hear the ceaseless shuffle of feet. So I'm writing in this until they all go away and I can sleep.

Molly is n't in yet. I wonder where she went. Operating, I suppose.

March 27. — We are all getting fearfully tired. I could go to sleep standing up. Rand Wray and Captain Dudley have n't been to bed for three days and nights. And Colonel Putnam has thanked us formally and informally for our coöperation. Already we hold the record for British hospitals on the Western Front. In ten days we admitted 4853 wounded, sent 4000 to England, did 935 operations, and only twelve patients died!

April 4. — There's a pause in the war!

Meantime we have cleared out the hospital and are nearly empty once more — and ready for the next rush.

We sent twenty-six boys from A. Q. this morning. All my femurs have gone. It was like breaking up a happy home. To be sure they were tremendously thrilled at going to Blighty, but they have been so many long months in dingy old A-1 that they have grown to love it. And we *were* good to them.

They were such children. I remember once buying bright-colored neckties for the entire ward, and tying them on each of the men myself. And they all sat up, grinning perkily at one another and slicking back their hair. There will be no one now to yell a rousing good-night to me when I go off duty. All the traditions of A-1 went to England this morning.

I just could n't bear it. Hilley did n't even pretend he wanted to go, and begged to be let off. I went out to the ambulance with him, and he clung tightly to my hand all the way. I

almost cried. The ward will be a silent place without him.

It's queer I should have been so shocked and startled. I knew they could n't stay forever. At least I knew it with my mind. But all the time I *felt* that Old Dad would go on grumbling forever, there by the door, and that Hilley would always play 'White Wings' on the gramophone for hours every day, and that Taffy the Welchman would sing me the Whale's Lullaby every afternoon, and that Cherry would go on joking with me and biting the sheet to stifle his moans while I was doing his dressing.

I just never thought that it would all end. How stupid I am. I went on blindly, loving them all, and loving their foolish ways and inarticulateness and contrariness. And now they are all gone. The Colonel came in, walked through the ward, followed by a sergeant, pointed them out, one after another, and went out at the door at the other end of the ward; and he left consternation behind him. But even then I did n't realize it. He said, 'Have them ready in an hour.' And we did.

And now the ward is already filled with strange lads. It will never be the same again. Nothing ever is, of course. But I will never be so foolish as to forget it as I did this time.

Come to think of it, to-day is my birthday. How extraordinary. I've just remembered it. And I'm twenty-three.

What a year this has been!

Two nice letters from Don. He is a dear.

April 9. — I had a very peaceful night. Sent five of the boys to Blighty, but that was all that happened in my house.

My orderly is a scream. He's deaf, and consequently gets himself into all kinds of ridiculous scrapes. Last night he leaned up against the stovepipe to

take a nap. Now that stovepipe is very ancient and when he leaned on it it cracked. Of course he did n't hear it, and presently, just as he was dozing off, the pipe gave a fearful screech and fell on him. I laughed so hard I could n't help him, and he finally crawled out by himself, a foot thick with soot and swearing frightfully. The poor old dear! He's too old to be puttering around dark tents full of dying boys.

April 10. — Everybody is going to be exhausted before this drive is over, it's so long-drawn-out. But they are all so game. I did n't know people could be like this.

April 11. — Another peaceful night, the easiest yet.

I got up early to-day, and after tea Ellen James and I went off for a walk. It was the first real spring day we've had for a long while, and it was good. We wandered down the beach road and turned off through the half-wild lane that loses itself among the pines on the lake shore. The air was warm, and heavy with the smell of burning brush, and the outlines of the hills and the sand dunes were hazy and unreal in the drifting smoke. Far up over our heads a solitary plane moved, a speck against the blue. We lingered for a while in the warm, lazy quietness, and then came out into the village. The contrast took my breath away.

Against a background of thatched cottages, green rows of slender poplars, and a shrine, all mirrored in the tiny lake, the huge army-trucks thundered by, grinding and squealing. Heavy boots clumped over the cobbled streets, cavalry officers swung past, jingling, ambulances bumped emptily, and from the direction of No. 18's camp we heard 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' being played as only a military band can play it.

James and I looked at each other and grinned. 'Well, anyway, we're *living!*' James said, and there was a ring in her voice.

April 15. — I'm operating nights again. This time with Major Cranston. I love working with him. When he operates one feels that things are really happening.

Day before yesterday we admitted 1100 in twenty-four hours, and we are averaging seventy to ninety operations a night, except on the nights when no convoy comes in. The night operating teams do only the emergency ops., of course. There are three teams, and we certainly are turning off the work.

Last night there was no convoy, so we were off duty for the night, and I slept from nine in the morning until eight this morning, — twenty-three hours, — waking only long enough to drink the tea Molly brought me yesterday afternoon. I expected to work again to-night, but did n't have to.

In the intervals between work and sleeping I have built myself an armchair out of some boards, box covers, and fence rails. It sounds frightful, but it is really very comfortable and looks quite like any armchair when it is draped with a blanket.

April 24. — Gorgeous day out. I'd like to go fishing somewhere, with Dad. *Later.* It's raining out now. I'm writing this in my room, curled up in the chair. Our few lumps of coal are burning merrily, Bye's teakettle is beginning to sing, and the rain is pounding on the roof and streaming down the window. Bye is asleep on my bed and Molly is reading in the coal-box.

How comfortable they look — Bye's curly head boring into the pillow, and Molly half out of sight in the coal-box, her nose buried in a book. I wonder

what they think about when they sit staring into space, as I'm doing now? They'd be embarrassed if they knew that I was thinking about them — glad that they are here; grateful for their friendship; loving their notions and their ways and their moods. They'd laugh, too, at my sentimentality.

May 19. — We have just had a frightful air-raid. I'm not quite sure whether I'm all here or not. The telephone and telegraph wires are all down and for several hours now the ambulance-drivers have been bringing in what are left of the patients from other hospitals. This hospital escaped without a single casualty — goodness knows how. The ambulance-drivers say that Étapes is a mess. The nurses' quarters of No. 1 Canadian were hit, and no one knows how many nurses have been killed and wounded.

It was about eleven o'clock, and Fred Wilson, Benny's medical officer, was on the ward at the time, trying to do something for one of the boys who was dying. We were standing by the bedside when suddenly Fred stopped short in something he was saying, and we looked at each other with startled eyes.

The guns at Boulogne!

Something seemed to clutch at the pit of my stomach, as the hut began to tremble. Far away the sound came, like distant thunder.

We went out at once and stood looking up, and already we could hear a faint intermittent purr, growing steadily louder — Gothas, heavily loaded.

The moon was full; there was not a breath of air. Every hut and tent stood out as clearly as though their outlines had been cut with a razor. We could almost see the planes, and they seemed to be coming from all directions. And still no air-raid signal, and no sound from our guns. Across the hills we

could see the tiny sparks of bursting shells and hear the dull roll of the barrage.

By this time the air was swarming with planes, and I grabbed Fred by the sleeve while seven hundred cold chills per minute chased along my spine. 'Good God,' Fred said, 'we're in for it!' And at that instant came a flash from the beach, a long sobbing sigh, a terrific jar, and then a faint *b-o-o-o-ng*, among the stars. Archie had spoken. In another moment every gun for miles around had turned loose and was firing frantically, the shells whining in a dozen different keys. And all the time, *his-s-s-s*, a tremendous shock, and a blinding red flare. All the while the planes circled, closer and closer, until the machine-guns opened on them with their foolish little *put-put-put*. It was horrible, and yet — it had a kind of dreadful beauty — the searchlights swinging and crossing, the yellow blaze of slowly dropping flares and star shells, the flash of bursting shells, and sometimes a great gold bug swooping out of the sky — Fritz caught in the searchlights — or again a hideous black bug against the moon.

The boys, terrified, were beginning to shout for Sister, and I flew for B-5, where they were most helpless. Fred followed me, and we walked up and down between the rows of beds, trying to quiet them. They were frantic with terror, and I can't say that I was much better.

Seeing that all was well in that quarter, Fred and I went across to the other hut. I set my teeth and ran like blazes, and sprang through the door just as Major Cranston came in, bareheaded, and quite unconcerned. He ordered us to lie down on the floor at once, and stay there; and he went out again into the shrapnel. I had a sudden impulse to grab him by the coat-tails and pull him back. He is the one man we can't afford

to lose, but I did n't dare to grab, though it made me sick to see him going out again.

When he had gone we started back to the other ward. Raid or no raid, you can't leave the boys.

Halfway across the open space between the wards a bomb fell in the chalk pit behind the C Lines, and then another nearer. Something struck me across the shoulders and tripped me at the same time, and I found myself flat on my face in the mud, with Fred beside me saying quietly, 'Lie still! The next one is going to land about here.'

I buried my face in my arms and waited. We could hear it coming — sizzling. I don't remember that I thought anything, and I was n't conscious of feeling anything. I simply waited, but I think I lived ten years in those few seconds. We heard it strike. There was a dreadful roar and a blood-red flare. I could see it even with my fingers pressed against my eyes. My ears rang and my head seemed to be bursting. Something fell with a crash in one of the huts. Earth and stone pattered down on us.

When I crawled to my feet I found that I was shaking all over, which surprised me, for I was still not conscious of any emotion. Fred, putting out a hand to help me, felt the tremor, and said gently: 'Don't you mind it. It will wear off in a little while. I did the same thing when I was up the line the first time.' I could have blessed him for understanding, but I made no reply for fear he'd hear my teeth chattering. He was right, however. It did wear off in about half an hour. Meanwhile we went on to the hut, and the boys, seeing us coming in safe and sound, pulled themselves together and did very well in the hours that followed. The raid continued with the same vigor until three o'clock, and now we are trying to find places for

the boys who have come in the ambulances. We all look seedy and tired. It is a bit wearing to be scared stiff for four hours.

May 20-21. — Seven nurses were killed last night, and many more wounded. They say there were forty planes over.

The casualties in Étapes number over 3000. And the rumors are wild beyond description. Little knots of people gather on every corner and gesticulate frantically. The first greeting is invariably, 'Gosh, did you hear—?'

I certainly did. I never heard so many wild tales in my life. Nobody knows what to believe.

Some of our shell-shock patients ran so far away that they have n't come back yet. Three were found under the water tanks this noon.

May 22. — Last night was my last on night duty. It was decidedly hectic. We had three air raids. All patients who were able to walk, and all the personnel not on duty, were ordered to the hills — which look flat from an aeroplane and are not worth bombing.

Everybody *on* duty has to wear a tin hat, and at the first sign of an air raid must lower all the patients' beds to the floor. The tin hats are a beastly nuisance. They weigh a ton, and seem as big as a carpet, until a nose cap comes whanging through the air. Then they feel about the size of a postage stamp.

We had a lovely time watching the crowd traveling to the hills. Sisters, officers, and Tommies, all cold and mad, and most of them only half-dressed and dragging blankets. Three times they scrambled across the field and up the hills. Three times they trailed back — madder every time.

We, having let the beds down as per order, sat perkily in the doorways of our huts, our tin hats cocked over one eyebrow, and leered at everybody who went by. At least we did until the third time. Then Fritz, apparently scared by something, dropped all his bombs at once, as one would drop an apronful of eggs. I went over backward in my chair. My tall Jock orderly gave one squawk and dived for the drainpipe in the gutter.

After that we stayed inside.

May 31. — We've been bombed every single night this week, except one, and then we stayed awake anyhow, expecting it.

June 5. — We celebrated our third anniversary in France with sports, tea for the people who are leaving, and a dance. I had a sudden attack of my old interest in athletics and won the 250-yard dash. Drapeau came in second. 'Crannie' yelled like anything and the Colonel swore and banged on his boots with his stick. Afterward one of the sergeants came up and solemnly presented me with a box of soap — the first prize.

The dance was a gorgeous success.

PROBLEMS FOR AN IMPARTIAL CHAIRMAN

FROM THE DOCKET OF AN INDUSTRIAL JUDGE

BY W. M. LEISERSON

It was my first case. A written complaint from the Rochester Clothing Workers' Union alleged that one Romanelli, — the name is fictitious, — an 'under-presser,' had been unjustly discharged and requested that he be reinstated, with pay for lost time. I read it and wondered what to do next.

'Mr. Chairman,' said the Italian business-agent of the union, who appeared as counsel for Romanelli, 'I think the labor-manager ought to tell why he discharged this man.'

'But this is the union's complaint,' said the labor-manager, who represented the employer, 'and I think the union ought to state first why it took up this case.'

'Well,' I said, 'we have n't any rules of procedure yet. I suppose we shall have to prepare a set of rules. But let's not be technical. The idea, as I understand it, is to get at the facts in the case and then decide what is the best thing to do. The agreement between the manufacturers and the union provides (*reading*): —

'The full power to discharge and discipline remains with the employer; but it is understood that the power should be exercised with justice and with due regard to the reasonable rights of the employee, and if any employee feels that he has been unjustly discharged he may appeal to the tribunal provided for, which shall have power to review the case, and its decision shall be binding on the parties.

'All I am interested in is to find out the reasons for the discharge, and then I must try to decide the case in accordance with this provision of the agreement. Since it is the union that has filed the complaint, suppose you tell us, Mr. C——' (the union business-agent), 'what steps have been taken to get the case adjusted.'

'We have gone through all the steps required by the agreement,' C—— answered. 'When Romanelli was notified of his discharge, the shop chairman — the elected representative of the workers in the shop — tried to get the labor-manager of the plant to reinstate him. But the labor-manager refused to do this. The shop chairman then notified the union. I was sent over to investigate, and I found that Romanelli was perhaps a little thoughtless, but he did not do anything serious enough to warrant discharge. I had several conferences with the labor-manager, trying to convince him of this. But he seemed to have his mind made up, and when I found I could n't do anything with him I filed the request for a hearing and reinstatement. I think it will be better for the labor-manager himself to explain to you why he wants to get rid of Romanelli.'

'All right. Mr. V——, will you tell us why this man was discharged?'

The labor-manager felt he must first explain wherein the business-agent's statement was not entirely correct:

'I did not have my mind made up. I even offered to put the man back to work, after a short suspension, but I proposed to transfer him to another shop. This the union would not agree to. Now the man has been out of work for three weeks, and they want us to pay him for all that lost time. Since they did not accept my proposition at the time that I made it, I have withdrawn it, and I don't think I ought to be held to it.'

Then he went on to explain the circumstances of the discharge.

'This man is an under-presser — that is, he presses seams and linings in the process of manufacture before the garments are finished. He stands at one end of a row of pressing machines, and just opposite him sits an elderly woman who does felling by hand — a "finisher," we call her. This woman is a devout Roman Catholic, and Romanelli, who I suppose was brought up in the same church, ridiculed her religion for the amusement of his fellow pressers. Every once in a while he would take the sponge that he uses in his pressing, dip it in water, and squeeze it over her head with remarks that he was blessing her with holy water. He is evidently one of these fellows who have recently become freethinkers, and he delighted in saying shocking things to her about her church. The woman complained to us, and when we found her charges to be true we discharged him.'

The union's defense of the man and his own testimony did not deny that he had done these things, but maintained that they were done in a friendly, joking spirit, and that no offense or insult was intended.

I

What should an industrial judge do with a case like this? To think it over I adjourned the hearing until the next

day. My only clue to a decision was in the employer's proposition to put the presser back to work in another shop. That seemed to me quite reasonable; but this proposal had been withdrawn. I therefore called the labor-manager in for a conference, told him I thought his offer was a very fair one, and asked him why we could not settle the case on that basis now, without a formal decision. I would not order back-pay for the time the man lost, but would make the loss of pay and the transfer to another shop the penalty for the man's offenses.

The labor-manager answered that, even if he would agree to this, the union would not accept it. He preferred to leave the case entirely to my decision. I gathered that he would have no serious objection if I could induce the union to accept the proposition; or, failing this, he would probably not consider any injustice done to the employer if I made my decision along these lines.

Then I called in the union representative and asked him why he did not accept the labor-manager's proposal. He said the employer admitted the man was a good presser. Romanelli was young, and perhaps a little foolish; but he had had his lesson, and would not repeat the offense. Therefore he thought the man ought to be reinstated in his old job. The union could not accept the employer's proposition, but would be willing to settle the case out of court without pay for the time lost by the presser, if he were given back his old job.

There was nothing to do then but to make my own decision. The next day I delivered it orally, promising to write it out later. I said: 'The man is guilty of an offense for which, under the agreement between the manufacturers and the union, suspension is justified. But a permanent discharge seems too severe a penalty, considering that he has a good work-record, and seems to have

learned a lesson from this experience. He is young and has been thoughtless, and will probably not repeat the offense if he is transferred to another shop. The three weeks he has lost are therefore to be considered a period of suspension without pay, and the employer is to reemploy him now, but in another shop.'

Both the union representative and the labor-manager seemed to have expected this decision, and apparently were satisfied. I told the former to translate what I had said to Romanelli, who could not speak English. When this was done and I was about to adjourn the meeting, the presser began to talk loudly and volubly in Italian.

'What is the matter?' I asked. 'What is he saying?'

'He says,' answered the union representative, 'that he does not want that kind of decision. He could have had that before, and not have lost so much time. He wants to know from the judge "Am I right or wrong?" If he is right, he says he should be reinstated with pay. If he is wrong he should be discharged.'

That gave me a little shock. There flashed through my mind the idea that maybe I had not done my duty properly. Perhaps the duty of a judge is to decide between right and wrong. But what is right in a case like this, and what is wrong? I thought a little, while everybody stood around waiting. Then I said:—

'Tell him that my decision is that he was neither right nor wrong. He was just foolish.'

II

The shirt-makers of New York had an agreement with their employers. It provided two sets of piece-rates. For the various operations on cotton shirts there was one list of prices, but for the same operations on silk shirts there

was another list of considerably higher prices. After this agreement was made a new material came into the trade. 'English broadcloth,' it was called. It was one hundred per cent cotton, but it looked and felt like silk. Naturally enough the workers wanted silk prices for work done on this material, and just as naturally the employers desired to pay the cotton prices. Who was right and who was wrong?

'Mr. Chairman,' said the representative of the shirt-manufacturers at the hearing, 'the only question involved in this case is whether a contract with these people is really a contract which they are under obligation to live up to. We jointly entered into an agreement which states, in as clear terms as can be desired, that cotton shirts shall be paid for at certain stipulated rates. This English broadcloth is pure cotton. No one can doubt it. Here is a little magnifying glass which is used in the trade to detect the real character of the fabric. Here is some of the material, and you can see for yourself through this glass that it is pure cotton. What more is there to be said about the case? There is the contract fixing prices for cotton shirts. There is the material which is cotton and nothing else. The only question in this case is to make these people live up to their contract.'

'But we don't work with magnifying glasses,' answered the manager of the shirt-makers' union. 'We work with sewing machines and pressing irons. This English-broadcloth material slips under the machine and wrinkles in pressing exactly as silk does. It is harder to work on, just as silk is, and that is one reason why higher piece-rates were fixed for silk. Another reason is that all silk shirts sell at higher prices to the consumer. There is more profit in them, and the manufacturers can afford to pay the workers more than the very low rates they pay for work on

cotton shirts. They sell these broadcloth shirts at silk prices — or almost at silk prices — and we think the intent of the agreement is clearly that the workers should get silk prices under such circumstances. It is the manufacturers, not we, who are trying to violate the agreement; for it is plain that the same reasons that justify higher piece-rates for silk also justify higher rates for this broadcloth.'

By the time I was called to decide this case I had already learned that troubles between employers and wage-earners rarely arose because either wanted to be unfair or unjust to the other. The disputes came rather because it was so difficult to tell what justice and fairness required as between the two. But how shall the 'impartial chairman,' as the industrial judge is usually designated in the needle-trades, determine the justice of the conflicting claims for silk and cotton piece-rates? No statute exists embodying the common sense of justice of the people in such industrial affairs; and there is no common law formulated from decisions of judges on the basis of past practice. Perhaps, though, there are customs in the industry itself, I was led to query — common rules by which a decision might be made.

This thought was suggested to me by testimony in the case to the effect that a number of employers had been making broadcloth shirts for several months and had agreed with their employees on a basis of payment. The attempt to elicit further information about these arrangements, however, raised vigorous objections from the manufacturers' representative. 'Expedience or necessity,' he said, 'may have led some members of our association to agree with their employees on certain piece-rates; but those have no bearing on the present case. We want to know what the agreement requires us to pay.'

But the impartial chairman insisted on inquiring further, and discovered that a substantial number of employers had voluntarily agreed to pay the silk prices for broadcloth-pressing. For the machine-operating, however, they insisted on applying the cotton prices. After these facts were established, the manufacturers freely admitted that pressing the English broadcloth was as difficult as pressing silk, and they were quite willing to pay the silk rates for pressing. Their main concern was to get a decision on the rates to be paid for machine-operating.

We were making progress. Half of the case was settled. But what were we to do about the rest?

'Is it customary in the trade,' I asked, 'to classify the same material as silk for one purpose — say, pressing — and as cotton for another purpose, such as operating by machine?'

They could not tell me offhand what the practice had been, but they did not see any reason why such a variation in classification could not be made, if the work of pressing involved difficulties that were not present in the machine-operations.

'Perhaps not,' I said, 'but let us make an investigation of what the custom has been in the trade with respect to all the materials that have been used up to the present.'

The investigation revealed the use of a wide variety of materials, but invariably, when a material had been classified as cotton or silk for pressing, it was classified as the same for operating. There was no exception to this rule.

'Perhaps an exception ought to be made in the present case,' it was necessary to explain in making the decision. 'But no impartial chairman can be wise enough to enact new rules or laws governing wage-relations in the industry. That would be like judge-made law in

the state, against which all our ideas of justice in government rebel. In the absence of a clearly formulated statement in your agreement as to what the law or rule should be, the impartial chairman must look to the usages, customs, commonly accepted practices, for guidance in making decisions. This is the industrial common law, which contains the "wisdom of the industry." No judge's conscience can be trusted to be wiser than this. And until the citizens of the industry — that is, the employers and the wage-earners — deliberately change the common practices by a definite provision in the agreement, as legislatures make changes in the common law by statutes, the impartial chairman must apply those customary rules. Since it is admitted that the silk prices are to be paid for pressing, and since the custom has invariably been to pay one set of piece-rates for all operations on a given material, whether done by sewing machine or pressing iron, therefore the decision must be that the silk piece-rates are to be paid for the operating as well as for the pressing of the English broadcloth.'

III

A member of the Typographical Union of New York — the 'Big Six' — was discharged for incompetence. The union demanded his reinstatement on the ground that the charge was unjustified and that the employer desired to discriminate against him because of certain union activities in which he had been engaged. In accordance with the agreement between the New York Employing Printers' Association and the Typographical Union, a Joint Committee on Discharges, consisting of three employers and three union-members, heard the case. The committee reached a substantial agreement on the facts. The charge of incompetence was not

proved. Neither was it proved that the employer was discriminating against the printer for union activity. Their findings were as follows: —

'While neither of these charges was proved, the evidence did show that the man had been getting quite careless and slack in his work, so that it may be said he was not working satisfactorily. On the other hand, the evidence was also plain that the management of the shop was quite loose and that the foreman was inclined to overlook the slack and careless methods. The employer may therefore be said to be partly responsible for the unsatisfactory work. . . .'

Although the representatives of both parties agreed on this statement of the facts, they could not agree on the action to be taken in the case. The employers desired the discharge to stand. They proposed a written decision exonerating the man from the charge of incompetence and reprimanding the employer for partial responsibility for the man's careless work. The union representatives insisted that, since both the employer and the worker were guilty, it would not be fair to discharge the one and let the other off with a reprimand. They proposed that the worker be reinstated, and both be reprimanded. Since neither side was willing to recede from its position, the agreement between the union and the employers required the selection of an impartial chairman of the committee to decide the case. I was chosen for the place.

How much more guilty was the printer than his employer? How make the punishment fit the crime of each? I asked both parties at the hearing to direct their testimony and arguments to answering these questions.

'Mr. Chairman,' said the employer, 'not only has this man handled his work incompetently, but he even raffled off bottles of whiskey in the shop.'

'I object to that testimony,' protested the representative of the printers' union. 'This is a new charge, which could not have been a reason for the discharge, because the employer did not know anything about the raffling of liquor when the discharge took place. He discovered it only yesterday. I ask that you rule out all testimony on that question.'

The judge was in a quandary. From a legal point of view the union was of course entirely right, and the testimony about the liquor should be excluded. But from a business point of view it seemed clear that the man ought to have been discharged. Should I make a ruling that the testimony must be excluded and that I could not consider it in the case?

The union representative evidently noticed that I was troubled, and guessed the reason, for he said: 'Don't worry, Mr. Chairman. They expect you to rule out that testimony. They know that everybody in the shop, even the foreman, took chances on those raffles.' And all the representatives of capital and labor united in laughter.

It was plain, then, that a technical decision based on the amount of guilt on each side would be of little benefit either to the employer or to the union. It was impossible to say how much more guilty the worker was than the management. The important thing for both was that the conditions in the shop should be put on a proper basis. This could not be done if the discharged man were reinstated. Neither would conditions be likely to improve if the employer went free of any penalty for his negligence and inefficient management of the shop.

I therefore suggested that the committee agree on approving the discharge, but that the employer be ordered to pay the man two weeks' wages. This pay would serve as com-

pensation for time lost by the printer while he was under the charge of incompetence, which might have prevented him from getting another job. The financial penalty would also be more likely to impress upon the employer the need of removing the conditions that encouraged inefficiency among his employees.

The idea seemed to impress the committee favorably. But both sides were afraid of establishing a precedent for future cases — a new rule with new customs for handling discharges, to which employers and workers would soon be appealing as their right in similar cases. The employers asked for an adjournment so that they might caucus. Then followed informal conferences, and both parties wanted assurances against establishing a precedent the full meaning of which they could not foresee. Finally my suggestion was accepted unanimously, and I wrote in the decision: —

The Joint Committee desires to make it plain that it is laying down no general principle or precedent by which discharges are to be approved or reversed. Every case must be decided on the basis of the facts in that particular case, and it is unlikely that the facts in any two cases will be exactly the same. All the committee intends to do in the present decision is to decide on what is the best action to take considering all the facts and all the circumstances that have been brought out in the case.

IV

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of Rochester filed a petition in behalf of a woman — a sleeve-maker — who claimed that she was doing as much and as good work as the men on the same operation but that her pay was three or four dollars a week less than the wages the men were getting. The petition asked that the employer be ordered to pay the woman worker the

same weekly wage as the men, in accordance with the rule of the agreement that there should be equal pay for equal work.

Before the hearing, the chairman had an opportunity to look over the production records of the sleeve-making section, and found that the woman was turning out as much work as the men. If, then, the quality of her work was up to standard, she would be entitled to the increase in pay that she asked. At the hearing the employer made no complaint about the quality of the woman's work, contending that she had been employed in the shop only a few months and that her pay had already been raised once or twice. But the union's representative, instead of producing the records and presenting witnesses to testify to the quality of the work, — as was customary in such cases, — made only a half-hearted plea, and had neither the woman nor her shop-chairman present to press the complaint. He fumbled frightfully in handling the case.

Whatever may be true in the civil courts, the industrial court maintained by the Rochester Clothing Industry could not decide against a complainant simply because the facts or the law in the case were not properly presented at the trial. A case must be decided on its merits, not on the ability of the representative of either party to present and argue it. Nevertheless, the judge could not very well decide the case in favor of the woman worker, when all the evidence presented at the hearing favored the employer. A temporary adjournment was therefore ordered until the next day.

After adjourning the hearing, I called the union representative aside. 'See here, Mr. S——, what is the matter with you? According to the production records I have seen, this woman is entitled to the increased wages she is

asking. But if you don't present the evidence at the hearing, so that the employer can have an opportunity to criticize it, and if you bring no witnesses and fumble your arguments, how am I to decide the case in her favor? The employer would have a very just complaint against me that I did not decide according to the evidence.'

'I know,' he answered. 'But do you want me to get my head taken off? I went over to the shop to get the records and the witnesses, and to prepare my case as I usually do. But the shop-chairman could not give me any information. He seemed to be afraid of something and left me on some excuse as soon as he could get away. Then I started to talk to the woman herself. It seems she is married, and I had no more than asked her a question when her husband, who works in the same shop, came running over, just as mad as he could be. "Hey!" he shouted at me, "what are you trying to do? Get my wife more money than I am earning? You better look out or I'll knock your block off!" And he brandished a pair of shears. I left the shop as fast as I could.'

Apparently this union business-agent considered the maintenance of peace in the family more important than justice in the relations between employer and employee.

V

A Rochester clothing-manufacturer installed steam-machines for 'off-pressing' coats — that is, final pressing — in one of his shops. The hand off-pressers, about fifty in number, refused to work on the machines, and all walked out of the shop. This was a 'stoppage,' and all strikes and stoppages were outlawed during the life of the agreement already existing between the union and the manufacturers. The manager of the union therefore ordered the pressers

back to work immediately. If they had any grievances, he told them, their agreement provided means of hearing and redressing them through the impartial chairman. By quitting work they were violating the agreement, and neither the union nor the chairman could take up their case.

The pressers demurred; but, after being out a day or two, they went back to work and filed a complaint that the employer had violated the agreement by substituting machines for hand-pressing without consulting the pressers and the union. At the same time the employer filed a complaint asking that the pressers be disciplined for engaging in a stoppage, contrary to the agreement.

All the pressers came to the hearing, which was held after working-hours. The impartial chairman's courtroom would accommodate comfortably only about forty people, yet more than sixty crowded into it. There was tensivity in the atmosphere. The employer and his labor-manager felt that the action of the pressers was entirely unjustified, and that they had been caused unnecessary losses by the stoppage. The workmen, knowing they were wrong in the matter of the stoppage, were all the more incensed at the employer, and at the machines, which they feared threatened their livelihood.

'Since there can be no dispute about the stoppage,' I said, in opening the hearing, 'we will dispose of that issue first. The agreement prohibits stoppages. It also provides means of redressing all grievances, and particularly in the matter of improved machinery it is very clear in stating how the workers' interests shall be protected and what the employers' rights and duties shall be. The usual punishment for such an infraction of the agreement will therefore have to be given. The men will make up, by working overtime, the

production lost to the employer on account of the stoppage, and they will do this overtime work at straight-time pay.' (Under ordinary circumstances the pay for overtime was at the rate of time and one half.)

'Now we will take up the off-pressers' complaint.'

But this punishment, which most of the men knew was coming, seemed to increase their anger. Their complaints against the employer for introducing the machines became more vehement. One after another they expressed their opposition to the machines in ardent protests, voicing their fears, but giving little consideration to the protection that the union agreement guaranteed them. The employer's labor-manager was not slow in calling attention to this.

'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'it seems to me these men are entirely unreasonable. What are they afraid of? No man has lost a job on account of the machines. No man's wages were reduced. The agreement gives us the right to introduce labor-saving machinery, and we are not doing it at their expense. On the contrary, they get some of the benefits, too, for we relinquish part of the savings due to the machines in order to protect their interests. Hand-pressing is skilled work, which takes years to learn, but men can be broken in on the new steam-machines in a few months. At best the latter is but semiskilled work, and we could easily get men to do it for \$25 or \$30 a week. But we do not propose to discharge any of our hand-pressers and hire other men at lower wages. Every one of these pressers is to be given work at one of the machines, and he will continue to receive his present wages of \$41 a week. True, on the machine each man will have to press more coats, and therein will be our saving; but we divide some of this gain with him when we continue

to pay \$41 for work that we might get done for \$30 or less. This is required of us by the agreement, and as long as it is in force we propose to abide by it. After the agreement expires, perhaps, we may take up the matter of getting the less skilled work on the machines done by lower-paid men.'

One of the pressers, who had not spoken before, arose in the back of the room and said:—

'Mr. Chairman, hear that? I want ask question!'

He was tall and thin, with black hair, hollow cheeks, and flashing black eyes. He wore no coat, his shirt was open at the throat, and he had no collar. He spoke in broken English.

'I want ask question,' he repeated. 'When we break agreement by making stoppage, you fine us. That's right. I understand agreement. All right. If we break boss's machines we get arrested. That his property — no must break. That all right, too. But I want ask Mr. Chairman why boss can break up my trade and he no get arrested. I take five years to learn trade — that *my* property. Now boss he come along and say no more "off-presser" press whole coat. He break up with machine. One machine press sleeve, one press collar, another press back, another press front. Anybody can do that. Get man from street, \$30 a week, maybe \$25. No need off-presser any more. My trade all smashed to pieces. Boss do it, but he no get arrested.'

'I know, Mr. Chairman, you no can do nothing. Boss keep all pressers and pay scale \$41 like agreement says, then we must work on machines — you decide like that. But labor-manager say afterward — maybe one year, maybe two years — he get men with no trade and pay them \$25 a week. I want, Mr. Chairman, you explain why boss not get arrested because he break up my trade — my property.'

VI

Reading an essay recently on 'The Conflict between Labor and Capitalist Historically Considered,' I came to this concluding paragraph:—

There has been no wrong, nor misery, nor injustice recorded here that has not sprung from ignoring the fact that the capitalist and the laborer are, after all, brethren. Let us restore the Brotherhood, and the problem is solved.

But what does brotherhood require in a case like that of the pressing machines? To guarantee that men will not be discharged because of the introduction of machinery and that their wages will not be reduced — as the Rochester Clothing Agreement now guarantees — would seem like brotherhood to the millions of wage-earners who have no such protection. In fact, with respect to labor-saving machinery, this is the protection for which most unions are fighting. Nevertheless, the Rochester pressers did not think that justice was done them. And who will say that the presser's question in the last case did not present a real grievance? Who will give him a satisfactory answer?

We protect investments by depreciation funds against losses from new devices and new machinery which render the old equipment obsolete. Electric light and power companies insist that they must have a high obsolescence-charge in their operating-expenses, because inventions are so rapidly making out-of-date the equipment of their power houses, into which the investors' money has been put. Our courts and public commissions have upheld this contention and the obsolescence depreciation fund protects the investors' property when the equipment has to be scrapped. Why, then, should not the presser's property in his trade be equally protected?

One answer is given by the manufacturers, who find that they cannot afford to use improved methods of production and labor-saving machinery if they have to keep all their old employees and continue to pay them the higher wages of skilled hand-labor. If they are compelled to do this, they can make but little reduction in price to the consumer, there is less buying than there might be under improved methods with lower costs, and the wage-earners, as well as the employers, have less work.

But another answer is given by our state and municipal governments, and by our courts, when they refuse to permit motor-buses to compete with street and interurban railways. As with the skilled presser whose trade is destroyed by the steam-machines, electric railways are threatened by the improved methods of motor-transportation. Before these improved methods can be used to compete with the old, however, a certificate of convenience and necessity must be secured from the state or city government; and in order to protect the property of the investor these certificates are often refused. Motor-buses are thus in many cases kept off the roads and streets, and the inferior service of electric railways is maintained, for a time at least. It is well to remember that a workman has as much reason to fear the machinery that threatens the trade by which he earns a livelihood as the railroad or electric company has to fear motor-bus transportation.

Too simple, then, is the answer that

brotherhood will solve the problems of the relation between employers and wage-earners. What are 'brothers' in such relationships supposed to do? Too simple are the remedies that tell the employer to deal fairly, justly, and honestly with his employees, and tell wage-earners to give an honest day's work and be fair and just to their employer. What do honor, fairness, and justice require of us in cases like those described above? Equally good and honest people were on both sides of those cases, and equally good and honest 'impartial chairmen' might have rendered quite different decisions. Moreover, I have no doubt that among the readers of this paper there will be many opinions as to the decisions that should have been made in these cases to ensure exact justice.

However bitter the conflicts between employers and wage-earners, I have found it rare indeed that anyone concerned in them consciously wanted to do the wrong or unjust thing. The conflicts came because it is so difficult to tell what is right in these industrial affairs. The standards by which employers, managers, wage-earners, investors, and consumers measure industrial justice are not the same. And until a common standard is attained none of us can be sure that he knows what is right and wrong in labor relations. But out of the hundreds of disputes decided every day in many of our industries, as the cases above were decided, a common standard of industrial justice is slowly being achieved.

TWIN PEAS IN A POD

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

IN the First Baptist Sunday School, where I was a reluctant but regular scholar, the session was sometimes prolonged by a talk from a returned missionary, back from the foreign field to drum up funds to carry the light to millions sitting in darkness. His appeal did not move me. Indeed it quite spoiled my day. It was already long past the usual First Baptist Sunday dinner hour, which under ordinary circumstances was two hours later than the week-day meal. I was hungry and skeptical. Had n't the Chinese as much right to be heathen as we had to be Baptists? As the missionary described them, they seemed far more interesting in their heathen wickedness and strange clothes, sitting in darkness, than transformed into neat rows of near-Christians, sitting on hard benches on a hot Sunday in their best clothes, with their shoes blacked and their hair slicked.

I meditated that if I should contribute the penny clutched in my sweaty fist to his propaganda I should be the means of establishing more Baptist Sunday Schools in China and blighting the lives of more Chinese boys and girls, who, though undoubtedly heathen, had never done me any harm. Besides, there were other uses for a penny. But I was weak, and a victim of the system under which I lived. When the collection was taken up, in an instrument something like a dumb ukulele, my contribution went in with the rest.

Now I know that if I am ever so fortunate as to visit China I shall suffer from the fruits of my indiscretion. For I shall find it neither Chinese nor Baptist. What might have been a jolly Oriental country will be diluted with a thin stream of what we complacently call our Western civilization, evident from the flotsam and jetsam on the surface, mainly hard-boiled derby hats, which look so funny on Oriental heads — and, for that matter, on Nordic heads also. Fancy exchanging the mellowed philosophy of Confucius for the ethical standards of the First Baptist Church of Galesburg, or the flowery, flowing silks of the Celestial Kingdom for long pants!

In the course of time I became an advertising man, and with the proceeds and profits of my occupation I traveled. The rebellious state of mind engendered by waiting too long for dinner, together with the diversion of pennies from their legitimate use, has been strengthened rather than diminished by what I have seen. There has been too much missionary work. When it was not religion, it was business. I regard without enthusiasm the signs so visible in European countries that they are earnestly striving to make themselves acceptable in the eyes of American tourists by adopting, or at least offering, American comforts and conveniences, — installing bathrooms, opening American bars, dispensing nut sundaes, serving ice with drink, contriving tiny elevators in

stair wells, — but chiefly by abandoning costumes intrinsically picturesque and admirably adapted to their daily needs for the ugly and commonplace garments of the Western world.

How well I remember my first trip abroad, my first sight of England! I was fearful it would not come up to the advance notices. I savored every scene and incident that was peculiarly and indubitably English. I relished even the discomforts. I should have been disappointed if the rooms had been warm, the beer cold, or the coffee good. I drank tea for breakfast, scorned the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, and took in the *Morning Post*. I rejoiced that a sensational murder-story should be hidden behind so noncommittal a head as 'The Pimlico Affair.' At Tilbury where we docked was a P. & O. steamship tied up alongside. From a porthole protruded a gayly turbaned head, with a black-bearded East Indian face beneath it, a timely symbol of Britain's far-flung empire. I felt as if this gorgeously illuminated footnote had been set just here at the beginning of the very first chapter of my English experiences for my sole delectation.

As we rode up to London I regarded the landscape with a jealous eye. I was delighted with the haycocks standing in the fields, each wearing a tidy hairnet of rope, weighted at each corner with a stone. In London the bobby with the mysterious striped cuff on the outside of his right coat-sleeve, the 'clarks' with shabby top-hats and tightly rolled umbrellas, the Horse Guardsmen with their preposterous bearskin shakos, sights so familiar and so new, helped me to chant with thankfulness, 'So this is England.' It was England, the England I had known from boyhood, familiar from years of reading, from inherited tradition, from Mother Goose, from the toys I had played with — London Bridge, Banbury Cross, Tooley Street,

Wapping Old Stairs, Tottenham Court Road, names so packed with meaning and association they resembled those tightly rolled Chinese paper flowers which so mysteriously open and expand when thrown into water.

Even then I was already late. Progress had ripped out whole chapters of Dickens and built modern and sanitary structures in their stead. But Crosby Hall still stood. Hansom cabs still plied. The Charterhouse school was where it had been when Thackeray attended it. Temple Bar had been rusticated, but Mr. Bush had not yet erected his London version of an American skyscraper. There was still enough of London to make me happy — there is yet, for that matter — and outside London lay rural England, a symposium of everything I had read from Chaucer to Thomas Hardy. I was not confronted at every turn by the triumphant commercial supremacy of my own country.

That was twenty years ago. Last summer I visited England with intent to explore its highways and byways in search of cathedrals, almshouses, inns, and cottages, but chiefly of that pastoral charm which pervades the pages of such old books as *Our Village* and *Selborne*. It was a delightful outing, for England is still England, war or no war, and in the country one is less conscious of change, the change the economist commends, in the course of which a people sloughs off the habit and habits that have no right to exist, except that they are old and picturesque and human and lovable.

The hayricks still wear their hairnets. The farmsteads remind one of mezzotints after George Morland. The hedgerows are still gay with flowers, the fields spangled with poppies. The skies continue to look like backgrounds in Constable's paintings. Flocks of sheep still go to market on the hoof,

offering difficult problems to the navigator of a motor-car; but the shepherd no longer wears smock and gaiters. He is entirely out of the picture in clothes that are a sketchy caricature of the most commonplace costume man has devised since Adam and Eve made themselves aprons of fig leaves.

There are yet thatched cottages, but the examples of England's new housing-improvements in between are as raw and ugly as they are no doubt sanitary and comfortable. The great landed estates are fringed with new buildings, bearing a striking family resemblance to the dreary and disconsolate real-estate developments to be seen on Long Island and in the Bronx. In the towns the dingy façade of High Street is rubricated with the shining red-and-gold front of the five-and-ten-cent store, not at all mitigated by the fact that they are here known as three-penny-six-penny shops. Everywhere are evidences of the enterprise of the American salesman. The windows of the shops in even remote and out-of-the-way villages, villages where cottages are still thatched and shops still have bowed windows, are filled with American goods — safety razors, tooth-pastes, shaving-creams, soaps, cosmetics, sewing machines, typewriters, collars, and phonographs. They have become, those villages which bear names that are poems of rich and musical suggestfulness, — Bibury, and Much Wenlock, and Nether Stowey, and Malmsbury, and Godalming, and Great Tew, — red-headed tacks in the map of an American sales-manager.

In a little inn in a tiny village in the West Riding of Yorkshire I was offered with considerable pride a bottle of a well-known American condiment as a relish to my dinner — a thoroughly English dinner, it was, with choice of soup, 'thick or clear,' fish, joint, boiled potatoes, ditto cabbage, a sweet, cheese,

and a stalk of celery to taper off with. But the soup was oxtail; the fish, salmon taken by a gentleman visitor in the neighboring Wharfe; the joint, Southdown mutton; the sweet, plum tart with thick Devonshire clotted cream; and the cheese, Cheddar, with those delicious, thin, almost impalpable Carr's Biscuit, washed down — glory be — with a pint of pale ale in a pewter tankard with a glass bottom. Cross and Blackwell, yes, or Lea and Perrin, would go with such a dinner. They are English, and have even got into English literature; but this American sauce! It is a good sauce, better than any of its British compeers, without doubt. I have said so a thousand times, for it is one of the products to which I devote my business life. Its manufacturer is a valued client. I am in a way responsible for its being there in that remote English village at the gateway to Wharfedale. I of all people should not mind instances of American commercial prowess. But 'yet, when I have laid aside the advertising guise, and go elsewhere for the sake of viewing man and nature in aspects new and strange, it disconcerts me to find there the tin cans and long pants of everyday American life.

II

One fine evening in the spring of 1912 I was riding along the pleasant road that runs beside the Cher, as is the delightful habit of French roads, from Chenonceaux to Tours. We had just dined at the Hotel of the Good Laborer which stands close to the castle gate, and were on our way to spend the night at the Hotel of the Universe at Tours. It was such an evening as comes only in spring and only in France. The delicate rose-color of the sky was reflected in the mirror of the slowly moving river. On the tops of the rounded hills that sloped up from the banks on either

side were peasants, both Tourangeaux and Tourangelles, engaged in seeding the fields with corn, broadcasting the grain in handfuls from sacks at their girdles, with the practised sweep that has not changed since Christ told how a certain sower went forth to sow. The peasants were silhouetted against the sky in time-honored poses and attitudes, making a series of Millet-like pictures. It was a scene so primitive and pictorial we felt we were indeed in the Old World.

But when we reached Tours, and I wandered out into the beautiful Court House Square where Balzac's statue stands, I found it full of American agricultural machinery. Some sort of fair was in progress, and here were McCormick, Deering, Walter A. Wood, Plano, and Adriance, glistening and shiny with red and yellow paint. Up and down between the rows of labor-saving machinery walked sun-browned peasants,—in their light-opera costumes, with straws between their teeth, gazing at the strange new devices with speculative inquiry,—whose confrères had so short a time before delighted us with the primitive methods along the road to the town. I realized that this spelled the end of that. The fertile fields watered by the Loire would in time be cultivated by the same ugly, useful contrivances I had so often seen, and indeed worked with, on the prairies of Western Illinois. In due course, by some mysterious association of ideas, the peasant dress would be exchanged for the coats, long pants, derby hats, and shirts of civilization and progress.

I do not begrudge the French peasant his reaper and twine-binder. Surely France needs all the economic help she can get. But along with the old, primitive, back-breaking implements and utensils disappear so many innocent and pleasant customs and costumes. Perhaps the old and the new will not

mingle. Possibly the peasant can no longer think progressively in the clothes that once so perfectly expressed him when they were the evolution of his environment, way of life, and native arts. There might be something incongruous in the picture of a Breton farmer with his big black broad-rimmed hat, his short jacket and gayly embroidered waistcoat, his trunk hose and wooden shoes, riding on a Ford tractor. But is n't the fault with Ford? Could n't the tractor be made to harmonize with the peasant dress as much as the high two-wheeled cart? It could, but it never will. For the bagpipe has given place to the phonograph, in which exchange surely no economic need is evident.

The picturesqueness of the peasant's garb, like that of his dwelling, is due to isolation, to lack of interchange of ideas. As the world opens up, local customs give way to national and international standards, but it is disappointing that it should standardize, if it must standardize, on the one pattern most lacking in all the qualities that made the local so appealing and likable. Already at this same visit, twelve years ago, one often saw the old mother in the cap of her *pays*, the daughter beside her wearing a Paris hat which, if not the latest style, was a hundred years or so later than her mother's. Country girls who go up to the city to enter service generally retain the *bonnet*, but this is probably due to the taste of the mistress. The maid, no doubt, would gladly throw it aside or throw it over the windmill, for that matter.

Italy has more comfort to offer the contrite advertising man than either France or England. She may be furiously engaged in altering her social system, but one feels that some of the most charming and slightly spots in Italy are beyond the reach of modern progress. What efficient use, for

instance, can be made of a hill town? It utterly defies that connecting link of civilization, the railroad. Perched on its lofty peak, it maintains the atmosphere of the fifteenth century, while the train shrieks harmlessly by in the valley below.

In their time these hill towns were the expression of the one-hundred-per-cent efficiency of their age. War was the chief business, and warriors were the captains of industry. When Tuscan or Etruscan princes built cities they had but one object — to make them safe from attack. They had no more intention of making them picturesque than a modern business-man has of making a factory picturesque. The steep hills were natural fortifications, extended higher by the unbroken walls. When the railroads came they ran their lines close to the foot of the hill, tunneled under it in some instances, but the town remained on its eyrie, serene and unperturbed, untouched by this near approach of the modern world. No fear that five-and-ten-cent stores will ever punctuate Orvieto's *Corso Cavour* (odious name; this is a modern touch). It may in time be a station on an airplane line. It is well situated for that, but at present it remains a well-preserved museum piece.

My feeling about these things is not unique, if I am to judge from the occasional outburst of spleen in the writings of sensitive travelers, but, like Mrs. Gummidge, I feel it more than other people. This complaint is the grievance of a deaf traveler. People go abroad for different reasons, but with me it is always to see. I want something more than change of sky. I want to see the people in their habits as they live, and not a caricature of what I have seen all my life at home. Deafness debars me from intimate contacts, from actual acquaintance with the natives, by which I should learn those differences

of speech and thought which go so far toward strengthening the impression of the foreignness of a country. I cannot hear the European mind. I can only observe the European scene, shops, houses, and clothes, the pageant and panorama of its daily life, and so I quarrel violently with those who in the name of religion or business seek to destroy the ancient landmarks. Europe is my show, my supreme recreation. I view with alarm, a selfish and personal alarm, the tendency to standardize the stage settings and the costumes of the actors to a pattern which has unfortunately come to be regarded as the symbol of progress.

III

Apparently progress is not a steady march, as we sometimes suppose, but a series of waves. Each wave sets the mark a little higher up the beach, but there is always a recession which leaves the beach for a time uncovered, an interval when the new is still unassimilated and the old already obliterated. The immediate effect is distressing, like a wound skillfully dressed and sterilized and sure to heal nicely with scarcely any scar, but, for the time being, raw and ugly. Each old craft displaced by a wonder-working machine has gone its way, taking with it something individual and fine, but leaving behind, to be sure, increased comfort, convenience, and cheapness.

When the typesetting machine displaced setting by hand, typography was disorganized. The craftsmanship of five centuries was scrapped and thrown into the discard, and there seemed to be nothing to take its place. The old-time printer disappeared, with all his faults, but with all his virtues, too, and a new race of machine-operators arose, without history or tradition. A new labor-saving invention is concerned at first

only with material results, such as economy and large-scale production. It takes time to acquire a spirit of craftsmanship in a new method, and when it is acquired it must come, not from the workman, but from his boss, the head of the business.

Already the new typography begins to lift its head, and will no doubt find itself in time. The manufacturers of the two principal typesetting machines have invoked the taste of master typographers and are applying it to the problem of machine composition. We begin to identify machine-set type by more promising earmarks than the eternal *eta* and *shrdlu* of the careless make-up man.

When I first began my trips abroad the vessel that carried me, while driven by steam, still bore a remote resemblance to a ship. It still showed in its lines some memory of its splendid ancestry, just as the earliest motor-cars reflected the coach and carriage. And in those days a frequent spectacle in the ocean lanes was that most magnificent creation of man, the cathedral of the sea, a square-rigger, every sail set and drawing and the sunlight painting purple shadows on the bellying canvas. And now sail has disappeared almost entirely from the seven seas, merely hastened a bit by ruthless torpedoes, and with the ship has gone the deep-sea sailor, with all his inherited lore and skill, his hitches and his chanteys, and particularly the character his occupation bred. No modern turn of fortune will ever again produce those strong quiet men with far-looking eyes whom you still see sitting around in front of hydrangea-decked white cottages on Cape Cod. The men who now perform menial tasks on ocean liners are not sailors, although they wear spring-bottomed trousers and flowing collars. One need only watch them pick up a rope and make it fast like a grocer's

clerk tying up a bundle. And the steamship has become a floating palace, with elevators and fireplaces, and swimming-pools and Ritz restaurants, with so little of the atmosphere of the ocean about it that one must go to the rail and look at the waves to remain convinced he is really afloat.

I am under no illusion about either the printer or the sailor. The printer was often a tramp, frequently locked up in the calaboose to sober up, and the sailor on shore leave became a proverb; but each within the limits of his craft was a master of an art, while the failings and shortcomings of both were merely poor human nature, which we still have.

My earliest heroes were the printer, with his sleeves rolled up to display his red undershirt, and the old shellback taking his trick at the wheel. I might have realized a double ambition by becoming that ultramarine printer who puts in type the menu cards and concert programmes on an ocean liner, thus blending the tradition of Caxton with that of Cabot, but a printshop on a ship is a *reductio ad absurdum*.

There is something sterile about operating a machine. The craftsman, no matter how humble his art, — thatcher, hedger, stonecutter or wood-carver, — left some impress of himself on his material, some individuality which gave it its charm. The older countries are rich with the personality of such workmen; the uplifting arch of a stone bridge, the topiary work of an English garden, the grotesques on the misereres of choir stalls, the neat hay-cocks, the groups of vegetables on a market gardener's wagon, the gayly painted carts of the Sicilian peasants — all these things are humble art expressions of inherited crafts, and are more delightful and soul-satisfying, I am afraid, than rows of efficient factories, shiny machines, reinforced concrete bridges, mill-cut trim, and the other

standardized products of our prosperous new age.

That word 'standardization' has become a favorite catch-phrase in modern business. I was once at a meeting where the chairman continued to refer to me as St. Elmo Calkins, a natural mistake when one considers the extraordinary number of St. Elmos there are in the advertising profession. When I finally corrected him and politely remonstrated against my undeserved canonization, St. Elmo Lewis rose and gravely reprimanded me, advising me to have my name standardized and avoid future embarrassment. I might very well have explained that more than my name was involved. I am unable to standardize even my mind. I am unable to like the idea of standardization or enjoy the results of it. Secretary Hoover said recently that all nuts and bolts in this country are now interchangeable, the same thread for the same size, and I cannot refrain from the unholy hope that there is at least one radical rebel nut which insists on its affinity.

But however logical and convenient uniformity in nuts and bolts and other mechanical adjuncts, the standardization of the human unit may be carried so far as to make us a nation of Babbitt Robots.

I look out my office window on the fifteenth of May, a date as weighty in sartorial history as St. Bartholomew's in ecclesiastical, and see thousands of men all wearing the same hard, stiff, flat-topped straw hat with a black band as if they all belonged to one Bund. A man who has delayed making the change feels self-conscious, while those who have followed the hests of custom and the hatters have an air of complacency as of having done their duty. It is something more, something stronger than fashion, that impulse to conform to the approved pattern of the

American standardized business-man. Its uniformity and conformity are typical of a state of mind in this country, of our disappearing individuality and our overwhelming fear of asserting the little individuality we have left. In me it creates an irresistible desire to violate the tradition and indulge in some peculiarity of dress, but if I dared thus risk my standing as an American business-man some sartorial St. Elmo would gravely call me to account.

For instance, I wear a beard. It is a very small beard, but enough to constitute a heresy against the clean-shaven tradition. One esteemed manufacturer of shaving-soap is devoting his advertising to warning me and my fellow heretics, showing photographs of awful examples from a hirsute age, when baseball-players wore sideburns. To-day the few wearers of beards are those who have burned their ships, and ask nothing of the age socially or financially. They have either arrived or abandoned hope.

Somehow, I should like to look at a world where the inhabitants wore beards or not as they chose, and changed to a straw hat if and when they wanted to, and adopted whatever clothes they liked, without loss of social or business prestige. It was this freedom from concerted action that made the streets of London and Paris so fascinating a pageant, a quality they are in a fair way to lose under the inexorable propaganda of the most successful nation in the world.

One recalls the time when newspapers, while far less efficient news-gathering machines, were as different as the men who made them, when even small country dailies had Bill Nyes, Petroleum V. Nasbys, M. Quads, and Danbury Newsmen, while the greater ones were lengthened shadows of Danas, and Bowleses, and Greeleys. To-day such men would be syndicated, along with

Ed Howe, Walt Mason, and Dr. Crane, and share with the comic strip, the syndicated cartoon, patent insides, boiler plate, and the Associated Press, the ungracious credit of making each paper an echo of all the others. A traveler who sits down to his breakfast in a chain hotel and unfolds the local *Times* or *News* learns that the paper is increasing its circulation by a voting contest to send the most popular quick-lunch cashier to Paris or give the most popular school-teacher a piano, as was apparently the case at every stop. He may have changed his sky, but certainly not his grapefruit, or breakfast food, or newspaper, or hotel. Out on Main Street the movie theatres, each a faithful replica of all other movie theatres, show nightly the same film that is entertaining thousands in all the other towns and cities, while over the radio are coming the same jazz and bedtime stories, and around the public square are parked legions of Ford cars.

If a newspaper, or a magazine, or a business house adopts an idea which for a moment seems likely to distinguish it from its fellows a bit, that idea is promptly snapped up and used by all the others in the same class, and the danger of individuality is again averted. It is as if public opinion said, 'Right dress,' and every person or thing promptly adjusted itself, pulled in its stomach, stuck out its chest, and toed the line.

It is this uniformity, this hen-mindedness, which makes advertising so successful. The reactions of the public in the mass can be counted on. It explains the vogue of such things as crossword puzzles, Mah Jongg, 'Yes, we have no bananas,' bobbed hair, quotas, conventions, jazz, movies, radio, motor-cars. In a machine age human nature takes on the technique and characterization of the machine. And the result, as far as a deaf man is

concerned, is a much less interesting world to look at.

Does n't the tendency to create a standardized world spoil the picture of the many Utopias from that of Sir Thomas More to the latest effort of H. G. Wells? They smooth out the differences, the variety in fortune and circumstance, that make for adventure and romance, and the picturesqueness of life goes along with it. Even the Book of the Revelation, with which John whiled away his exile at Patmos by imagining an ideal Heaven, offers nothing interesting. His picture of a hard, shiny, nineteen-jeweled Heaven reads like a realtor's booklet describing some luxurious and banal Park Avenue apartment house — 'Four-square . . . the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal,' with the first floor finished in jasper, the second in sapphire, the third in chalcedony, and so on up to twelve stories. As a boy I felt it had little if anything on the other place. I was never quite sure whether perpetual gnashing of teeth was n't at least as amusing as perpetual singing of hosannas.

In a recent issue of the newspaper there is an item headed, 'American Workers Americanizing the Near East.' The transforming medium is baseball. What has so hindered the development of these backward nations into Christian Americanized communities, according to the writer, is lack of baseball. 'These people have been unable to play the game of life according to American ideals of sportsmanship!'

Meanwhile I am not at all cheered to learn that a flat in the New York manner is to rise on the site of famous Devonshire House in London, that gasoline launches are replacing gondolas on the Grand Canal at Venice, and that a telephone system has been installed in Lhasa, the forbidden city of Tibet.

THE LADY OF THE PORTRAIT

LETTERS OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER

[THE letters, which were found in a house once owned by a friend of Mrs. Whistler, came eventually into the possession of Katherine E. Abbott, who, at our request, has arranged them for publication. — THE EDITORS]

SCARSDALE, N. Y., *September 28th, 1853*

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, —

While incessant claims upon my daily attention have denied me leisure for the desk, my heart has prompted responses to yours and your sister's welcome letters; but I will try to snatch time enough to answer questions about the child who nestles in my tenderest regards. It was well with him indeed while he inhaled sea breezes, securing him regular appetite and sleep. I wish you could have seen his cherub expression, as clasping his tiny taper hands he would say, as he gazed with delight on the beautiful harbor of Stonington, 'Big water! how nice!' But whether such a fragile bud is to bloom in our world of blighted promise seems to me improbable. Little Georgie's mother was early taken to the home of the blessed, yet he gladdens the sorrow-stricken grandmama. Now on October 1st my Willie has left me alone to go to his examinations for entering Columbia College next Monday.

The World's Fair has brought many meetings about. I had two cousins from Georgia spending a day here last week, who were companions of my childhood. One I had not seen since the year after my marriage, 1832. It was a meeting of stirring memories to

us four! This week, one of the sons of the American who protected Willie and his widowed mother from Russia came for a day and night. I had not, in four years, seen him.

Write me of your rejoicing in the Lord always — it may arouse me from an unusual depression. All the circle are about me, talking with love and esteem. Mr. Popham has been as delegate to the New York convention this week. He describes it to me as almost making him weep from the good emotions which prevailed.

The circle here are, as you saw them, in health, going about doing good. Mrs. Popham throws open her parlors to the ladies' sewing circle with greater alacrity than ever; already they have realized from quilting, etc., more than \$100. I observe your kind interest in my cadet [James McNeill Whistler] at West Point, and my prayer is that he may enlist under the banner of the Captain of our Salvation. He was promoted in his class after the examinations of the 29th of August and writes me of his health. He is not reconciled to barracks in contrast to his cottage home. Think of me ever as your grateful friend,

ANNA M. WHISTLER

SCARSDALE, *November 18th, 1853*

My heart has so craved, as friends, the family circle of James H. Gamble since forming his delightful acquaintance, that I have lamented appearing indifferent as a correspondent with you, my dear Mrs. Mann. But quiet

being restored to my retreat, and liberty to follow my inclination, I, by degrees, hope to satisfy absent friends that it is only pressing claims upon my attention of guests and relatives which have distanced theirs, tho as tenderly cherished by me.

The family is well. Prince, the Irish canine, is gallant as ever and shows his excellent training by waiting outside the church for the ladies, tho in every other house he is inseparable from them. A parsonage is being built at the west side of this cottage. Your brother will see many proofs of prosperity among this favored people of the Lord, when he comes again next summer, as we all hope he may.

My Willie entered Columbia College in October. We find the daily travel of 50 miles not favorable for a student and the anxiety during the inclement months approaching would be very trying to me. I have decided to board in the city from December 1st to the 1st of April. My attached servant Mary attends Willie and me. I wish your brother could read the bright reports of the little girl from Florida, whom I have been training for three years. A dear friend of mine in Bath, N. H., has taken her into her service.

Indeed I have incessant exertions to make and my health has suffered. How grateful I shall be for a quiet season, and if by the blessing of our Heavenly Father we may return to this happy valley how we shall enjoy the sounds of nature again!

My Willie unites with me in cordial greetings. He is well now. You may judge how precious he is to me, a widowed mother, and the only son left at home! With what thanks to God I welcome him every evening! My cadet at West Point is only homesick. Willie goes to spend Thanksgiving with him.

May I offer to your brother and your honored mother my respectful regards.

SCARSDALE, April 3rd, 1854

MY DEAR MR. GAMBLE,

Your New Year's greeting was welcomed by me at my pleasant West 14th St. lodgings, and it was only the claims of family connections surrounding me there prevented my immediate response of cordial and Xtian greeting. Since then I have been too unsettled to write more than absolutely necessary. The Lord sees not as man sees. My friends all thought me so properly settled here in this happy valley, but He finds it necessary again to admonish me that I am but a sojourner. My heart was sorely stricken when required to part from my Willie, the more because of my long cherished hopes that his collegiate course would fit him for the highest occupation. I had given him to the Lord, as Hannah did her Samuel. And now when he writes me the sad contrast of the din and mob of a machine shop in Baltimore and his pleasant life at college, I can only pray, while I weep in the solitude of the 'Prophet's Chamber,' that the severe discipline may be wholesome to higher ends than Engineering! If the Lord will, He can by His Holy Spirit's power, after my Willie suffers awhile, settle him in the holy ministry. My soul has been brought to Gethsemane by this last passing under the rod, more than ever. But in Lent how seasonable, and how the Lord mingles mercies with needful afflictions! I expect to go to Stonington to-morrow. My solace will be in lightening my sister's cares and especially in helping to train her children to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

Willie I hope to go to see in May. Jemie, at West Point, may not come to me. His last report of health records a most miraculous escape from sudden death in his cavalry exercise!

Please offer my affectionate greetings to your honored mother.

SCARSDALE, *September 20th, 1855*

I have not dried my pen since talking pages to Willie, but kind thoughts are not exhausted and at last I may send you, our dear Mr. Gamble, a portion of those cherished in review — of our renewal at the cottage, and in response to your welcome report of your home greeting from your honored mother and sister. I spent, as did Willie, the last week of August in 14th St. in his society, at the home of our branch of the Jaffray house. Dear friend, unite with me in prayers for these precious lads, that every change to them may be sanctified. Willie read aloud the tract you sent him, but not as though he were convinced. We can only sow the good seed and wait the Lord's blessing upon it. Willie speaks of you affectionately, so for his sake you will wish to repeat your visit on his holiday.

SCARSDALE, *February 4th, 1856*

My New Year's greeting is quite a month later than I had hoped to offer it. But you know how much my pair of hands have to accomplish daily, though my thoughts are excursive among dear absentees. My children, scattered, must each be written to separately. Willie, since his return to Trinity College last month, has had a check put upon his ardor to study more earnestly; a cold and fever confined him to bed. I doubt not the Lord ordered it for his more permanent benefit. How many lessons has a widowed mother to 'Be still and know it is the Lord,' that faith may be exercised. What can I do now for my Jemie but pray, believing! The Lord may draw him nearer to himself in his absence from me. He benefited by spending six weeks with his sister in London, for her winning counsels so affectionately impressed him, and her husband, an amateur artist, was a most capable advisor. Jemie finds his stipend

enough for his living in Paris. He goes to his drawing class just after breakfast until two o'clock; directly after that to a modelling school, after which he discusses with *Étudiants*. You can imagine how much he is in his element. But now, dear Mr. Gamble, I will not indulge in a retrospect of the happy days when you were the companion of my precious boys in the Bronx, though my heart treasures it.

SCARSDALE, *January 13th, 1857*

Willie was two weeks, at Xmas, at the cottage, and we were tête-à-tête in the snugest corner we could make or he read aloud to me while I repaired his tatters! Dear Willie, how I miss his companionship! I hear of my student in Paris as *well* and doing well. And now I am wishing you a happy New Year. I will close my twilight scrawl.

STONINGTON, CONN.
June 10th, 1857

Since your proof of valuing conversation with me, in the trouble you put yourself in meeting me at Jersey City, you may have wondered at my making no communication. But you are too charitable to suspect me of being a willing defaulter. During two months after my return to the cottage, there was a greater demand on my strength than was easy to meet. The suspense about my dear Willie was not relieved till a fortnight since, when he availed of a smiling Providence for entering upon his course of medical study in the office and under the roof of a most exemplary friend, Dr. Darrach in Philadelphia. I have two reports since then very encouraging. I have always valued the overtures from your home circle and shall not be satisfied until I have seen your honored mother. My time is very limited, health requiring me to go to Richfield for the healing waters of

the sulphur springs. A very nice Mrs. M—— is to accommodate myself and friend, for five dollars a week. The day after Willie went to Philadelphia I went to visit friends in Springfield, Mass., who had wished to talk with me of Jemie since their return from Paris. I enjoyed a week in their home.

1203 Arch St., *October 17th, 1858*

If my Willie were here as he usually is on Sunday, at my side, he would be eyes to me in devotional reading. I attempt to use my pen because alone and unable yet to read. Perhaps I was unwise in being on the side of the Eastwiches in their call to take my dear Willie to their rural home last evening to spend the Sabbath, for certainly I wished him; listening as I did this morning to a very graphic sketch of the power of religion, sweetening the toils and vexations of Pilgrims, drawn from the text of the waters of Marah, I felt the force of the arguments as in my daily experience. Willie could not have but been interested by so eloquent and earnest a preacher. But the medical course of lectures and study keep Willie so confined he needs country air, and, among so exemplary companions of his own age, to relax his mind and invigorate his frame. He was sorry at leaving me alone, to be gone two nights! He reads to me always before saying good night. I tell him I am reconciled to the suspension of sight that he may thus unite with me in 'daily steps towards Heaven' and the searching the Scriptures in connection with that well arranged Church accompaniment. Sometimes I cannot do without Willie's eyes even at our family worship, in the Scarsdale book which I ought to know by heart. I know, my dear Mr. Gamble, you and your dear mother pray for me and my boys, for I think of you both daily,

when I beseech God to hear and to bless His people who so remember me and mine. My poor Jemie has lately been tenderly affected by the death of Madame B—— in Paris. She was as a sister to him; he spent his Sundays at her house and sometimes went at her entreaty with her to Chapel, the English Church. Her funeral was in my daughter's home in London, as her request was to be buried in her native land. He needs your earnest prayers and I know you love the thoughtless but affectionate Jemie. Willie has just heard that he is to go to St. Louis to engage in an enterprise there, even without a parting embrace! Well, sad to say, such is the course of this world!

1203 Arch St., *December 5th, 1858*

On Saturday I was so delighted to get a letter from Jemie dated Sloane St., Nov. 14th, where he says he expects to stay all winter. His sister and brother write me they are exerting all their energies to make him prefer London for his work to Paris. I shall try to interest all friends to become subscribers to a set of etching views of France and Germany, Jemie's first complete work of the kind! Twelve single sheets (Mr. Haden, who has superior artistic judgment and taste, thinks them of rare beauty!) at two guineas, the set to be bound as a drawing room album or framed as separate pictures, as subscribers may prefer. You must know that the dear fellow, during a pedestrian tour through those parts of France and Germany this Autumn, was inspired by the beauty of nature to sketch them, then on his return to Paris to impress on copper plates the etchings. Mr. Haden happened to go to Paris, sought Jemie after he had attended to whatever took him there, was surprised at the beauty of his work, but was pained to see him not taking care of his health and coaxed him into

consenting to spend the winter in their home, and realizing a competency from sale of his work. You may imagine my trembling anxiety, my earnest prayers that God may bless the endeavors of my pious daughter and her good husband to settle Jemie's versatile genius at this crisis. Mr. Haden warrants him 25 subscribers at two guineas each in London, and depends upon my interesting 25 in Jemie's native land to subscribe. What can be done must be promptly communicated by me to Sloane St. Jemie writes enthusiastically of his expectations, too, from the exhibition in Paris, but his dear, fond sister replies, 'To succeed he must receive 50 subscribers. Mr. Haden will forward safely to all subscribers.' Praise God and bless His holy name for all His tender mercies towards the widow and the fatherless!

7 Lindsey Row, CHELSEA, LONDON
May 5th, 1864

A sprained forefinger on my right hand explains the mystery of my silence, for you know readily your old friend Mrs. Whistler has always welcomed your arrival. Jemie has returned recently from his second trip to Paris this spring. He is so pressed for time because of a picture now on his easel, ordered and promised for a birthday present, that he can neither read nor write for his mother; he had to, however, your letter in pencil from Homeland which my eyes could not read. Believe me, your expression of loving him as a brother was not thrown away upon him! Don't come yet to London; it would so mortify him not to be at liberty to show you attention. He joins me in love to you. We have no plans yet for summer.

CHELSEA, LONDON, February 10th, 1864

It is needless to tell you how much I have wished to respond to your kind

letter. Accept now my heartfelt thanks for the friendly interest you continue to show towards Jemie; he will be most delighted to attend to your commissions, especially to paint you a cabinet picture, for painting is so irresistible. He has been so engaged in subjects ordered before I came that I fear they will not be finished this season and the etchings will have to wait until summer, but that will be a more favorable season for shipping them. I enquired of a New York lady lately of her experience. She encouraged me by showing it to be reasonable, but said articles sent last November, most pressingly needed before Christmas, were not delivered before January 1.

Are you interested in old china? This artistic abode of my son is ornamented by a very rare collection of Japanese and Chinese. He considers the paintings upon them the finest specimens of art, and his companions (artists), who resort here for an evening's relaxation occasionally, get enthusiastic as they handle and examine the curious figures portrayed. Some of the pieces more than two centuries old. He has also a Japanese book of paintings, unique in their estimation. You will not wonder that Jemie's inspirations should be (under such influences) of the same cast. He is finishing at his studio a very beautiful picture for which he is to be paid one hundred guineas without the frame, that is always separate. I'll try to describe this inspiration to you. A girl seated, as if intent upon painting a beautiful jar which she rests upon her lap — a quiet and easy attitude. She sits beside a shelf which is covered with matting, a buff color, upon which several pieces of china and a pretty fan are arranged, as if for purchasers; a Scinde rug carpets the floor. (Jemie has several in his rooms and none others.) Upon it by her side is a large jar, and all these are

facsimiles of those in this room, which is more than half studio, for here he has an easel and paints generally, tho he dignifies it as our *withdrawing* room, for here is our bright fire and my post.

To finish my poor attempt at describing the Chinese picture, which I hope may come home finished this week — there is a table covered with a crimson cloth upon which there is a cup (Japanese), scarlet in hue, a sofa covered with buff matting too, but each so distinctly separate, even the shadow of the handle of the fan. No wonder Jemie is not a rapid painter, for his conceptions are so nice; he takes out and puts it over and oft until his genius is satisfied. During a very sharp frost of a few days, I think for two days, ice was passing as we looked out upon the Thames. He could not resist painting, while I was shivering at the open window, two sketches which all say are most effective; one takes in the bridge. Of course they are not finished; he could not leave his Oriental paintings, which are ordered, and he has several in progress. One portraying a group in Oriental costume on a balcony, a tea equipage of old China; they look out upon a river, with a town in the distance. I think the finest painting he has done is hanging now in this room, which three years ago took him so much away from me. It is called Wapping. The Thames and so much of its life — shipping, steamers, coal heavers, passengers going ashore, all so true to the peculiar tone of London and its river scenes. It is so improved by his perseverance to perfect it! A group on the inn balcony has yet to have the finishing touches. He intends to exhibit it at Paris in May with some of these etchings which won him the gold medal in Holland last year. While his genius soars upon the wings of ambition, the everyday realities are being regulated

by his mother, for with all the bright hopes he is ever buoyed up by, as yet his income is very precarious.

I am thankful to observe that I can and do influence him. The artistic circle in which he is only too popular is visionary and unreal, tho so fascinating! God answered my prayers for his welfare, by leading me here. All those most truly interested in him remark upon the improvement in his home and health. The dear fellow studies as far as he can my comforts, as I do all his interests, practically — it is so much better for him generally to spend his evenings tête-à-tête with me, tho I do not interfere with hospitality in a rational way, but I do all I can to render his home as his father's was. My being in deep mourning and in feeble health excuses my accepting invitations to dine with his friends. I like some of the families in which he is intimate and I have promised to go to them when the birds sing and the flowers bloom in the fields. The Greek Consul is one of his patrons; I like his wife and daughters.

I have had some relief to my deep anxiety about my dear Willie, in hearing from him that his health was improved by his having gone to visit his wife's relatives. I must not omit mentioning that Jemie goes to church with me and likes the pastor of Christ Church, which we attend. The winter has been remarkably fine but now again a thick frost, no snow, and scarcely any rain. The fogs are very gloomy. I prefer my native land at all seasons. Ah, shall I ever have a home in it?

Thursday, 11th

You will notice of my reporting yet of Jemie, dear Mr. Gamble, he had a trying time yesterday; because of the frosty fog, he had to abandon his painting, so he came to his dinner not in his usual bright way; and his mother sympathizes. We neither of us had relish

for our nice little dinner; however, in the evening the parcel delivery came to divert our disappointment. The gold medal which you knew was awarded him for his etchings, in Holland, came most seasonably, with a flattering letter from the president of the Academy of Fine Arts. The inscription too, on the massive gold medal with James Whistler's name in full, how encouraging! There was no American news in the *Times*, so that was soon despatched. Then Jemie was inspired to begin a pencil sketch, after which he read aloud to me; at eleven I left him at his work. In the morning I asked him what message to you; he said brightly, 'My love to Mr. Gamble and tell him I shall be much pleased to paint the picture he so kindly ordered; also I will send the two sets of etchings as soon as I get through my pressing engagements.' He is now thinking of selling the large picture 'Wapping' to a gentleman in Scotland. Share my most affectionate remembrance with your dear mother.

7 Lindsey Row, June 7th, 1864

I have wished and endeavored to thank you for your tokens of remembrance, but tho I live secluded, I find my strength unequal to the demands upon me. Jemie is quite well, but too closely confined to his studio. I never am admitted there, nor anyone else but his models; so you see, my dear friend, you might as soon let him be at your side in your Country House, as to give you a place as spectator at his easel. He unites with me in the most hearty greetings and thanks you for the ticket of admission to the Museum. I rejoice in your prospect of a tour into Scotland. How comforting that you are with dear, kind relatives in your absence from Homeland.

The distressed state of my beloved native land depresses me, but the Lord will order as most fits to promote my

future and eternal interests. The struggling South is not fighting for Slavery, but in defense of its homes. My daily prayer is that God will bring North and South to repentance, for it is his rod of indignation which has taken away the pride of the Union! I hope to have to report something more cheering of my darling Willie. God has so far encouraged me to hope he is protected. I have heard that which I have sent him has reached him safely, but only one of his letters has come to me as yet. God has always been a help to me; I can truly say, 'Hitherto, hast thou blessed me,' and my faith does not fail me.

LONDON, April 10th, 1866

I wonder, dear Mr. Gamble, if your sister will be welcomed home before this can reach you! I have been ill since she called to bid me adieu; Jemie has been confined to his studio for nearly a week because of a bad cold. Willie is our beloved physician, trudging all this distance to attend to us. I know you will be glad to hear that Jemie is quite well now and in good spirits about his work. He had some artistic friends on Easter Tuesday to see my portrait especially, as that was sent the same evening to the Royal Academy and with it a lovely grey dawn study of the river. I was up in my Japanese bedroom seated in my armchair and refused not the particular friends and admirers of my son's work, who begged permission to tell me their impressions of the picture. If I were to write all that was said, you'd fear a proof of the human weakness had overcome me in my declining years. But my gratitude goes up to the One source of help on which I rely for the continued success of either of my dear boys. Their struggles are so unwearied to attain position to enable them to keep bright their name and to gain an honest livelihood. Both their professions involve

unavoidable expense with the strictest self-denial and practical economy, as yet the income so inadequate to cover expenses. But I know all the discipline must be best for them. I am always sorry to be an additional care when I fain would be up and doing to keep our house in a good method.

I wish I could take you into the home next door to see a couple who are the genuine English lady and gentleman of the old school! They have lived at No. 3 Lindsey Row for 39 years. I love her as a sister. Just now a neighbor and friend interrupted my writing. She has just told me what some of Jemie's friends said of the portrait of my unworthy self when they were here on Easter Tuesday. An artist said to her, 'It has a holy expression. Oh, how much sentiment Whistler has put into his mother's likeness!' Your sister will tell you how wonderfully the three cases of portraits were preserved from fire on the railroad train, tho many packages of valuable luggage were entirely consumed. The flames had reached the case in which my portrait was, but in time to be discovered; the lid was burnt, a side of the frame was scorched, yet the painting uninjured. You will know my thankfulness for the Interposition that my dear Jemie was spared the loss of his favorite work. I hope it is a favorable omen that it may be hung properly in the Royal Academy for the exhibition. It is more encouraging to my hopes of Jemie that at this time, when the World is offered him, he should confide in me voluntarily his desire to unite with me in the highest of all attainments. His is natural religion; he thinks of God as the diffusive source of all he enjoys, in the glories of the firmament, the loveliness of flowers, the noble studies of the human form. The Creator of all!

Yesterday was unexpectedly a meeting in his studio of admirers of his

pictures now exhibited in the Dudley Gallery and in a Bond St. exhibition of the French School. My dear son was so happy that at last his paintings are appreciated; his years of hard work seem now to be rewarded, and tho he is more than ever industrious, it is scarcely labor. I shall send to my sister extracts from the paper, upon the Whistler pictures now in the two exhibitions. She likes to have them for the *Stonington Weekly News* and sends to our friends. The Alexander portrait is nearly finished.

2 Lindsey Houses, CHELSEA, LONDON
September 7th, 1870

I am delayed in answering your letter because of ill health. The London Season brought many visitors to Jemie's studio. I must be mistress of ceremonies, for Jemie keeps closely to his work all day and I *have* to *try* to be agreeable to the friends and patrons till he can receive them. Mr. Leyland, who is not only a prosperous man in Liverpool but a very cultivated gentleman of taste, has been especially kind, and while the family were in their elegant mansion at Queen's Gate, Hyde Park, our intercourse was frequent, but Jemie was most there, dining or going with them to operas, which was healthful recreation after his long day's work. Now he has been staying at the Hall four weeks; he is there to paint a full-length portrait of Mr. Leyland, which he writes me is getting on capitally. I was invited to accompany Jemie for a longer visit than we made there last fall, but I would not leave Willie.

CHELSEA, LONDON, March 13th, 1872

We are in the pressure of the season. Jemie begins work directly after our eight o'clock breakfast. He is perfecting the portrait of Mr. Leyland and trying to finish a beautiful life-size

portrait of Mrs. Leyland. The pictures must be sent to the Royal Academy the 1st or 2nd of April, though the exhibition is not to open until a month later. I will not build castles or anticipate rewards to Jemie's diligence. I am sure you will be interested in your friend Jemie coming before the London artistic world after his withdrawal for perfecting his studies. He is an early riser now, that he may benefit and enjoy a row on the river from 7 until 8 o'clock, when he joins me for breakfast. It is his only meal until the 7 o'clock dinner or even later; while he works almost without respite, he seems to realize no desire for food, but only work whilst it is called to-day!

April 20th

A cheering report came about Jemie's picture of his mother. It is considered a fine work and it is well hung at the Royal Academy!

CHELSEA, LONDON, November 5th, 1872

Did I not write you of a moonlight picture of this river, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery last Autumn? We have formed a friendship with Mr. Alexander and his family since he bought that picture in June. He is a banker of prominence. Jemie is painting a life-size portrait of his second little daughter. The picture is nearly finished now. Mrs. Alexander has brought Cecily twice a week to stand in the studio. Their home is eight miles from here, so of course they come for the day and lunch with me; thus my time is spent. Tho pleasant, friends require the courtesies; it accounts for my not writing absent ones whose claim is more on my heart! I went once to the home of the Alexander family in their carriage and staid in with them from Saturday afternoon till Monday, attending their church and also the Lord's table with them, so at once we became attached.

They have sent me delicious fruits, hot-house grapes and peaches! Always so thoughtful of me.

CHELSEA, LONDON, September 30th, '74

It is a fortnight since my return home. Jemie not yet come, but I am cheered in waiting by thoughts of his benefiting in country air while at work.

My own birthday was on Sunday, 27th September. My sons cannot realize that their mother, who sympathizes with them so, as if yet young, can have attained the term allotted to pilgrims on earth. But *I* do, and try to live day by day prepared for the summons. I am not requiring spectacles to write and only by candle light a reading glass. I wonder if I ever wrote you of all Jemie did to this house, No. 2? You would be delighted at its brightness in tinted walls and staircase. We have a nice Swiss youth in place of the little Irish Romanist, whom you thought not cheerful looking.

*Talbot House, 43 St. Mary's Terrace
HASTINGS*

Here I have been for 13 months, and by the blessings of the Lord upon this salubrious climate, and loving attentions bestowed, health is restored beyond the expectation at 'threescore and 10.' I am sure you will both be charmed in this retreat; when London fogs envelop the Park, even in winter, we often have the contrast of blue sky. Some friends of mine came to Hastings for the Easter holidays and sought me, exclaiming, 'Where did you hear of this house, so exactly suited to you?'

My dear Artist son's summer has been spent in decorating a spacious dining-room for Mr. Leyland. It is indeed quite an original design! A great undertaking, painting walls and ceiling as he would do a picture in oils. By the desire of Mr. Leyland Jemie staid in the home, beginning work at

7 in the morning, and I know how reluctantly he would break off to dress for 8 o'clock dinner. Imagine him on ladders and scaffoldings using his palette and studio brushes! No wonder he looks thin, tho he is so elastic in spirit and thankful for strength according to his need. He sent me last Saturday's weekly of 'the Academy' with an article on this work which he has just finished. I think we must have an extract sent to New York to appear in some home journal for the gratification of our kind sympathizers. Once his sister, having called in vain to see him in Lindsey Houses, went to the room and saw him at work. She wrote me that it was beautiful beyond her language to describe. Tho when dear Jamie came to see me for a day or two last month, he with his pencil enabled me to fancy it.

He came to bid me good-bye, in anticipation of soon going to Venice to make a set of 12 etchings. I pray he may be permitted to succeed in working out-of-doors. I fear if your friend Mr. Moore found Lindsey Houses, he was told, as all others are, that the Artist was not at home, and he may have concluded that at least he might have returned his call. But I beg of

you to explain that his time was not his own. It is about two years now since I saw any of his work except a lovely moonlight picture which he brought up to show me in my sick chamber. I hear from the few who are admitted into his studio that he has some very great improvements in painting portraits. You may be sure I was sorry that he had nothing finished for the Centennial. It would have been so gratifying if he could have attended our National Exhibition in person, but you know he has never left England since he established himself among its competitors for distinction in Art. You will be interested to hear that he has the undisputed ascendancy as an Etcher! Prices for his etchings have risen to four times their original value and it is gratifying to collectors to know that he will resume this branch of art.

Don't think, dear friend, that my mind is yet set on worldly things! But my sympathies go out, tho my heart is bent on higher attainment for my sons; God has given the talent and it cannot be wrong to appreciate it.

On the 27th, my birthday, 72. 'In the evening it is light.'

How gracious is the Lord!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE FREE?

BY MANUEL KOMROFF

AFTER the usual breakfast he was taken downstairs, given a bath, a fresh suit of civil clothes, and brought to the office. Here he was presented with several documents and a five-dollar bill.

The warden got up from his desk. 'I see by your papers, Joe, that you have been here twelve years. Well, you have been a good prisoner; good-bye and good luck to you.' They shook hands.

He was led through the yard to the gate. The moment had come. He stepped through. Again they shook hands before the gate was closed behind him and locked — locking him free.

He carried his hat in his hand as he started along the road and down the hill. He was confronted by a fresh, bracing breeze and a most bewildering sense of vastness — a vastness bathed in light. His eyes blinked, and his steps were short and hesitating.

On top of the high gray wall a guard, rifle in hand, walked in the same direction. 'Good-bye, Joe,' he shouted. 'How does it feel to be free?'

How does it feel to be free? To be confined, bottled-up, held in check, restricted, controlled — and suddenly turned loose upon a dizzy world!

A gray mist has surrounded it all. Imagine yourself completely enveloped as though your life had been becalmed by a fog. A fog through which it is difficult to see. Only overhead can you see a tiny circular opening through which the bright sky shines like a

sparkling jewel. Soon you discover that the mist has hardened about you. The fog has encased you completely, except for that far-away opening overhead. You examine the walls and find that they are composed of long narrow ribbons of gray celluloid hung from what appears to be a small hoop in the sky. No — you have more space than that. Your walls are round, but you have ten feet from side to side. And every side is alike. From the sky to the ground your life is encased in a celluloid tube made of cold gray ribbons, and you are unable to see what is outside of yourself.

But when you examine the walls closer you find that the strips are made entirely of little squares, and each square has a queer design. You had not noticed them at first, but everywhere you look and as far up as you can see you find the little squares. Then on examining them closer you discover that each square is a separate little picture in which you yourself appear! Each square a frozen moment of your life. Each picture a tiny recollection dimmed and made gray by that rapid piling-up — that multiplication called the Past.

Frozen memories in miniature. As though the ribbons were discarded cinematographic records, — records of your discarded past, — complete and shameless.

There are different scenes of long ago; some are comforting and some are horrid. At some you tarry, but others you are happy not to see at all. Those

high up are hard to see, though some seem clear and fairly distinct. You make vague guesses at what they are, and some you are sure you recognize. It is like a game. The forgotten past hangs over you as high as you can see, and a circle of light comes through from the sky.

The whole thing is quite natural, and at first you see nothing very strange about the affair; a little odd, perhaps, or maybe like a dream; but it does not seem very startling until suddenly you discover that the sequence is wrong. Why should it be wrong? Why do the scenes not follow one another as they happened? Why is this thing all helter-skelter?

You try to select and arrange, but the task is enormous. Here and there and everywhere are pictures that you have not included and some that you would like to — if you could only cut them away with a penknife. Yes, cut little toy-windows so you could see clearly outside — the outside world — the real world that at present you can see only by looking through your own experiences, and see dimmed by the shadows of past images. But you have no knife that could sever. And it would not help.

Oh, how tired you are of it all! How dreary, how oppressing, how monotonous! Days are gray and nights are gray. You are tired of yourself — the constant repetition of yourself. If you could only run away. But the cylinder is light, airy, and nimble. It rotates as you run. You are imprisoned in this strange thing called life, — life dreary and gray, — surrounded by cameos and smudges of black.

The sequence is wrong. You try to escape. The walls are pliable, and with pressure could yield. You wedge a hand through, and another; you work a foot through, making still another opening, but at no time can you manage to get

your body through. Then, too, where would you go? You give it up; and in time you are resigned and engage in that restful ploy of thinking back and of looking out at the real world through the lightly tinted squares.

You see the world — the real world that is made of kisses and snow. Of fire, milk, dreams, straw, water, tobacco, and children. You watch the real world that is built solidly of things that do not last — built firmly of vital sparks that cannot endure.

Every now and then you discover a new square or two added to your walls. Something that happened only yesterday; but what was in its place before you are unable to tell, try hard as you may.

In a year many different pictures have presented themselves. In three years a fair number are new; in six, three quarters are added pictures; but in twelve hardly any of the old remain and these seem greatly dimmed. A comforting dimness. Time makes all things restful.

In the outside world you can see children playing. They are playing with matches, lighting old brooms and paper, and running across the fields with trailing flames and shooting sparks. They had never done this before.

You watch closely. They are putting fire to the whole business! Suddenly a flash, a puff of smoke, a blaze of light, and there you stand on a hill confronted by real colors and a free, bracing breeze. In the distance the frightened children are running and you hear one whimper, 'I did not know it could burn.'

Everything is sky and land. You are surrounded by a vastness bathed in light.

You blink at the glamour of it all, as with hesitating steps you wander down the road to — The station is a

mile away. Here a train comes from somewhere and can take you to — exactly where you do not know, but it can take you there. You must go!

That is how it feels to be free.

At the station Joe changed his five-dollar bill to buy a ticket and a plug of chewing-tobacco. The train carried him home — to the city of his former life.

Here the streets are paved with stone. Square next to square, with hardly a crack between. Cruelly mortised by man for the benefit and convenience of his fellow men. Long lines cemented together so that mud and dirt are not tracked about — tracked into the little pigeonholes called homes.

Joe reached home all right. His wife had been dead a number of years and his children had all grown up and married. Old memories were quite dim. He hardly knew them, and they certainly did not recognize him; but it was all very pleasant.

In the evening they all had supper together — that is, after the babies had been put to bed in one room. The table was dressed as in a movie, the room was bright with lights, and everything was merry.

A steaming chicken was brought on and the oldest son stood up, removed his coat, and rolled up his cuffs before carving. 'Now, dad, I'm going to cut for you this-here leg, first and second joint,' and, pointing the knife at him, 'also a good big chunk of the white meat. Mollie, dish the gravy.'

They spoke about the comic strips in the illustrated newspapers, about recent screen-dramas, about dance records for the phonograph, about everything that amused them. The checkered past was carefully avoided. They were all quite intelligent and they said they understood.

Joe had a nice home. He could stay about the house and just 'rest up.'

The children had seen all kinds of reunions in the movies, and would do their best to make him happy. They gave him a room to himself, a warm pair of carpet slippers, a pipe with a yellow stem and fancy gold band, a pair of cotton-flannel pajamas, razor blades, and everything that a male mortal needs for comfort.

But Joe spent a most uncomfortable night. The large meal did not agree with him and kept him awake. The rushing light of morn came blaring into the room. He looked about. Small photographs hung on the walls. There were scenes of Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, and of big trees in California. Little gray squares dotted the walls — views that Joe had never experienced.

It was all very natural that Joe should be a bit uncomfortable at first. The children said that they understood, and that it would take a little while for him to feel really at home.

Joe proceeded to make himself comfortable. He tried the carpet slippers, but found them loose, soft, and uncomfortable. The pipe was a nice thing, too, though he did not really enjoy smoking. The pictures he removed from the walls, and then he drove nails on which to hang his coat and pajamas. He greatly distrusted the closet, where it was dark and where mice perhaps were free to wander.

He amused himself by collecting old bits of wire that he found on old picture-frames and in the basement of the apartment house. It gave him great pleasure to send the wire down the neck of a bottle and watch the odd twists and coils it would make in the bottle — as though it were life itself going through its many painful convulsions. He kept the bottle on the open fire-escape in front of his window.

Just as soon as Joe found that the

friendliness of his children was quite genuine he proceeded to make himself really comfortable. He brought up some thin boards to slip under the mattress of the cot. This made it much firmer. He nailed up the closet door and painted the rods of the fire-escape black, under the pretext that its former color showed the dirt too much. At night he had several times been bothered by a notion that there might be rats about and that his cot was too low. This he soon fixed by bringing up some old wood from the basement and raising the cot so that it resembled an upper berth in a cabin. He was careful to eat very little meat and kept closely to a diet of soup and hot cereal. Day by day he was feeling more comfortable. Now only one thing more needed his attention. The room was too large! Too large for one person. This he remedied by rigging a pole across the room and hanging down a heavy curtain dividing the space in half. It also divided the window. Now all seemed cozy.

By this time the bottle on the window was packed tight with bits of wire. He carried it down to the basement and broke it over an ash can. The heavy wad of iron wire was freed from its

container. It was nothing but a rusty solid mass, the same shape as the bottle that now was scattered in fragments.

He turned it in his hand and examined it closely. Was it an experiment that had failed? Did he imagine that the tough springy wires would jump back to their former state once freed? No. It was a rusty solid mass, brown as a cough mixture and shaped like a bottle. If he had a label he could paste it on and mark it — 'Free!'

He brought it back to his room and carefully put it in its place on the window. Then he climbed up on his cot.

Outside it rains, and outside it snows, and then the sun sings forth and dries up the long lines of pavements made of stone cunningly mortised. From his cot he can see a tiny bit of sky — a small bright opening far away. Now and then a figure walks across a neighboring roof and reminds him of the man on the high wall who held a rifle in his hand and shouted, 'How does it feel to be free?' From his cot he can see glimpses of the outside world — the real world that is made of kisses and snow. But between him and the great outside is the window-ledge upon which stands that rusty, packed-together wad of wire, shaped like a bottle.

THE CRANE IN BLOOMSBURY

BY FRANK KENDON

MAN's god to see, backwards I bent my head,
Like any saint intent upon his vision.
There, dark against the clouds, the monster raised
Colossal arms, and moved with slow decision
Half over heaven. Yet no one seemed amazed,
No one fell prostrate, worshiping his power;
But midget men, commanding, while I gazed
Moved their weak arms, and brought the god's arms lower.

Roared all around me motor evidence
Of our assault upon life's brevity:
Men hurried as though death were at their heels,
And would not leave their thoughts alone, lest he
Should gain upon them. So they rushed on wheels
From door to door, filling the moments out
With twice each moment's labor — though there steals
Only behind more haste a heavier doubt.

And from the ground an exhalation came,
Even in the breath of stone and iron streets,
The breath of Autumn, earthy from the leaves
Fallen beneath the trees — such breath as meets
An idle harvester when all the sheaves
Are carried, or some ploughboy wandering home,
Who, missing the late swallow from his eaves,
In darkening silence listens, and is dumb.

THE INFINITUDE OF THINGS

BY MARY LUCIA BIERCE FULLER

I

A MISSIONARY, perhaps more than most men, has his memory stored with unfinished stories. When I look into my 'chambers of imagery' I find them filled with the faces and forms of unforgettable people, many of whom I never saw but once. A multitude of these I met on trains; but of many I cannot now recall any circumstance: only their faces, with perhaps some significant gesture or arresting garb, stay with me — suddenly revitalized by a secret association I am not able to trace. Or, sometimes, they appear before me when I am in prayer, faces consciously or unconsciously appealing, and I can but pray for them, though I have no other remembrance of them.

During my twenty-eight years in India, I usually traveled in the 'women's box,' as we call it in Marathi — a compartment reserved for third-class Indian women passengers, which in the cruder days of my childhood used to be labeled 'Females Only.' The European Third was rarely as interesting as this Women's Third, where one often met women one could have met in no other way. Either their own prejudices, or those of their family or neighbors, would have barred their doors to a foreigner, for in India fear of what 'they' will say hedges the ways of the women especially; but on a journey curiosity and tedium break down prejudice and timidity, at least for the time, and one meets with much friendliness. There are no prying neighbors' eyes in a train,

the usual restraints are suspended, 'Madame Mother-in-law' may not be along, 'King-husband' is in the 'men's box,' and so to many women a journey becomes a holiday on which they feel an exhilarating freedom and gala excitement. Besides, the fact that they are in a train at all has already defiled them, if they are of high caste, so that they might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and enjoy themselves as much as possible.

A journey I took nearly sixteen years ago is one of those I love to remember. I was on my way to spend May, my summer vacation, with one of the most unselfish women that ever lived. Her idolized mother, very old and tiny and frail, was expected to die, and her friends could not bear that Grace should be alone when this happened. She lived in Inampur, a little old-fashioned village ten miles off the railway, and was, I think, about one hundred miles from any other American or European; but, like myself, she was born in the Maharashtra (the Marathi-speaking country) and was at home anywhere in it. A friend, who keenly regretted the necessity, had already brought a coffin from a distant workshop and placed it in a storeroom, since in India burial or burning must follow death within twenty-four hours. To Grace it was all agony, but she hid it with a whitely serene face, and the tenderer solicitude for the sufferers who came to her little dispensary. Only once did she speak of

the desolation that approached her: 'Ah, no matter how long beforehand one may know, it can be no easier when it comes!'

Of the journey from my own province of Berar to Bombay, where I stayed a night, I remember little; but from Bombay to Inampur in the Southern Maratha Country, as it is named, the journey lives again whenever I recall it. I got into the train at six in the morning and found at one end of the Women's Third a group of Brahmin widows on their way to Vithoba's shrine at Pandharpur, which is the greatest Hindu shrine in all the Maratha country. They carried the little triangular saffron flags on slender poles which are borne on pilgrimage by Vithoba's devotees. Each of them had little bundles of bedding and foodstuffs (flour, rice, pulse, spices, certain sweets, parched grains—anything ceremonially pure, which may therefore be taken on a train without defilement), and these they would carry on their heads or tied behind their waists when they got off the train. They were full of zeal and anticipation; and one of them, a thin, masterful little woman with square jaws, high cheek-bones, and fiery, fanatical eyes, led them in singing songs from Tukaram, Vithoba's greatest lover. He was a poet-reformer of the seventeenth century who was bitterly persecuted, and by that same token is now accounted a great saint and is greatly beloved. He and his songs have permeated the whole Maharashtra.

Except for the leader, who was not yet forty, the widows were all old or middle-aged. Their bald heads were pathetically outlined by the scarf ends of their red or white cotton saris, — widows of the Maratha country may wear no other color, — their cheeks were sunken by old age and fastings, and they had the widow's look of grieving sadness or bitterness, of hard-

ness or heaviness, of questioning wistfulness or that heartbreaking patience to which one never gets quite used. While they sang, their faces lightened and their eyes brightened; but afterward the older ones dozed with the 'easy sleep of old age,' or sat telling their beads, while two, who seemed happier than the others and whose soft old cheeks were rounder, sang the cow song.

It is interminable. Every stanza, two or three times repeated, praises some member of the cow's thrice-sacred body: her horns, her brow, her eyes, her nostrils, her teeth and tongue, her dewlap, udder, teats, tail — literally every part of her, for in each dwells a god. They sang and sang in little thin high voices that were full of enjoyment in the words, in their own singing, and in this long-anticipated pilgrimage. Pilgrimages, however real the devotion and hunger that may inspire them, and however real the hardship involved, especially before there were railways, are nevertheless desired holidays, and furnish that change which William James says is a vital need of our kind. A Marathi proverb says that pilgrims are of three sorts: *naushi*, *haushi*, and *gaushi*. *Naushi* are they who go to pay vows — the religious; *haushi*, they who go for pleasure — the frivolous and voluptuous; and *gaushi* may be construed to mean the profiteers who have wares to sell and tricks to play on trustful ignorance.

I was very much interested in the singing and the singers, but they were naturally shy of me. They had probably classed me as a 'defiler' — to become a Christian is to be defiled; besides that, I doubtless ate beef and other abominations. I was really persona non grata in that pure company; however, I could see that they were observing and listening while I talked with other women, and that their eyes grew kinder as they watched.

II

The other women, of whom there were plenty, were the usual mixture of all castes, and promptly put me through the usual catechism: Where did I live? Where was I going? *Why* was I going? *They* were going to weddings; to 'look at' girls, for boys in their families; to visit their mothers, perhaps for confinement; or to wheedle a loan out of some kinsman.

How many children had I? I felt a slight chill when I had to confess to none, for it was at once evident that I had a pitiable 'cracked destiny'; besides, childless women may be inauspicious, and are very likely to have an evil eye.

Where was my master? Was he in the men's box? When I said I had none my lucklessness was established, for what can be more misfortunate and inauspicious than a widow? One sad young thing of the Phul-mali (flower-gardeners') caste, who though she was not shaven, as Brahmin widows are, yet lacked the black bead necklace, the glass bangles, and scarlet *kunku* brow-mark of wifehood, touched her forehead sympathetically to show that none can evade the fate written there, and asked how long before my lord had died. Then the unimagined, the outrageous fact appeared that I had never married, and the chill increased perceptibly — I was evidently not even virtuous!

One wearies a little of that bleak tribunal, though it is rather good fun in the end to win them over all by one's self. However, one sometimes has help; and a Maratha woman with keen humorous eyes and a kind sensitive mouth came gallantly to my rescue. 'These people do not always marry,' she said. 'Their customs seem strange to us, but their unmarried women are very virtuous and given to good works.'

I had then to explain those customs.

Shocking and dangerous they sounded to Indian ears — certainly not nice. Marriage a matter of choice, and delayed until the twenties! Men choosing their own wives, and women saying yes or no as they pleased — the hussies! One indignant pattern of virtue spat her disgust out the window, and several old women shook their heads; but one or two very young ones looked interested, and even tittered discreetly. The Maratha woman's eyes twinkled at me, and she gave her brows a little lift and her head a little wag that spoke volumes of amused sympathy. I talked some more and got them laughing; then I took the offensive and got in a little preachment about child-marriage and our heartbreaking Indian mortality in babies and child-mothers. There were sighs and nods from some, while others maintained stoutly that it was all a matter of fate and the will of the gods. There was no dodging one's karma. If a child was fated to live you might throw it on stones and it would be unharmed; but if it had come only for a season, to pay or collect some old debt, nothing could keep it, once the account was even. The old ways were best. There had been a neighbor who had had his head turned by *sudharlele* (reformed) folk in Poona and had thought to save his daughter from the early widowhood betokened in her horoscope by keeping her unmarried until she was fifteen, but the wedding was scarcely over when the bridegroom sickened and died. Of what avail to contend with the gods?

But one sturdy goodwife of the Lohar (blacksmith) caste grew restive at the reiteration of anything so obvious as the inevitability of fate. When the talk had been of infant mortality, she had offered a few infallible remedies: —

'For sore mouth,' said she, 'find a

black goat without one hair of other color on it, hold it fast, and swab the babe's mouth with the goat's tail. The swelling will go down in one night.

'For a stake in the belly (severe colic) remove the evil eye: make passes over the child with a packet of peppers, both red and black, a *bhilava* (blistering nut), a hair of the head, and dust from three roads. Burn the packet. This has more virtue than peppers alone, or to make passes with only a besom or an old shoe. A barren woman put her eye on my boy last month when I got him a new gold-embroidered cap for the wedding of my younger *dir's* (husband's brother's) elder son. "What a handsome cap!" she said, and the poor child screamed with colic that night. But I made up a good packet, and in three days the strumpet had sore eyes (ophthalmia). May the eyes of all evil-eyed ones break!' And the good soul had stowed a huge wad of consoling betel leaf, areca nut, and tobacco into her cheek.

After that her interest waned; she burned for knowledge; so presently came more questions: Why did I wear a hat? What did I do? How much pay did I get? Why did I sit with 'black people'—they were all of pleasant shades of brown, and beautiful olive—when I belonged to the 'king-people'? Were white women real women in every particular? Even so and so?

'These be very deep questions,' said the Maratha woman then very gravely, and some looked abashed; but the smith-wife was bashless: 'Nay, I wish to know. Folk say thus and thus—is it true or false?' It happened to be false, and she was disappointed.

Then I steered the talk into pleasanter channels. It veered to religion: Why did we defile people? And presently I was telling again the ineffable

story of the Perfect Life to rapt listeners. One never knows how wonderful the story is until one tells it to someone who has never heard it. A question, a gesture of amazement, a shake of the head, a sigh, from one and another, marked the progress of the story from ancient prophecy, Annunciation, holy Nativity and angel-songs, through more than thirty years of unimaginable exile, to the Cross. 'Hai, hai!' said they then, 'hai, hai!' And in the Maratha woman's eyes were tears. Then the light of Easter Morning shone down the centuries, and some faces were very wistful when I repeated the last great promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

He had not left us orphaned, and He would come again. He had said it. He was not a private, tutelar god, nor any foreign god. He was for them as much as for me. God loved the world. He loved them. He wanted them themselves, not offerings of goats, nor cocks, nor coconuts; not prostrations, nor circumambulations, nor penances and tortures; but their very hearts and all their love.

It was good talk, they said. It was true talk. It was very sweet and heartening talk. There were there all the four soils of the parable: hearts as insensitive as the trodden path, shallow hearts, and hearts still wedded to their cares; but I knew that some would cherish the story, and that in them it would live; that in the darkness of their manifold fears a Light had shined. The story is still the Gospel.

'And tell me,' said the sturdy one of the deep question, 'why you put no coconut oil on your hair. It looks very untidy!' We were nearing Poona, where I must change trains, so I opened my Gospel box, in which were Gospels in eight languages. Could any of them read, I asked. The Maratha woman

could. Had anyone a son or grandson or other kinsman who could read? There were several. The Brahmin women's eyes had brightened at the sight of books. Only the leader could read. She had 'learned two books,' — studied the first and second readers, — but all the rest had reading boys and girls in their families and took my books eagerly.

Of course I observed the courtesies in not handing them the books but dropping them into their hands. If they and I had touched a book simultaneously, it would have been a conductor of defilement from me to them. To be sure the train had already defiled them; still there was no need to make matters worse than they already were. As it was they would have to bathe and wash their clothes before they could eat, while the more fastidious might further disinfect themselves with a sprinkle of cow's stale in order to feel perfectly pure again.

However, I had a very pleasant talk with them before the train pulled into Poona, and when I left them they said, 'Let acquaintance remain if we meet again.' Several women put their heads out the windows to say good-bye again, and the Maratha woman put out a slender hand and made a little benedictory gesture that is very sweet.

'Will you know me if we meet again?' she asked.

'I could not forget,' I said.

'Who knows if we meet,' she said and touched her forehead in wistful submission to fate.

'Would that we might!' I said, 'but whether we meet or not, God bless you always.'

'Go in safety,' she called, as I turned away to follow my coolie and holdall.

'Yes, yes, go carefully,' shrilled the smith-wife, as she leaned out to spit red betel juice on the platform; 'don't fall under the train!' And then I heard

her say to the station at large: 'Fancy, no husband, no oil on her head, and not afraid of anything — a strange people truly!'

III

How dear they all were! And I never saw one of them again. It was now noon, so I ate my lunch in the waiting-room and was presently traveling south once more. In this train the women's compartment was very crowded. It was labeled, 'To seat 28 passengers'; but, as often happens, we numbered, with babies, well over thirty. Every woman had at least one bundle tied in a cloth, and as big sometimes as two feet in diameter. Then there were tiny tin trunks, painted in blinking pinks and greens, or gone shabby; and brass drinking-vessels, and what-what, as we say in Marathi. The racks above and the floors below were crowded with things and there was barely sitting-room. There was a little tart talk and huffiness before everyone got settled, but for the most part it was a good-natured company. More than half of them were returning from the festival at Pandharpur, and though tired, and without the zest and excitement of anticipation, they had much to tell.

Some had gone there to fulfill vows made during illness in their families or some other adversity. Some had gone to make vows, or to perform penances, or to pay priests for the doing of meritorious rites, or to make offerings in the hope of receiving some special boon in return. One heavy-eyed little thing who had no children had probably been asking for a son, though she could not talk about it. A delicate, tired young mother with a still more delicate baby had been making vows for his life. 'Are you a doctor?' she asked me anxiously. 'My children do not live. Always some evil eye falls on them. I have lost five — three boys!' She held up three

delicate fingers while the tears filled her eyes. 'We have named this one Shempadya (fallen coward — to avert any jealous god's malevolence), and I am always taking the evil eye from him, but he is fading. What more shall I do?'

The baby was burned up with opium, as the soft flabby flesh on his thin little arms and legs and the glazed dullness of his lovely great eyes showed all too plainly. But he was well protected against evil eyes by irregular smudges of lampblack on his pale soft cheeks, and various charms and strings tied round his neck and wrists and ankles. Of course I urged her to break off his opium gradually, and advised her as best I could. And, since her anxiety was poisoning both her and the child, I told her to trust God and be unafraid.

Other women had made other vows: some had pledged offerings of money, gifts for the temple, a distribution of sweets; some to pay for a feast for Brahmins, or to refrain from eating some choice dish or fruit. Some told their vows, some hid them in their hearts. 'I offered figs,' said one woman, 'for five years.' She was of the Kunbi (farmer) caste, fat, prosperous, good-natured, and noisy — anything but an ascetic type; so I greatly admired her devotion, for I am fond of figs.

Most of the women were of the middle castes, but near me sat a Konkanasth Brahmin widow of perhaps thirty, who kept her own counsel as her keen eyes watched and studied her neighbors. One could see she was entertained, but her thin, clever, hard little mouth showed scant sympathy for the frailties and sorrows of mankind. The Konkanasths are as hard-headed as they are able, altogether an extraordinary and fascinating race, excelling — so they themselves claim,

and not a few agree — all the peoples of India.

As soon as the train started I went through another catechism and was called by one group and another to be questioned afresh. With each I stayed a while and to each I gave my little books. Our number was constantly changing, for stops were frequent and at each place some got out and new ones got in.

At one station a man with a basket on his head passed down the platform calling '*Anjir! Anjir!* (Figs! Figs!)' The Kunbi goodwife got up excitedly and pushed her way to the nearest window on the platform side, saying, 'Let me see the figs! There are none in my country' — meaning her district. I looked round to see if anyone remembered her complacent vow to refrain from figs for five years, but only the Brahmin widow had noted it. Her eyes twinkled at me and mine at her, and we could see that the good soul was sore put to it to resist buying and sampling some figs on the spot; but the vow held and she was the more pleased with herself.

'I offered figs but yesterday, and to-day I see them!' she said. 'Surely Vithoba has tried my virtue, but I have not lost!'

She did not belong to the southern fig-country, but being a practical soul was killing two birds with the one stone of pilgrimage: she was seeking her son a bride in a village where she had a man-cousin with a daughter reported to be very fair and apt at housework. In her caste, as in several, a brother's daughter — a sister's daughter or a niece by marriage will not do — is considered a very desirable daughter-in-law; and as a cousin, especially a maternal aunt's son, ranks as a brother, this should be a good match, provided the horoscopes were in harmony, and omens were auspicious, as they should

be, with a pilgrimage to hallow them. If all went well she would be able to claim the girl as of right, since a sister has the first choice of her brother's daughter for her own son if the children's ages are suitable.

Toward evening a party of five or six comely young Kunbi women got in with babies and bundles, and a very frail keen-eyed old lady who was mother, grandmother, or mother-in-law to all of them. They helped her in and seated her on the floor, as the jarring of the train made it difficult for her to sit on the narrow wooden benches. She ordered the disposition of the babies and bundles with great good sense and in a clear voice used to command. The party had come from Pandharpur the day before and had broken their journey at the old lady's brother's village.

When she saw me she called me to come to her, but as I was talking with women at the other end of the compartment I replied that I would come presently. She waited a few minutes and called again. Again I pleaded delay, but soon came a third call that brooked none. It was impatient, but neither peremptory nor hectoring: she was simply used to obedience. I laughed and went to her.

'What is in those little books?' she asked.

'The life of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to earth to bring men to God.'

'Sit here beside me and read the book,' she said. I sat on the floor beside her.

'Ah yes, tell it to mother,' said her daughters. 'Her mind is all on religion and she remembers all she hears. We are taken up with our children and our houses and the cares of this world. We should forget by to-morrow, but mother will remember and tell us again and again. Why do you not oil your hair?'

But the old lady permitted only a few

questions and then bade me read. 'I want knowledge,' she said. 'Begin at the beginning.' I read chapter after chapter of Saint Luke's lovely, lovely Gospel, while she nodded understandingly, made some delighted comment, or asked a question. Sometimes, when I would be explaining, she would run away with a clue and say delightedly, 'I know, I know,' and finish the explanation herself. Finally, after midnight, she said she must soon alight. And she must have the book. She had a little grandson at home who would read it to her.

'Thou'lt soon forget an old woman like me,' she said, 'but I will remember thee while I live; and the story — I have it here!' She pressed her heart. 'But thou'lt forget me.'

'Nay, never,' I protested. 'I will always remember.'

'Truly?' she asked, searching me.

'Truly and truly,' I said. 'And I will do more than remember: I will pray God to bless you with great blessings.'

'Nay,' she said, 'pray for these, and my sons, and my little grandson at home. What need to pray for an old woman whose life is done?'

'But I like the old woman!' I laughed. 'I will pray for her and for them too.'

The train began to slow. She raised herself, frail and indomitable, and I stood beside her. She put her old hand on my shoulder — a capable, shapely, sensitive old hand that had done much work — and looked me in the eyes.

'*Lek majhi!* (My daughter!)' she said with great love. And with great joy I put my hand on her thin shoulder and said, '*Mai majhi!* (My mother!)' And then I think we both winked very hard and laughed a little. Then she took my face in her hands, and drawing them away she cracked her knuckles on her temples, thus taking all my ills on herself. The train stopped.

'I will never see thee again,' she cried, as they lifted her down.

'Who knows?' I said, but without hope, for she lived far from the railway.

And then, that I might contradict her, she said from the platform, 'Thou'lt forget!'

'Nay, I will not,' I said stoutly. 'Does one forget one's mother?' The train moved.

'Go in safety, and live in happiness, my *maina!* (a pet bird, a common endearment for a daughter),' she called, and blessed me with her hand.

'I will remember thee *always*, mother, *always!*' I called, waving my hand into the darkness, as the train gathered speed. And I always have remembered.

IV

Most of the women left in the compartment were asleep. Indians have an enviable faculty for sleeping under difficulties. I had sat on hard wood for over eighteen hours, — I carried a cushion about with me for two days afterward, — and I was hoarse from talking and reading above the noise of the train, and mortal tired. But I did not know how to sleep bolt upright, — it is still my ambition to learn, — so I talked with the little Brahmin widow, who was also awake and very friendly. At two o'clock my own station came and I found awaiting me a man with a hackney pony-tonga sent by Grace the evening before. But to start at once would mean getting her up at a senseless hour, so I told the man to go back to sleep and to call me at four. He would sleep in his tonga just below the platform, and I knew he had an alarm clock in his head, though he will die without knowledge of Coué.

It was a night to remember. On the open platform was piled an orderly hillock of gunnysacks filled with fragrant turmeric roots. I opened and spread my holdall on the ground beside it, and lay down with sighing content-

ment. Above me was the deep, deep Indian sky full of great shining stars and constellations moving to unthinkable music, and peopled by wondrous beings of wind and light and flame. The air was so clear that one saw measureless reaches behind, and behind vast world and vaster world. The stars were myriad. They were the 'many mansions' of the 'Father's house' of which all this inconceivable, splendent immensity was only a charming chamber. The universe itself was not infinite, but only a lovely making of the Father's. And this ineffable 'Father of eternity' was 'our Father' and our very 'Home.' I sighed for love and delight, for delight and love.

Before me was a three-peaked hill yearning to the stars, and behind me a great pipal whose shining leaves glistened in the starlight and rustled deliciously, like running water. And beyond the pipal, far away in the west behind the misty Ghats, I knew that the sea lay vast and darkling under these same stars, lay slowly heaving, and singing sonorously as the night wind blew across it and over the western mountains to our hot plains. There was healing in the wind's cool breath, and I lay still in utterest rest and peace.

I remembered again all the women I had seen that day, and I loved them all. I loved everyone in the world, and most of all I loved God who had made the world all fair, and loved it too, though it was so sad and spoiled; who is so dearly knowable, so gloriously beyond knowing. And so I fell asleep, and dreamed happy dreams until the driver's voice awoke me at four.

'Bai Sahib,' he said, 'if we leave now, we shall reach Inampur at the *Ram-prahar*.' The first watch of the day, sacred and propitious, is named for Ram. It is very unlucky to lie or cheat during those three hours.

I shall never forget that drive. The

countless host of heaven on high shone and sang and wheeled in great glory; and as the drowsy pony jogged along, little birds, awakened by our coming, twittered sleepily in the gracious *nimbs* and young banyans that lined the road. Sometimes spreading mango-trees interlaced their branches overhead, and for a while we drove along a dark tunnel sweet with clustered mango flowers and budding fruit. And sometimes 'watered gardens' beside the road chilled the starlit night and filled it with fragrances. Attar-sweet roses, chaste slender 'rose-rods' (tuberoses), jasmine of many lovely kinds, luxuriant oleanders, holy basil (*Ocimum sanctum*), beloved of Govind, the sacred waxen *champak* (*Michelia champaca*), and the starry, coral-stemmed *parijataka* (*Erythrina fulgens*), sweeter than honey and incense—all these were in the gardens, to be gathered morning by morning and sold to the flower-sellers, who would make them into garlands for the neck and wrist and hair, into turban-balls, and *bashings* to veil the faces of brides and bridegrooms; and, most important of all, into wreaths for the gods, and little leaf-wrapped packets of loose stemless flowers which must be offered unscented by human nostrils.

As we went the driver told me all

manner of village news, pleasant homely things, and at last of an exorcist who was charming and snaring all sorts of small demons who had haunted wells and wastes and lodged in people's flesh and troubled women with child. He sealed them in bottles and buried them deep in the earth with charms and adjurations. His fees were small and many people had employed him.

And while he talked came the sunrise and hushed us with its splendor. A fan of light that paled the stars flared up behind the three-peaked hill, and suddenly, swiftly, surely, great Prabhakar, glorious, exultant, shot up and claimed his world again.

'The king has risen,' said the driver then, and with clasped hands made the sun a *namaskar*.

Very soon we were in old Inampur, wide-awake and gathered about its wells, busy with its morning businesses of noisy mouth-washings and garglings, of splashing cold baths, of drawing the day's water and filling shining brass and cool clay waterpots. In a few minutes Grace and I were kissing each other and trying to forget the shadow that lay upon the house.

And whenever I smell turmeric it all comes back to me, all of it—things unfinished, and infinite, and very dear.

BUYING HAPPINESS

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

My pilgrim path sometimes takes me, whether I will or no, into the City of Destruction and among the enormous buildings of Vanity Fair. In their spacious and palatial interiors the air is soft and warm and sometimes even fragrant. A huge reception-committee of affable young men and women occupies each building, so that you have but to express a wish for anything and simply for the mention of your name and address it is yours. A vast throng of happy people, mostly women, streams continually through the broad aisles of these great houses, which, wonderful to tell, stand wide open to the public from morning till evening, so that any may come in or go out whether he have money or no.

Not less wonderful are the outsides of these houses, for instead of walls their sides are nothing but windows, until you marvel that the upper parts of them do not fall to the ground for want of support. These windows do not let light into the buildings, but each of them is boxed in like a little stage, set to be seen from the street; and in truth a great many spectators hurrying along the streets of the City of Destruction see these little scenes as they pass. Nor has any passer-by to pay any charge or fee for seeing them; he may even stop and look at them as long as he likes; none will turn him away.

Sometimes the scene is a stately old baronial hall with oaken wainscots and rich tapestries and huge ancient chairs like thrones. Sometimes it is a rich withdrawing-room, with worldly men

and women of wax, modishly dressed, ogling one another. But always the scene is rich and splendid. Never have I seen any poor or ragged man among these waxen actors, nor any ugly hovel among the scenes the little stages show.

The philosopher Epictetus remarks that a man who has good clothes and hangs them in the window to air should not lament if a thief comes by and appropriates them, since that would be to repeat the thief's mistake of supposing that to possess good clothes is in itself a good. And as I pass along our city streets, and steal at least a glance now and then at the show-windows elaborately set with exquisite ladies and sumptuous furniture, I am reminded of Epictetus. Back of all this cleverness in display, this seductive elegance, does there perhaps yet lurk some vestige, by implication at least, of the old mistake? Do not the gowns and furniture say in the clearest tones to our sight, 'Possess us and be happy'?

I hasten to agree that these windows are, some of them, in the most excellent taste, that they are often a delight to the eye, and that they are in many instances historically correct in period and style. I cannot deny a certain educational value to them; they cultivate taste and contribute to intelligence. They undoubtedly afford pleasure to the passer-by, and relieve the inevitable dinginess and dullness of city streets with intervals of warmth, interest, and color. Of all the forms of advertising they are perhaps the most reasonable and legitimate. Yet after all they

certainly fall somewhat short of the moral ideal of Stoicism.

For what would Epictetus say to all this? Rather, what is the message of it all to the passer-by? Its message is, I suppose, 'Stranger, enter in, and make these accessories of luxury yours by giving for them a fair return. These are such gowns as your wife and daughters should have; these are such rooms as they and you should live in; these are such chambers as real people retire to when the day is done. Such should be your surroundings. Such is life.'

I doubt not many a man has gone home from viewing these refined splendors and removed an unworthy chromo from over the mantelpiece and many a woman has been led to strip the parlor furniture of tidies. Beyond question they help to educate the public taste and raise the standard of living. And they probably interest many in actually buying something at least faintly resembling what they show. But it would be easy under the influence of Epictetus to exaggerate their seductive effect upon the seasoned citizen of the City of Destruction. He is a bird that has seen the net spread often enough before, and it is his art to take the bait and leave the hook. He knows the Fable of the Married Pair who were Ruined by being Given a Grand Piano. His first emotion on beholding the rich and massive furniture of a baronial hall is joy that he does not have to pay the hall-rent. A snug apartment where you can sleep on a door and eat in a cupboard is about his size, and a couple of footstools would be all the baronial furniture he could accommodate.

This great emancipation from the accumulations of furniture which our ancestors, baronial or other, thought necessary of course leaves a better market for the other merchandise the windows offer, such as dresses. The

succinct style of these, so suited to the spirit of the age, is entirely compatible with the narrow limits of the modern abode. It no longer takes an armory or an arsenal to accommodate our wardrobes, as in the days when ladies wore hoops and gentlemen hardware.

It should surprise no one, therefore, if the habiliments of fashion thus seductively displayed lure the seasoned shopper into the fatal web. What does occasion surprise is the dismay with which even this partial success fills its contrivers. Only to-day I was stirred by the distress of two great store-managers who found their employees buying silk stockings to wear at labor. The Walrus and the Carpenter! After agonizing efforts to advertise silk stockings, after wonderful window displays of fashionable ladies wearing them, how disconcerting to find the public actually and extravagantly buying and paying for the very articles the managers have been moving heaven and earth to sell them! Who would not weep? Did not Alexander weep when he succeeded in what he undertook? He did. They do.

Nothing is more entertaining than the horror of the rich at the extravagance of the poor. Having exhausted ingenuity and sacrificed health to get what they call a market for their goods, they are shocked to find common people wearing them. But if it be wrong for the poor to wear such things why does all business conspire to get them to buy? Why are they pursued all the time and everywhere with adjurations to do so? What is there to see in a modern city but the show-windows and the signs? Of course the philosophic mind will find the library and the museum, where advertising has not yet penetrated; but everywhere on the street and in the cars the business of buying is eternally thrust upon you in season and out of season until it seems

as though there were nothing else to think about.

I would not deride the genuine solicitude sometimes felt by the affluent for the more diligent members of society, nor forget their well-meaning efforts to guide us in the narrow path to honorable wealth. Under a frugal impulse I recently established a small savings-account, as promising a possibly painless way of providing against a subscription I had been weak enough to make. What was my happiness to receive this flattering evidence that my obscure hoard had gained the approbation of the banking fraternity; and not unnaturally, for had I but invested it, as I thought of doing (and as my banker doubtless has done), it would have made me fifty per cent instead of three. But hear his gracious words:—

‘Persistence in the accumulation of money will make it easier to do the things that you may later wish to do. Your first deposit is only the first step. The first thousand dollars will be great progress. Once beyond that and you will be well on the way to being the master of your financial situation.’

Would that I would! But alas! The vice-president has not sufficiently explored my financial situation. It will take more than the first thousand to set me well on the way. Bankers should be less sanguine and optimistic about money matters, and not so carried away by rhetorical impulses. At the mere thought of three ciphers they lose their heads. This one is right in perceiving that I want encouragement, but not at such extravagant cost. From a banker, at all events, what one desires is not rainbows, but the truth.

Nor are the bankers — jolly fellows! — the only ones ready to help us on our upward way. Having a young friend with leanings toward the chauffeur’s calling, I recently wrote to an

automobile college for a catalogue, which promptly came. It was followed by a letter which, in the face of native incapacity and previous engagements, almost swept me into that profession. Like the banker, the college president was all hope.

‘There is a big future ahead of you,’ he boldly wrote, ‘if you will only prepare for it now. The vital point of interest to you right now is, will you be too old to enjoy your success when it comes and *if* it does come. Let me answer that question for you. You will not be too old for this enjoyment if you determine to start right now on the road to success. The gate to success is my shops. In a period of only eight short weeks you can master the training and be able to step out into the world and be a man among men, have the necessities and luxuries of life, and be a credit to yourself and to your loved ones. The thing for you to do, Mr. Goodspeed, is to decide now to jump on the next car bound for the shops and tell the world that you are headed for success and no one can stop you.’

If only I had received this stirring letter earlier in life, everything might have been different.

Window-dressing, I own, sometimes takes extreme forms. When Tutankhamen was in flower, an original spirit in the dry-goods business asked of me the loan of a mummy from the museum for a few days to give a lifelike touch to an Egyptian scene. I would set no limits to the window-dresser’s art, but surely this verged on the impractical. What profit to create a craving for mummies in the passer-by? Thus is the human spirit, caught in the strong currents of enthusiasm, carried past its goal.

For my part I enjoy show-windows, and I approve of them. They brighten the way about the otherwise dismal streets of the City of Destruction. And

to the men who have provided them I am grateful. But I am prepared to take the consequences, and to acquiesce in the purchase of their contents by persons something less than baronial in station. If they can pay, let them buy, say I. If it be unwise, only thus will they learn so. But, wise or foolish, they are getting what they are paying for, which is satisfaction.

The school-teachers of the City of Destruction having recently been granted a slight increase in wages, politely known as 'salary,' a loud outcry was raised, not at the increase, but because they spent it, it was said, 'like drunken sailors,' on their personal adornment. What a boon it is that we can thus derive pleasure from condemning one another's purchases, and all absolutely without cost to ourselves. The rich perceive that the poor are improvident; the poor consider the rich extravagant; the employer laments the prodigality of his employees; the banker grieves over the luxury of the farmer; the politician agonizes over the school-teachers spending their increase like drunken sailors. Broadly speaking, the spenders are evidently all wrong — or all right.

What most of these critics of expenditure fail to see is that it is not economic but psychological needs that these spenders, poor as well as rich, are meeting. They are buying something more than food and clothes. They are buying pleasure, enjoyment, happiness. It would be a drab world if they could not and did not.

I could wish that these critics might visit, as I have done, lands where people are not concerned to go beautifully. I would have them not simply pass through on a train, but get off and live there, month after month, for a year, seeing perhaps one or two well-dressed people a week. I would guarantee in them at the end such a state of mental

depression at the sheer sordid unloveliness of their human horizon as might disturb even their economic pessimism, and make them see a little deeper into this business of buying and selling, which after all is not the whole of life.

Some people, to begin with, find a genuine pleasure in buying. What they buy may also be useful to them afterward. It may even be very useful. It may be worth far more than it cost. But over and above all this there is an insubstantial return they have received in the enjoyment of buying it. Nor is this an unreal thing, unless it be supposed that all merely pleasurable emotions are unreal. They certainly function really enough in this business of buying and selling, as the very pleasant places in which we are invited to buy clearly show.

Nor need it be thought that this pleasure in the sheer buying is a merely momentary satisfaction. It is rather the culmination of an extended social process known as shopping and often maligned by the uninformed. In this enjoyable process, and in the overt act of purchase in which it culminates, reside real if imponderable values with which any understanding economic estimate must reckon.

An opulent traveler once overwhelmed his fellow tourists by making them costly presents from the lands they visited. To their protestations he replied that he enjoyed buying such things but really had no use for them afterward. More people are like that than realize it. It is a wise man who understands himself.

Here belongs the economically indefensible practice of 'collecting.' Experienced collectors have been known to express the hope that their heirs would sell their collections, in order to begin others of their own, since the joy lies in making the collection, not in possessing it. This should be remem-

bered before indulging in superficial criticism of the Shah of Persia for collecting clocks, or the Esquimaux for collecting alarm clocks. It is the act of acquisition that enthalls.

Beyond doubt the buyings of many of us look strange to most. One man buys first editions, all the dearer if uncut; another Lincoln manuscripts, not to publish — that would spoil their

value — but to protect from publication; another bindings, regardless of what they contain; another Chinese snuffboxes, though he is not Chinese and does not take snuff. 'Cui bono?' says the sensible man to all this.

'Multo bono,' I would reply. They are all buying the same thing in different packages. They are buying happiness.

LITTLE LOWIZY

THE QUARE WOMEN'S DISCOVERY

BY LUCY FURMAN

THE previous Fourth of July there had been a great picnic on the quare women's hill, with songs and speeches, to which all the country had come. This Fourth was to be celebrated differently: by a big 'Working,' at which the new schoolhouse was to be 'raised.' All things were now ready — logs all hewn, foundations completed, stone hauled for chimneys.

Long before dawn on the Fourth, Uncle Lot, who was to be joint master of ceremonies with Uncle Ephraim Kent at the Working, started for the Forks, leaving Aunt Ailsie to feed all the property and do her own work as well. It was therefore late when, in her best linsey dress and black sunbonnet, she rode into the village. Nags were tied to palings all along the street, and riders were coming in from three directions to the school bottom. Not only were the nags loaded, but the people as well, for they were taking this occasion to housewarm the women and bring gifts

— pokes of beans, corn, potatoes, and apples, strings of chickens, baskets of eggs, gourds of butter.

Many men were at work in the bottom, where the great log-pen was already two or three feet high. In the cottage yard two quilting-frames had been set up in shady spots, and loud calls came from the women surrounding these for Aunt Ailsie to join them. But she had no intention whatever of seeking the society of her contemporaries. She made straight for the two young newcomers, Christine and Susanna, who, at the cottage door, were helping Virginia and Amy to welcome the people and put away the gifts.

Already the string beans began to make such a tall pile on a sheet in the yard that the quare women were troubled, not knowing what they could do to save them. But Aunt Ailsie was ready with a suggestion.

'Muster a crowd of the young-uns that 's so thick underfoot, and let 'em

thread them bean pods; and then you can hang 'em up and dry 'em, and have all the shucky beans you need for winter. Hit would be a scandal to see 'em spile.'

Susanna ran for needles and strong thread, Christine rounded up a number of children, mostly girls, and in five minutes they were sitting on the ground around the sheet, having an exciting competitive bean-threading.

They had hardly taken a good start when, on an old blind nag, four children arrived at the horse block, and a little procession came down the walk, led by a small girl of apparently eight or nine, who walked with a painful limp, wore a long-skirted gray calico dress and sunbonnet, and carried two hens by their feet. Two slightly taller boys and a smaller girl, all bearing gifts, followed.

The first child stopped to inquire of the bean-threaders:—

'Where's the quare women at?'

Cries of 'Lowizy! Lowizy!' greeted her, and Aunt Ailsie exclaimed, 'Well, if hit hain't Phœbe's young-uns! How you come on, Lowizy, and how's your maw? Here, Dovey, you hain't too big to hug your granny's neck, air you? I hain't seed none of you sence last summer in the women's tents, you live so fur—you four mile up Troublesome and me three mile down. Hain't Phœbe a-coming?'

'The least-one hit's teething, and colicky too, and so pettish maw allowed she would n't see no peace if she come. Pappy he's been here sence sunup,' replied Lowizy.

'How did the winter sarve you this time, Lowizy?'

'Hit was kindly bad; but I come through all right, like I allus do. Where's the quare women at? We fotched 'em some presents.'

'Amy and Virginny they gone in the house to put away things. But here's

a new one hain't been here long—Christeeny's her name; she come from New England beside the briny deep. I allow she'll take in your presents.'

Christine arose and conducted the four children through the hall-sitting-room-library, crowded scene of all the socials, sings, and clubs, and back to the kitchen, where Virginia and Amy were deep in consultation with a number of the village women about dinner. Everything stopped, however, when they saw Lowizy, who was affectionately greeted from all sides.

'How very nice to see you again, Lowizy!' said Amy. 'Why have n't you been in before?'

'I been so busy minding and teaching young-uns, and making garden, and cooking, while maw and tothers tended the crap, seemed like I could n't make out to come in. But I have thought about you a sight sence last summer, and I got that pretty book you sont me a-Christmas.'

'We had your letter about it. How did you get through the winter?'

'All right, same as I gen'ally do; I was n't no wusser than common. And now I'm pyeert and feeling fine. And hit helps me up to see your faces again.'

Through the kitchen door Christine had glimpses of Susanna in the back yard, with gangs of boys building fires under the big iron wash-kettles, filling them from the well, chopping the necessary wood, and the like.

The gifts bestowed, Christine and the four returned to the front yard, where Lowizy promptly took her place in the bean-threading circle, motioning to her two brothers and little sister to do the same.

'This-here new woman, Christeeny here, aims to teach in the new school,' said Aunt Ailsie to Lowizy. 'Maybe she'll be your teacher.'

The child looked up at Christine

with sudden grave interest in the large, lustrous, wonderfully beautiful eyes that lighted her thin face.

'I'm afraid not,' said Christine, 'since I'm to teach the higher grades, from fifth to eighth. Lowizy looks rather young to be in any of these.'

'Giles he allowed I could take eighth reader,' remarked the small creature.

'The eighth! Why, you hardly look old enough for the fourth!'

'Her looks is deceiving,' explained Aunt Ailsie. 'She jest hain't growed good, on account of them risings in her hip-j'int. How old air you, Lowizy? I got so many grands I can't no-way keep track of their ages.'

'Going on eleven,' replied the child.

'But even eleven is amazingly young for the eighth grade,' said Christine, in astonishment.

'Hit is that, woman,' agreed Aunt Ailsie, 'but that-air Little Lowizy hain't to be measured by no sot rules. She is famious for her larning, and the most knowingest child on Troublesome. I maybe ought n't to say it, her being my grand, but everybody knows hit for the truth.'

Lowizy received the praise calmly and without self-consciousness, as she might any other mere statement of fact, and, pushing back her sunbonnet, took another long look into Christine's face. 'You look like a good woman — and pretty, too,' was her grave verdict.

'All but her hair,' agreed Aunt Ailsie. 'Hain't hit a pity she's a redhead?'

'She hain't no redhead; her hair's jest goldy,' declared Lowizy.

'Hit's red, too,' maintained Aunt Ailsie. 'Any man that laid eyes on it would say the same.'

During this appraisalment Christine had not been so successful as Lowizy in keeping her composure. Seeing her flush of amused embarrassment, Lowizy spoke again, even more decidedly than her granny.

'Hit hain't red, and I like hit fine; and I allow she'll make a right teacher, too!'

'I hope so,' said Christine. 'I shall certainly try.'

'Of course a body can't expect you to teach as good as Giles — nobody could n't do that,' continued Lowizy.

'No, of course not. I have heard what splendid work he has done here in the past four years, and teaching the entire school alone, too. I can't imagine how he did it!'

'Giles, he can do anything!' affirmed the child.

'He can that,' said Aunt Ailsie. 'I would n't put anything beyand that-air Giles Kent. Though he never tuck a start at larning till he were seventeen — his paw being kilt in the war with Fallons when he was eight, and his maw bedrid up'ards of eight year more — in three schools he larned all the teacher knowed, and got a certificate to teach hisself. And the four years he teachd here at the Forks he studied of nights on high-school books and history books and law books, — I have heard his lamp never went out a many of a night, — till he got him more larning than any man in the county. He allus contended, though, he never knowed enough to teach right; and when the quare women come in last summer he was the main-chiefest one, with his granddaddy, Uncle Ephraim, to beg 'em to come back and start a proper school. And afore he left for law-college a-Christmas, he allowed he was glad for all the young-uns the women was a-coming back, but gladdest of all for Little Lowizy here.'

Christine put out a hand and clasped Lowizy's pitiable little claw. 'I shall feel it a joy and a privilege to teach you,' she said. 'I'm only afraid I can't do you justice, as I am new at teaching.'

Lowizy smiled reassuringly into her eyes. 'You'll teach good, too, you will,'

she said. 'And if any of the young-uns tries to sass you or fight you, jest call on me. I allus holped Giles with 'em, and they are afeared not to mind me.'

Very soon Aunt Ailsie became restless and suggested to Christine that they leave the bean-threading in Lowizy's charge and walk about.

Everywhere they found things moving. In the back yard groups of women and big girls were picking chickens, peeling potatoes, rolling out dumpling-dough—all for the stew that was beginning to bubble in the great wash-kettles. Other women of the village were bringing in stacks of plates, saucers, cups; and still others were unpacking baskets of biscuit, corn bread, cake, and pie.

In the school bottom, herculean labors were in progress. The huge log-pen, forty by fifty-five feet, was already breast-high. A log would be dragged by ox-teams to the bottom of the skid-poles, then a score of powerful men would push and shoulder it up, while a dozen more pulled with ropes from the top of the wall. On arrival, it would be quickly and skillfully notched by the men at the corners—Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Lot, or two other equally famous notchers—and dropped into its place. Other men, not needed for the main job, worked about in groups, finishing the hewing of joists, beams, and rafters, or with froes riving boards for the roof or palings for the fence.

But the raising was the great sight, and Aunt Ailsie and Christine returned to it, fascinated.

'What a meracle to see so much peace at a gathering!' exclaimed Aunt Ailsie. 'Hit's the first ever I seed where there wa'n't drinking and shooting. Allus at 'lection time and Christmas and big funeral meetings hit's the same old story, and has been for twenty year,

ever sence the war betwixt Kents and Fallons tuck a start. Last summer Fult and Darcy, the two main-heads,—them two boys a-shouldering far ends of that-air log,—give their word to drap the war if the women would come back; and yander works Fallons and Kents side by side, peacified as doves. I'm afeared every minute I'll wake up and see 'em start to shooting. But Uncle Ephraim he allows the peace will hold, and so does Giles. Giles he never would take no part in the war, though some faulted him scandalous for not revenging his paw.'

A spur of Uncle Ephraim's mountain ran down to the creek edge almost opposite the school bottom, and down it, below the timber line, a figure was now seen to be hurrying.

'If it hain't Giles, my eyes has sartain failed me!' continued Aunt Ailsie. In another moment a tall young man had swung down the point, along the bank to the foot-log, and was coming swiftly across.

Aunt Ailsie left Christine and ran forward. 'Giles!' she cried. 'Where did you drap from?'

'From the ridge-tops,' he said, gravely smiling, and taking her hand. 'Am I much late?'

'They been at it sence sunup, but there's a plenty left to do,' she said. 'Why did n't you tell nobody you was a-coming?'

'I was n't sure I could get away between the college term and summer school,' he said.

Calls of 'Eh, Giles!' 'Howdy, Giles!' rose from the men on the pen. He went and shook hands all around, impartially with Kents and Fallons, and last with Uncle Ephraim, perched on his corner.

'I'm hunting a job, grandsir,' he said. 'I traveled a long way to have a hand in this.'

'Did you walk acrost from the railroad?'

'Yes, all day yesterday and most of the night. But I'm not worried; I feel better than when I started out.'

The news had spread, and from all directions shrill childish voices were crying 'Howdy, howdy, Giles!' and then the youthful population bore down upon him, the bean-headers in a body, Lowizy limping along last of all, but with the most radiant face.

Christine stood apart, watching the reception of Giles by his townspeople. As he stood beneath the corner where his grandfather was perched, she noted the striking resemblance between the two men — the same nobly modeled brows and heads and features, the same fine, intelligent dark eyes. But where Uncle Ephraim's hair floated in a white wavy cloud about his head, that of Giles was straight and dark; and in the face of the older man life had softened the austerity noticeable in that of the younger.

In another moment Giles, throwing off his coat and broad black hat, had climbed up to take his grandsire's place at the notching. Aunt Ailsie had returned to Christine, and the two again set forth on their rounds.

Christine saw no more of Giles until dinner-time, when she helped the other women serve the men at the long plank tables; and then she did not meet him. The men having eaten and gone, the women and children began their dinner, but were scarcely half through when word came for all hands to hurry to a 'speaking' in the school yard.

On their arrival, Uncle Ephraim, wearing the flax shirt and trousers and moccasins in which he had been working, was mounted on a log, saying:—

'Folks has been a-faulting me and Lot severe for mustering so many here on the birth of our nation and not having no speaking or glorifying, like we had last year. I hain't minded to be contrarious, and sence hit's the feeling

of this gathering to speak, let 'em speak. Hit is everly human natur' to ruther speak than do. Still, a leetle talk can't hurt nothing, if everybody bears in mind this-here house has to be raised by sundown, and talks quick and to the p'int — the p'int being this: that instid of fighting over old dead-and-gone battles, and scandalizing the British and the Rebels and the Spanish, let every man tell what he'll do here and now for his country by giving more timber and labor for tother houses the women aims to raise here, so 's not only our young-uns at the Forks, but them out in the country that has will to come, may set here in the light of knowledge. I have fit in two wars — in Mexico, and again' the Rebels; but I allow I am doing a better job for my country when I roll up my sleeves and raise this-here schoolhouse than ever I done, or could do, with my rifle-gun.

'Now you, Tutt, being the main-oldest man here next to me, and one of the talkingest, lead off — but ricollect: timber, not Gettysburg, is where you air headed for!'

The fires of oratory were somewhat damped by this exhortation, only two or three old men having to be called back from ancient battlefields to the business in hand. The younger men, a number of whom had fought in the Spanish War a short while before, needed no reminders, but came forward with offers of timber or labor or both. Giles was the last of these.

'All the poplar timber in our bound-ary of land, and any other they want, I and my brothers and sister are glad to give to the women,' he said.

He dropped modestly back into the crowd. But there were cries of 'Speak, Giles — you speak! You allus had a tongue in your head. Tell us about what you seed in the level land!'

Mounting the log, Giles began, quietly:—

'Friends and kindred: I am proud to be home again, even for a day. My heart is always here with my own people. Yesterday, when I walked across from the railroad, following the ridge-tops mostly, was to me from rosy morn till misty moonlight a day of remembrance. To-morrow, when I take the back trail, will be another. But to-day, when I see my dreams for the young of this country come true, this fine schoolhouse raised for them, these good women here to lighten their darkness, is a greater day — the very best of all my life. It's a terrible thing, friends, to starve for knowledge, as many of you know, but none better than me. You all remember how I started in here at seventeen in the first-reader class. You know, too, how when I went to teaching three years later I never felt anyways equal to the task, and how I rejoiced when, in answer to my grandsir's prayers, these women came in. And now that they are here to stay, and start the school where our children will get training for mind and hand, and learn to make better homes, and to go out as teachers in dark corners, it is rightly a day of thanksgiving, and of praise to God that windows in Heaven have been opened for us.

'You ask me to tell you about the level land. I used to follow standing on one of these ridge-tops, friends, gazing out over these steep hills and valleys, and picturing in my mind the world beyond — a world where, because everybody had knowledge, everybody was virtuous and law-abiding and God-fearing, a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. When I went out, I never found that Kingdom, that city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. It's not in the level land, or anywhere in our great country. I had to learn that it is not knowledge but righteousness that exalteth a

nation. Everywhere men are seeking riches, success, pleasure, more earnestly than the Kingdom of God, forgetting the Hand that led them to these shores, the purpose for which they came.

'We mountain people, shut away here for so long in our rugged hills, knowing nothing but hard work and plain living, never tendering ourselves with ease and pleasure, have been freer from temptation, better able to keep the faith of our fathers. We never forget that some day we must give an account to the Judge of all the earth. The wickedest man among us believes and trembles. Our good Old Primitive preachers — all honor and love to them — may not have had learning and education, but they had what was better, the Word of God, and never ceased for a hundred years and more to hold it up before us. And not because of the written Word only are we a believing people. Like the patriarchs of old, we listen for the Voice of God, and hear it. We call upon Him and He answers. In the gray of the morning, climbing through the mists to hoe corn, in the cool of the evening when work is done, He meets with us, and blesses us. In dreams and visions of the night, too, He makes Himself known to us. We are men of faith in the Living God.

'Looking through the length and breadth of this great land of America, reading and inquiring about all sections, it seems to me that maybe the people of these mountains are more like the founders of this nation, the old Pilgrim Fathers, than anybody else now in it. You know the Pilgrims were plain, honest, hard-working men that sailed across the wide sea from Old England nearly three hundred years ago, in a little boat called the Mayflower, and other boats, and settled on a wild bleak shore, that they might have freedom to serve God according to their conscience. Who knows but that some

day plain, rugged men like us may again be needed to make the nation safe — that we have not been shut away here so long for some divine purpose? My prayer and hope is that we may be ready when our time comes, may be to our country in our day what the Pilgrims were in theirs: bulwarks of truth and righteousness, haters of sin, builders of the Kingdom of God in a backsliding world.

'And now, since work is waiting and everybody worried of talking, I will say no more, save that my prayers rise daily for these good women who have cast in their lot with us, and whose lives aim to reflect back into the lives of our children the light of knowledge and the love of God.'

As Giles stepped down from the log, his hand was seized by Little Lowizy, who gazed at him for an instant in a kind of rapture, then drew him in the direction of Christine, saying, 'Here's the woman aims to be my new teacher — Christeeny is her name. She come from the land of New England, beside the briny deep.'

Giles put out a hand to Christine. 'I'm proud to meet you,' he said, gravely. Then he looked searchingly, even a little anxiously, into her face, as Lowizy had done earlier in the day.

'You are wondering whether I shall be worthy of my task,' said Christine. 'I must tell you I feel quite unequal to it, being just out of college. I shall do my best, however — though I can never hope to do the splendid work you have done here.'

'I?' questioned Giles. 'I was n't able to do much — I could n't give what I never had! But you,' wistfully, 'you have the bread of knowledge to break to them — you can lead them into green pastures.'

They stood looking into one another's eyes for a moment. Then Giles smiled — a smile surprisingly kind and beau-

tiful, melting all the austerity of his countenance. 'You will be a good shepherd to them — I feel it,' he said.

A pause fell, which was broken at last by Lowizy.

'Giles,' she said, in an anxious tone, 'her hair hain't red, is it?'

Giles gazed hard at the log-pen, and seemed not to hear.

'Hit's just goldy, hain't it?' demanded Lowizy.

Giles looked still more sternly at the pen, and made no reply.

Lowizy jerked his hand vigorously, and insisted in a sharp voice, 'Hit hain't red, now, is it?'

Thus cornered, he glanced desperately about, as if seeking a way of escape, but, finding none, replied, in the tone of one from whom the truth is being extracted by torture, 'Yes, it's red.'

Christine broke the awful tension by laughing pleasantly. 'Don't feel so sorry for me,' she said. 'I don't mind it a bit — I really don't.'

He breathed a sigh of relief. 'I'm glad,' he said. Then, gravely, with a shy glance at her hair, 'It's sightly, anyway.'

'Thank you,' she said. Then, 'In your talk you spoke of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower. I wonder if you would be interested to know that a forefather and foremother of mine were in it — the foremother dying from the hardships of that first winter?'

Embarrassment all gone now, his fine eyes glowed, the strong and beautiful light shone again in his face. 'It's a noble heritage,' he said, 'and I'm not a bit afraid you won't live up to it.'

And if a Pilgrim father or a prophet of Israel had expressed faith in her, Christine could not have felt more cheered and heartened.

Twice after the school-raising little Lowizy Rideout rode in to beg Christine

Potter, her prospective teacher, to take the day with her, but for weeks various things prevented. There was so much social work of all kinds on week days, and Sunday School and Bible Class on Sundays. Then the usual typhoid epidemic broke out at the Forks, and the women had to abandon the social work and put in their time nursing.

One morning, when the quare women were at breakfast at the cottage, an old man, Uncle Tutt Logan, rode up, begging that someone come to nurse a family of five — renters on his place — down with typhoid. 'I hain't got ary woman to my name,' he said, 'and a man-person don't know no more'n a sheep when hit comes to tending the sick.'

It seemed impossible for anybody to go, with school opening on Monday and so very much to be done; but to everyone's surprise — and probably her own — Susanna Reeves, the visitor from the Blue Grass, who had intended returning home the day after school began, volunteered. Half an hour later Uncle Tutt rode off with a canvas cot before him and Susanna and various supplies behind.

The following day was Friday, — mill-day in the mountains, — and Christine prepared as usual to take the women's corn and Uncle Ephraim's to mill on his sorrel mare. As she started off, with the two pokes across her sidesaddle, Amy said to her, 'While you're that far, why not go on and visit Little Lowizy Rideout, and have dinner at her house?'

Leaving the pokes at the water-mill a mile up Troublesome, where half a dozen men and boys were already waiting for their turn, she rode on along the beautiful, winding creek, with its steep green sides, until she came to the 'shut-up, lonesome house' described to her by Lowizy as belonging to Giles. It was a comfortable house, surrounded

by large apple-trees, but had that desolate air common to deserted houses and ownerless dogs.

Christine knew that the branch emptying into Troublesome just beyond the house must be Bee Tree, and she turned up, coming in a few minutes to the Rideout home.

In response to her knock at the open door, a small mild-faced woman, carrying a large fretful-looking baby and followed by two near-babies and little six-year-old Dovey, came through the house.

'If hit hain't the woman aims to be Lowizy's new teacher!' she exclaimed. 'I'd know you by the color of your hair. Lowizy she's been keen for you to come, but has nigh give you out now. Fetch a cheer for the woman, Dovey. I allow she'll take the day with us.'

'I'll be glad to,' said Christine. 'I have wanted to come ever since the Fourth of July, when I first saw Lowizy, but have been so busy that the only real visit I have made was to spend a night with Aunt Ailsie.'

'Maw she's might'ly tuck up with the quare women,' said Phoebe. 'I hain't seed none of 'em myself sence last summer, when they lived in the cloth houses. I liked 'em fine then. But this-here last least-one is so pettish and colicky, and a-teething too now, I don't never get nowheres.'

'Where is Lowizy?'

'She's up the branch a piece, teaching her school she holds for young-uns up there — she allus starts hit up soon as the crap is laid by. Hain't she never named it to you?'

'No, I think not,' said Christine.

'Well, she's been at it about three year now. What possesses her to squander her time on them ign'ant, feisty young-uns passes knowledge. But she allus was quare-turned.'

'She is the most remarkable child I ever saw.'

'She is that, woman. I hain't disputing hit. She takes larning easier than ary young-un ever I seed; 'pears like from birth she were marked for hit. I lost my first two babes, and when Lowizy come along seemed like she could n't noway make out to live, neither, and had to be packed on a pil-ler for nigh a year. But she lived on somehow or nother, and was the leet-lest and pyeertest young-un ever I be-held, in spite of them risings in her hip-j'int, and all the rest of her puning. And from the time she sot in a-talking hit would be, "Maw, pappy, I aim to get me a big-grain of larning some day!" Where she kotched hit from I never knowed, lessen hit was from Giles Kent. He lived down yander at the mouth, and allus had craving for larning, though no show to get it till he were nigh a man.

'The, very first day Lowizy heard Giles had started in to get schooling, though she were n't but three then, she tuck on scandalous, wanting to go too, and kep' hit up from then on. Me 'n' her paw would jest laugh at sech a leetle scrap a-talking so bigotty, and would n't pay no rael attention. So one day, when she had jest turned four, we missed her round the middle of the morning, and when we could n't find her, and I was skeered stiff, David he says, "That-air Little Lowizy has jest about lit out atter larning; she's liable to be down yander at the Forks at school." And shore enough, when he rid down, there she sot, as big as life, a-studying on her A B C's, having walked them four mile all by her lone, on that leetle short leg of hern.

'David he said that night, "'T ain't no use, Phoebe; that-air young-un craves larning same as tother babes their mothers' milk. Hit's the Lord's work, and who air we to stand out again' it?" Then we would let Giles or Ronny or Lafe pack her down every

day, till court-time, when her pappy could trade around for a old safe nag for her to travel on. And long as the weather lasted go she would, every day, getting in anyhow three good months every school, afore November come and I would have to keep her home. But she allus larnt more in three months than tother scholars in five; and atter that first school she could read most anything. And along in the second, she says to me 'n' David, "I hain't noways happified over getting all this larning by myself, maw and pappy. I crave for you to have some too. I aim to teach you larning of a night."

'Never having had no sooner chancet, — for my paw he is strong again' larning for females, — I was glad and willing. David, manlike, naturely baulked some at being taught by a leetle splinter like her; but he could n't hold out long; and of nights she would larn us to read and figger. And as tother young-uns got sizable she would take 'em behind her to school, and teach 'em going and coming. But 'peared like that were n't enough to satisfy her. Up this-here branch, Bee Tree, though it hain't more 'n three mile long, is jest scores of fighting, drinking, cussing young-uns, that never so much as heard of knowledge, let alone set in a schoolhouse; and they began to lay heavy on Lowizy's mind. "Maw," she would say, "hain't hit a scandal for young-uns to grow up like them, and nobody to do nothing?" And next thing I knowed she had the whole b'iling, several-dozen head, rounded up of a Saturday and Sunday, larning 'em books and civility. Three year now she's been at hit. Summers she holds school under a big rock-house about half a mile up the branch; winters, when she is shet in the house with them risings in her bones and that cough, she has 'em in here. Hit's hard on a body with sech a mess of 'em

underfoot; but, law! seems like me 'n' her pappy can't deny her nothing. If she was jest well and stout, we would n't have nothing left to desire.'

'She looks very, very frail,' said Christine. 'I suppose you do all you can to build up her health?'

'My Lord, yes! We've tried every yarb-tea and salve and charm we ever heard of, and oncet David he rode plumb to the railroad to get her a bottle of physic we had knowed folks to brag on.'

'Did the nurse who was here with the women last summer see her?'

'She did, too; and she said give her a lavish of milk; and David he got a extry cow straightway. Then, too, Lowizy had follered laying in bed of a night with tother young-uns, and sometimes of a morning she would be all bruised up from them a-wallowing over her in their sleep, them being stout as mules; and the nurse allowed hit was too hard on her. And David he tuck and made her that leetle 'stead yander, so she could rest more peaceabler.'

Christine looked at the little hand-made 'stead,' with its feather-bed, patchwork quilt, and dark-blue calico pillow-slip, to match the two large beds in the room.

'And that-air's the shelf he made for to hold her pretties,' continued Phœbe.

The 'pretties' on the small shelf were two little stacks of books, apparently schoolbooks.

'You say she has to stay in the house all winter?'

'Lord, yes — from November to Aprile I don't never let her poke her nose outside! Of summers she pyeertens up a right smart; but come cold weather her risings starts up, and she gets a hacking cough, and hain't never off my mind a minute, I'm that con-sarned to keep a breath of air from getting to her.'

'But it must be very dark in here in winter-time with the doors shut — I see you have no windows.'

'We allus have good firelight. And David he'll go miles to get fatty pine for her to read by.'

'But she needs sunshine — it is the best possible medicine. I tell you what I should love to do: the school women have just brought in a lot of small windows to trade off to people who have none in their homes. I'll give Lowizy one if your husband will cut out a hole in the wall there by her bed for it. Do you think he'll be willing?'

'Sartain he will — there hain't nothing he would n't do for Lowizy. And I allow a glass window would pleasure her a sight.'

'All right, I'll send it up early in the week.'

'Thank you kindly. Dovey, you and tother young-uns go out along, now, and run down a chicken for dinner.'

Dovey and the two near-babies disappeared, and soon there was a sound of wild squawking as the children brought the loudly protesting captive into the room.

'Mind the least-one, now,' directed Phœbe, trading with Dovey, baby for chicken, and forever silencing the poor bird's cries by a deft twist of its neck.

'Maybe you'll get lonesome whilst I pick the chicken and cook dinner,' she said to Christine. 'If you feel to, you might go up the branch to Lowizy's school; hit hain't far, and time's ample.'

'I shall love to,' said Christine.

Walking up the beautiful, wild branch, its sides rising sometimes in rocky, moss-hung cliffs, sometimes in steep slopes covered halfway with tasseled corn, Christine came at last upon a memorable sight. Under an overhanging cliff that made a deep and perfect shelter, forty or more children sat in rows on the ground, all with eyes

fixed upon the small figure that stood, stick in hand, pointing to a sum done in chalk upon a rough, propped-up slab of slate.

The pupils were so intent upon the words of their young teacher that nobody saw the visitor until she was almost upon them. Then Lowizy's happiness shone in her face.

'Here, scholars,' she said, 'is the woman aims to be my new teacher, down at the women's school, where they have rael larning. Christeeny Potter is her name. If you'll be civil and mind your manners, I'll leave you come up by and shake her hand. Line up now proper, and see you don't do no scrouging, less'n you want to be sont home!'

The 'scholars' began to file past in perfect order, forty-odd small dingy hands being poked forward to Christine. Many of the boys wore nothing but long-tailed flax or cotton shirts, while the girls were usually clad in but one garment, a faded cotton dress. They were dirty and unkempt; they may have been, as Mrs. Rideout said, 'ign'ant and feisty,' but there was not a stupid face in the lot.

'Now,' announced Lowizy, importantly, 'we aim to have a Speaking. My new teacher will now speak to this school.'

Christine had never made a speech in her life, except to reply to toasts at college; but, gathering her wits as best she could, she praised the pupils for their eagerness to learn, congratulated them upon having such a teacher as Lowizy, and also told them of the chance there would be in another year for some of them to come down and live at the women's school, when the big log house of twenty-four rooms and the smaller buildings should be put up. 'The first child we shall want when we get into the new big house is Lowizy,' she said, 'and the next ones will be

those most highly recommended by her.'

Lowizy then commanded her pupils to choose up for a spelling-match; and, with Webster's old blue-back Speller in her hand, she put words to them that would have staggered many a college graduate, their response being wonderful. Christine was amazed.

'Now you young-uns can sing that-air song the quare women teached me last summer on the hill, and I passed on to you,' said Lowizy; 'and when hit's done you can go home. And ricollect Monday's the opening of the women's school, and I'm a-starting in there, and can't hold no more school up here except on Saturdays and Sundays, till cold weather comes and I get down in bed. Now sing out—don't be afeared!'

As the words 'My country, 't is of thee' rose shrilly from the forty small throats, Christine's heart contracted painfully; the quick tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of how shamefully 'my country' had forgotten and neglected these little citizens, capable of so much, entitled to the best it could give, but left to grow up in ignorance and evil, save for such chance ministrations as those of Little Lowizy.

The school having been dismissed, Christine and Lowizy went back down the branch.

As they reached the house, Lowizy's father and brothers were just coming down from the field. Under Lowizy's supervision there was a grand wash-up on the back porch, out of Christine's sight, but not out of her hearing, some of the near-babies protesting plaintively. Seeing the look of concern on Lowizy's face as she flitted back and forth between porch and kitchen for the next half-hour,—for in spite of her short leg she could move very fast,—Christine almost regretted that she had come.

At last she was called out to dinner and seated at one end of the oilcloth-covered table, David Rideout occupying the other. The six younger children, little Dovey still holding the heavy baby, were all lined up against the wall in solemn silence, while Phoebe and Lowizy stood by to hand dishes back and forth between guest and host. But first there was something else. Lowizy poked her father with a sharp little elbow, and he gravely requested the visitor to 'wait on the table.' She was nonplused for an instant, till, seeing Lowizy's head bowed, she guessed it must mean to ask a blessing, which she proceeded to do.

The chicken, beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn bread, coffee, milk, honey, and preserves were then passed. Seeing the expressions of the little faces against the wall, Christine begged that the children be permitted to eat, too. But Phoebe was adamant. 'Hit hain't proper,' she said. 'Let 'em wait for the second table, like young-uns ought when there's company.'

When Christine spoke of the glass window, Lowizy's eyes shone with excitement.

'Yes, I want hit,' she said. 'I want hit wusser than anything I ever heard of but larning. Hit'll help me to get more larning. Of winters then I can lay here with the sunball a-shining in all day, and study on my books, and teach my scholars. Now hit's so dark, and fat-pine light so smoky, we can't half see. Pappy, I aim to have it quick; you got to set it in right off.'

David Rideout smiled in his slow, kind way. 'Anything to pleasure you, Lowizy,' he said. 'You know I don't never hold back nothing from you I can get. I'd ruther pay for the window

myself as to have the woman pay for it, though.'

'Whichever way will suit you best,' said Christine, 'though I should love to give it to her. My idea is to have two sashes, so they can be raised and lowered, and Lowizy can always have fresh air as well as sunshine, — fresh air, you know, is the great healer in cases like hers, — if you can make that kind of window-frame without too much trouble?'

'Hit hain't nothing to make,' said David.

But Phoebe was regarding Christine with an expression of disapproval, her small mouth rigidly set. 'Fraish air hain't bad of a warm summer's day,' she said slowly, 'but time out of mind folks has knowed that cold air was dangerous and night air pyore pizen, even to well folks, let alone a puny young-un like Lowizy. The nurse that was with the quare women last summer she allowed, the same as you, that fraish air ought to be turnt in on Lowizy. But I told her no, not while breath was in my body; that I loved my child too good for any sech; that hit allus had been and allus would be the business of my life to keep the air from her.'

Christine was too taken aback and shocked for a moment to make any reply. Then she considered it best not to argue the matter, merely saying, 'At any rate, the sunshine in the winter-time will be good for her.'

As she rode back down Troublesome, she tried to persuade herself that this prejudice of Mrs. Rideout's would not be insurmountable; that her mind must in time be open to persuasion and reason. But all the time a cold and strange foreboding tugged at her heart.

FIDDLES AND DRUMS

THE INDIANS AND THEIR INVESTIGATORS

BY LEO CRANE

HAVING had charge of the Hopi for a longer period than any other official of the United States Government, — eight years and two months, to be exact, — I venture to picture them and their empire. To have visited and counseled with them, to have wrangled with them, to have traveled long distances in all sorts of weather because of their childish factional quarrels; to have arrested and judged and disciplined them, even married them, if that may be separately classed; to have cared for them in severe illnesses and advised them in times of stress; to have ransomed them from enemies; to have espoused their uninteresting cause in the face of Departmental opposition; and, when their meagre business of living was over, to have buried them — well, this ought to embrace an angle of vision.

Yet, I hesitate. Reflection cautions me that this may be presumption; for, after all, what do I know of the Hopi Indians?

I

During those eight long years I met on the reservation thousands of visitors — students and their mentors; painters and etchers and sculptors of distinction, and those who thought they were; photographers and lens-artists; ethnologists, philologists, and sociologists; ballyhoo men from Eastern department-stores and half-wits taking

an outing; journalists and authors and publishers; geologists and common 'water-witches'; motion-picture men and others wearing puttees; actors and lecturers; composers, musicians, and vocalists; museum scouts and 'scratchers'; clergymen and soldiers; Oxford men, Harvard men, men from Bonn; retired statesmen and unretiring politicians; representatives of foreign governments; persons from the far-famed city of New York; tourists, and caparisoned dudes, and simple guides; plain gentlemen and plainer rough-necks.

Some of them sought me out courteously to explain their missions, some of them just happened to see me en passant, and a few earnestly avoided me. The permit system was very irksome to those who did not have a good excuse. I listened to many theories concerning the Hopi and their curious customs, and I made a brave effort to answer in some pleasant manner ten thousand questions. Finally I prepared a plea in avoidance: —

'Don't ask me. I have lived here only six years. Ask the chap camped now at the trader's post — he came last week.'

I plagiarized this method from a brother superintendent who knew much of the Navajo and their rare designs in weaving.

'Now, my dear Mr. Shelton,' the tourist would ask hopefully, 'does n't

that sign indicate the rabbit-foot following the lightning?'

'Make up your own story,' he would gravely reply, 'and then you won't forget it.'

So with Hopi secrets. Little of their history is known. The rest is speculation. The believed facts of their ethnology may be had in Smithsonian Reports, moisture proof, dessicated. The bones of their ceremonies have been diagramed and painted, their chants recorded in scaled notebooks, their odd ceremonial objects looted and catalogued. Sentimental word-pictures one can procure from those journalists who flitted rapidly in and out seeking impressions, and who never failed to get them.

But I am not one whit more ignorant than any other white man. Despite reams of theories, no one has learned anything of Hopi lore that the Hopi did not want him to know. 'Make up your own story, and you won't forget it.'

When certain Christianized worthies of the tribe have pretended to expose their knowledge, I have paid little attention, since I knew the mental calibre of such fellows before conversion, and the depth of their gray matter was never impressive. The last who gave evidence proceeded well in his story until, with a foreign fervor, he began to lie about the Oraibi happenings within my own time, and as I had taken his testimony under oath in Hopi trials I knew just how many Bibles to trust him on.

Moreover, being the recognized Mungwi or Chief of the Hopi, and having some instinctive conception of the manner in which an alien and suspicious people should be governed, I respected their privacy and reticence, to gain and hold their own respect. One cannot play with an Indian in the morning, and expect to summon him

to judgment after noon. The poorest stick of an Indian Agent I have seen is he whom Indians address by his first name, or familiarly without a title. When one lowers himself to an alien's social level, he seldom achieves more than the privilege of dipping his food out of the same dish. It was my job to manage all things for their best interests, against their strenuous efforts otherwise if that were necessary — as it often was; and I hoped to restore to them a confidence in white men, whereas they had come to believe that all white men were a mixture of abnormal curiosity and treachery, coupled with an astounding rudeness.

As for their psychology, no itinerant will ever grasp the subtlety of these people. It is something elemental and therefore indescribable. Those who have lived among Asiatics will know what I mean. Fatalists, they are as patient and immutable as the Pleiades. Much of this is vanishing with the elders as they wend their ways from the mesa stages to the Great Place of Ceremonies that Youkeoma has told me of. The pastoral peace and solemnity of the desert shrines is passing before the roar of motors and the harangues of 'dude wranglers.'

Now I remember a curious red-haired visitor who came into the Agency one drowsy afternoon, herding a squad of burros. He looked a figure from a Conrad novel, and would have graced any one of them. His animals were packed with matting hampers having an Oriental touch. His flaming head was bare to the summer sun, his worn and rusty boots of cordovan preceded war-time styles and spoke of long journeys. The seat was absent from his trousers. An astonishing man.

His first question of me was: 'Who is the new French Premier?'

It just happened that I could tell him. He handed me his credentials,

and I found that this dilapidated tramp represented the French Government in his wanderings after strange cacti and other plant life. He strewed the contents of his hampers over my quarters and forgot to sort the wreckage for a week. Meantime—in my bath—he was analyzing corn, Hopi corn, and rare Indian dyes.

And he related to me strange things. He had been to Lhasa with the Young-husband expedition. He said that the Hopi were duplicates of the Tibetans, and that he believed the languages contained similarities. That fellow knew how to reach the heart of a secretive people. He had procured seventeen distinct varieties of Hopi corn, and other seed, as well as old dye-formulae and samples of ceremonial cotton.

'Zey call me ze man wi' ze burros,' he said, naïvely.

You see, he had walked in on their level, prodding his patient beasts, covered with the desert dust, a wondrous simplicity on his face. He had touched the Hopi heart. *He* could have told one things of the Hopi people—but the opening guns of the Great War summoned him away to die at Verdun.

II

The Hopi live in northern Arizona, surrounded by the reservations of the Navajo. They speak a Shoshonian dialect, and are often miscalled Moqui. The Department for forty years libeled them under this misnomer. Moqui is a Hopi term, and has been used against them by Navajo to signify anything inert, unpleasant, cowardly, dead. The dignified Navajo has another distinct title for the Hopi, and uses it when filled with courtesy. Moqui is probably a Keresan word originally, since it is found as 'motsi' in Cochiti and San Felipe pueblos of the Rio Grande,

whose warriors and rebels fled to the Hopi country for sanctuary after the rebellion of 1680.

Near the centre of that huge space on the Arizona map marked 'Moqui Reserve' are the Hopi towns. These were known to the Spanish conquistadores as the Seven Cities of Tusayan. There are now nine pueblos.

In that early hour of geologic time when the receding waters carved the great gorges in the face of northern Arizona, the more resistant sandstones and clays and coals were left as shattered cliffs, and from these reach out many bony headlands—long fingers, at the crumbling tips of which, like villages clinging to a rocky coast, are the eyries of the Hopi. Below them, as sea-floors, are the sandy valleys and drifting dunes of the Painted Desert.

These nine little towns are set oddly in groups of three, and so are the Hopi divided, quite as into three distinct provinces. Three are balanced on the narrow backbone of the First Mesa, a knifelike projection that rises hundreds of feet above the valley, and is at one place not more than twenty feet in width. These are old Walpi, beloved of etchers, and Tewa of the warriors, and Sitchumnovi. Three are built on the broad mounds of the Second Mesa, known as Machongnovi, Chepaulovi, and Chimopovi. And perhaps the oldest and certainly the youngest of the villages are at Third Mesa—Oraibi, the aged; and tiny Bacabi; and redolent, sullen Hotevilla.

Their first contact with white men was made in the dark of an autumn night in 1540, but it was in the next dawn that they realized invasion by a new and strange enemy. Most of Hopi history has the dawn atmosphere. Their footprints lead back to the caves of the Dawn Men. Their homes face the rising sun from the highest point of the landscape; their ceremonies and

hunts begin at sunrise. They are a dawn-loving people.

Contact with the Spaniards was broken by the revolt of 1680, and completely ceased with 1700; but the gifts of the enemy remained in fruits, and wool, and beasts of burden, and perhaps some loot of swords and church vessels hidden to this day. The obstinate Hopi were not worth the effort at reconquest, and later the Mexican Government did not bother them. For more than one hundred and fifty years the Hopi knew only the Navajo and Apache and Ute as his enemies. With the close of the Mexican War and the treaty of 1848, this nearly forgotten tribe came under the nominal guardianship of the United States. I say nominal, for their first Agent was located in far-distant Santa Fe, and, unlike the Spanish, he had no missionaries to risk martyrdom for the spreading of his doctrine. In 1849 he accompanied an expedition against the Navajo, and reached Cañon de Chelly, about sixty miles from the First Mesa. One year later a delegation of Hopi visited this chief to petition for protection against the Navajo. I fancy them plodding afoot, behind their burros, timidly crossing the Navajo country to pass through the provinces of their kinsmen, the Pueblos, and on to the City of the Holy Faith. In that same year, 1850, their Agent was prevented from visiting them, as he wished, *because he lacked an escort of troops*.

Many estimates of the Hopi population were made in the early years. The Spaniard was an expert at overestimating for the benefit of distant kings. His thousands were always given as tens of thousands, and when he wanted money and help toward new colonies he stressed the saving of souls and could easily imagine millions of baptisms. But it is recorded in 1780 that smallpox had reduced the Hopi to less

than 800. In 1899 their first resident Agent stopped guessing and made a count. He found and listed 1832 Hopi. In one hundred and nineteen years the population had little more than doubled. In 1912 there were 2068 on the Reserve, and in the next seven years they gained 217, or 31 per year — 15 per thousand annually. They lost nearly sixty per cent of this seven years' gain in 1918, the year of Spanish influenza. In 1919 there were 2158 Hopi on the Reserve, and adding the absent, who had increased and multiplied in the west, at Moencopi, there were less than 2500 of these Indians alive. But this handful has interested more distinguished men and women than have many greater nations.

While there is much of Hebraic resemblance in the Navajo Indians, their pastoral life and their religious customs, — a matter that strikes every thinking visitor and student, — there is more of this in Hopi history. Their retreat southward from the cavern villages, from Betatakin Cave, from the Swallows' Nest and Scaffold House, — stopping to build a hamlet here and to reap a harvest there, leaving always testimony in potsherds and corn refuse, — to their present cliffs, was much the same as the migrations of the Jews. Perhaps, having lost one citadel, they moved on to the next best position for defense; or perhaps a remnant of a once-powerful tribe fled; for we do not clearly know whether these cliff-dwellers migrated from choice, or to escape pestilence, or to avoid captivity. And across the relatively narrow territory of their hegira the Navajo and the Apache, — the once-combined Apaches du Navaju, — and perhaps the Ute, fought and harried, the Hopi quite as helpless as Judæa between Egypt and Babylonia. When they retired finally to such a place as old Walpi, to barricade the narrow cause-

way at the mesa-end and to defend the Walpi stairway, just wide enough for one enemy at a time, surely this was a desperate people making a last desperate stand. I have no doubt that the Hopi, peaceful as they have been and are named, fought some worthy fights before the white man was known on this continent. The determination that wore down the Spaniard must have had its martial quality when facing enemies armed no better than themselves. It required a brave war-party to attempt to storm those mesa strongholds. And their foes must have stood somewhat in awe too of Hopi incantations, made so impressive by their Snake legends and solemn mummery. The Snake gods protected them more than once, according to their priests, and are remembered in the ceremonies.

And the resemblance is not only in fanciful surmises. The daily life of the people duplicates in many ways the customs of the Judæans. A people of legends and portents. In the quiet nights they have watched those burning signals of the heavens that mark wars and the birth of kings. Perhaps their shepherds too have been summoned by such signs, inspiring them to missions and pilgrimages, bearing gifts, relating to that mythical Bohanna who will one day come to redeem and revivify the people. From the great chart of the heavens they take their calendar. And certainly, in the sunsets of that quiet and ever-tinted land, their pueblos reflect the Old East, with its donkeys and goat-bells, and simple gardens by the springs, and the blurring dust of sheep in the half-tones of desert twilights.

Government reports of to-day give the unqualified fact (?) that the Hopi have a reservation of 3863 square miles, large enough, in all sense, for twenty-five hundred people! But the

Hopi exist on and use less than one fifth of this semiarid land, the remainder being held and dominated by their old plague, the Navajo. The Hopi Indian Agent has absolute jurisdiction — on paper — over all those Navajo living within the boundaries of the Hopi Reserve; but this does not mean that he is or ever has been able to control that undisciplined element of Navajo who pillage the peaceful Hopi whenever in the mood. Many bitter and scathing reports have been sent to Washington concerning this. Agents have not minced words, and have not always spared themselves in an effort to get justice — well, let us say, 'consideration' — for the Hopi. When reports failed to procure attention, one or two started crusades against the Navajo, not always successful, that ended in blows and bruises, to say nothing of the chance of sterner wounds. A difficult task to find the offender; and, if found, he was invariably supported by a gang — his gang. I recall one investigator who stated blandly that it was similar to a condition often found in cities: that of a corner gang. Quite so. But the investigator did not ask to see the corner, nor did he evidence any anxiety to encounter the gang.

The nomadic Navajo have a vast country to make themselves scarce in, quite 30,000 square miles of wilderness, much of it untracked; and there is no quick communication between the six Agencies established to govern these people. It has been possible to coördinate business methods, so as to have uniform stock-regulations, for instance; but nothing has been arranged to guarantee the peace. There have been numerous murders in the Navajo country. Representatives of the Board of Indian Commissioners, particularly Major-General Hugh L. Scott, and inspectors of the Indian

Department have fired verbal volleys in support of Hopi Agents. Navajo have been dragged to the Agency guardhouse, and other Navajo have been haled before the Federal Courts when the Agent could arrange locally all the details of the haling. A one-time United States marshal, charged with the duty of assisting, remained conspicuous by his absence from the scene. The matter finally attracted the attention of a Subcommittee of Congress, and brought about a field investigation of Hopi conditions, pictured in a printed report. I know that the report was complete, for I wrote it; in fact, I had prepared that report in 1918, and placed it before Congress two years prior to the appearance of the Subcommittee. The gentlemen graciously inserted it as a tailpiece to their otherwise innocuous comments.

But that wall of political indifference to anything that does not furnish a vote has not been dented. It is a mere matter between obscure tribes, a squabble in the hills, which occasionally embarrasses an Indian Agent and constantly annoys a helpless people who have no other court of appeal. Neither tribe nor Agent can threaten a politician. Both tribe and Agent are kept mute by an uncaring Bureau.

Announce, however, that these same Hopi Indians are wont to dance with live rattlesnakes! Ah, that is a quite different story, and received with different emotions. The politician rushes in to view the spectacle, and the Bureau sheds crocodile tears about it. Reams of reports are called for and written.

During the past twelve years the Hopi Snake Dance has troubled the Solons of the Interior Department far more than any signal of Hopi distress. The Christian ire of three administrations has been aroused by

this primitive pagan ceremony. Result: the Hopi Snake Dance is as well advertised as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado!

III

Most picturesque of the Hopi towns is Walpi. You can procure a fine appreciation of this — the effect of standing on the roof of the last Walpi house and viewing the entire First Mesa therefrom, the narrow rugged top and the deep valleys on either side, the trail down to Polacca, the whole vast sweep of that distant and beautiful landscape — simply by visiting the New York Museum of Natural History. The artists have constructed a wonderful reproduction of that Enchanted Empire citadel. My friend of various wild spots in Indian country, Mr. Howard McCormick, magically brought the charm of the Hopi eyrie to the edge of Central Park.

I recall a particularly drab day in New York, one of those having a wintry edge that comes only off great waters, when I wandered into the Museum, seeking this exhibit. I had anticipated something of the usual order — papier-mâché, plaster, dust, and a ticket; but behold! I found myself at home, on the mesa-top, below me the First Mesa and the Wepo Valleys; and to my right would be Huh-kwat-we, the Terrace of the Winds, and in the dim distance Moits-o-ve, or Yucca Point. I felt that in a moment I should surely see Harry Shupula, the chief Snake priest, emerging from his kiva; and half aloud I addressed one of the group as 'Quat-che' (friend). And at the foot of the winding trail, a little beyond the spring, would be the camp of the water-witch and a desert welcome — such a welcome as 'Mac' and wandering Indian Agents receive. A great feeling of *Heimweh* came over me. I wished for a magic

carpet, that I might step instantly from the lonely desert of New York into crowded, speaking Hopi-land.

I remember a conversation with a clergyman from Canada, as we stood at the inner edge of the crowd on the Walpi Snake Dance ledge, passing that bit of ominous wait just before the entrance of the Antelope priests for the annual ceremony. That is the time when the Hopi Indian Agent meets most celebrities and makes most of his enemies. Some words passed concerning the picturesqueness of old Walpi, and the magnificent view from our position. The plain below was bathed in a lemon light.

'Yes,' I said, casually, 'the people would be better off in the valley, if we could get them to remove.'

'What!' he cried out in pain and direst astonishment. 'Would you have them leave this beautiful place — this beautiful life?'

I had uttered sacrilege. No Hopi of the old school could have bettered the clergyman's utter horror at the thought. But the gentleman, I am sure, gave little attention to many things an Agent sees that are not beautiful, things of distinct menace, hideous things. Walpi is a scenic place, a ruined castle in outline, and always steeped in color effects; but there is the dangerous ledge-road up which all supplies and wood and water must be packed, a road that has accounted for more than one Hopi when the brake would not hold. And did he not forget that women did much of the packing on their backs? And those old and blind, who had plunged over the sheer face of the cliff? And, above all, the constant danger of the filth-infested houses, where trachoma and tuberculosis abide? These are things that a tourist does not notice, and when he is away from the color effects and the sound of drumming chants they do

not impinge on his vacant — his vacation mind.

Destroy Walpi as a picture? No; but as an habitation, Yes!

I recall a visit to the Indian Office at Washington shortly after one of my characteristic reports on this very subject.

'What!' said a Bureau chief who, because he signed a great many letters daily without reading them, believed himself intelligent. 'You recommended dynamiting First Mesa — the destruction of that oasis of beauty, and peace, and — and —'

'And trachoma, and tuberculosis, and child prostitution,' I finished for him, as he gasped and his words failed, as I knew they would. Words always fail a Bureau chief. Like the long-range gun of the Germans, he is accustomed to firing things across the continent, secure in that the other fellow cannot immediately crash his words back into his teeth.

I had not recommended that. I had simply advocated the destruction of the road leading to Walpi, since the Government and its Bureau chief would not advance sufficient moneys to make the road safe for travel.

That is the point of view of tourist and bureaucrat, — the artist has one of pure sentimentality, — of all those who have viewed the Hopi, who have been charmed by the color of his life, but who have been utterly blind to his miseries, and who have contributed nothing to his well-being.

No one has a keener appreciation than I of the artistic value of the Hopi pueblos — those old streets of worn rock where the bearded Spanish walked; the curious archways and the irregular little balconies from which children peer over at one; the thought of phantom Mission bells from the peach orchards. But I was not stupid enough to overlook that these same

streets contained offal, that the houses were not ventilated, and that there were various unseemly stench in the air. A tourist must leave his olfactory organs at home. And I knew, being in charge, that all the labor of the industrious and conscientious field-matrons was not enough to keep those quaint streets and courtyards clean.

I remember another visitor at a Snake Dance, a man sitting on the parapet of a Hopi kiva, looking down through the ladder entrance. I saw that a number of dancers were below there, preparing costumes. They had an array of skins and masks and feathers, with many cans of bright paints.

'I suppose you know a good bit about that too?' I asked.

'Well, I recognize some of the signs, common to Indian people.'

'Shall we go down? You can give them a hand,' I suggested.

'I should like to, very much; but won't they object?'

'Perhaps I can arrange that,' and I started down the ladder.

Several of the Indians glanced up, but, observing it was only Mounghi, said nothing.

'Here!' I called to them. 'Here is a real friend of yours. You may not know him, but he understands many tribes, and their ways, and their signs. Put him to work. He can help with those costumes.'

One looked up from a robe he was painting, and thrust forward a brush and paints, as if to say: 'Welcome, brother; fall to!'

The white visitor showed a rare facility. The Indians noticed it.

'You know him?' asked one, pointing to a design.

'Yes,' he said, naming it.

They laughed delightedly, and soon he was friend to them all. I left him in the kiva, busily working with them and chatting as much as possible with

a limited vocabulary and many descriptive gestures. This was Ernest Thompson Seton. I have not seen him since, but afterward he forwarded a letter, thanking me for his entrée to the wardrobe-room of the First Mesa, and giving some excellent advice concerning the things we had discussed before he signed on as costume-painter for the Hopi tribe. Among all the visitors I met in Hopiland, he was one of very few who understood what should be done and what not done for their welfare. Briefly, his idea was that the community life should not be violently disrupted, for fear of the effect our own isolated rural populations had suffered; and that efforts should be made to keep alive all that is best in the social and mesa plan of living, without permitting the Indian people narrowly to confine themselves to it. This of course would include the harmless dances or shows, the social features that many confuse with ceremonies. I could recall the earnest efforts made by former Agents to induce the people to leave the mesa heights — notably that one beginning in 1891, when houses were built for them in the flats, and later completely furnished. By 1900 at least one hundred such houses had been placed at Hopi disposal. And I knew that in 1911 not more than half of those houses were used even temporarily. The people would return for the society of their kind, drawn, too, by intense religious feeling for the ancient mesa home.

I could recall two abortive efforts made toward the allotment of these people in severalty: the scheme to have them accept parcels of land, many of which were miles from water, and on which it would have been impossible for families to subsist themselves, to say nothing of maintaining their sheep and other stock. The first of these allotment plans blew up in 1894; but

the Bureau, wedded to the allotment theory, was not deterred. A second and most expensive effort died in 1911, after friends of the Indian plainly showed the farce of the proceedings, if they said nothing as to the malignant and inhuman side of it. This did not please the allotting agent, eager for his pay and job, nor his son, nor his assistants, nor the camp cook and the other hangers-on of an allotting crew. But thank God! it died, nevertheless.

The average bureaucrat, admiring the Allotment Acts, thinks that an Indian's head may be jammed into a regulation lathe, and with a few twists and spins turned out a full-fledged Mid-West agriculturist — just such a man as Thompson Seton said needed community centres made for him, to keep him from becoming an inmate of an insane asylum. Just so. But it cannot be done, my masters, with the speed of the mimeograph that grinds out your tirades and exhortations. Your Allotment Acts have been good friends to South Dakotans and others who wished to speculate in lands; but they have produced untold misery among the Indian peoples; and have utterly destroyed an innocent and simple phase of American life.

Now I never agreed with the ecclesiastical gentleman who thought that the Hopi mesa system was wholly one of beauty and idealism. But the writing man did force on me a realization of the utility and sanity to be found in the life that the Hopi had unconsciously adopted. Begun as a defense against enemies, the result in peace times was for good, if accompanied by sanitation and the protection of the younger generation. And I accepted a new view of the Indian ceremony and dance.

Until we furnish something as good in place of the Indian social dance, why rave about it? We might easily

have a large number of low-spirited, sullen, and even dangerous Indians on our hands if it were not for these joyous occasions. So long as the dances are clean, can anyone quarrel with a Ya-be-chai of the Navajo, a Corn Dance of the Hopi, or one of the Pueblo spectacles, half pagan, half Catholic? I have seen scores of such dances, not as a tourist, but as the man on the ground in charge, and I have not been able to figure out that they are one bit worse than a country picnic among our own bucolic population of Texas or South Dakota, for instance. I have seen a South Dakota Rotary Club cut as many fool antics as a Southwest Indian clan.

I recall an illustration from my very short stay among the Sioux in 1922. It was the Fourth of July, and I had permitted the old Indians to hold their dance on the hills. It had long been the custom to stop their merrymaking at sunset, and a very good ruling too. But this Fourth was unusually quiet, the booze-runners not having appeared as per schedule. The Indians petitioned me to permit just a little dancing after nightfall. The day had been very peaceful, and my special police force was large enough, and seemed loyal enough, to assure good order.

'All right,' I said. 'But please remember that I shall have a squad of police there, and I shall be there myself; so don't start any shins.'

They had a very creditable evening party, and the peace was not broken. Later I visited the Agency amusement hall where a number of whites, visitors from the countryside, and more than one mixed-blood couple of education, were enjoying themselves to the latest jazz. Now I am no authority on dancing and, having lived among Indians, I am not easily shocked; but the postures and attitudes of those South Dakota whites were — well, they were

a trifle extreme, to say the least of it.

'We have looked at them both,' said an old Sioux to me, anxiously. 'Au-tay-ah-pe (Father), there may be something wrong with the Indian's drum dance, but — *I do not like the white man's fiddle dance.*'

I told him very frankly which I thought the worse. There is no use in trying to bluff an old Indian. He can see through a hypocrite quicker than any man I know.

This is not a sentimentalist defense of the old Indian dance. I have bitterly excoriated the 'secret' dances of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, but could never get sufficient backing from the Department to end them. Such indecencies may be found among all primitive peoples, and those of the Pueblos who indulge in them are most

primitive — the barbarians of San Felipe, Santo Domingo, and other decadent backward pueblos. But I have tried to envision the social side of an alien people who have no other form of diversion than the spectacle of the dance. Were the Government to put them on a moving-picture circuit — but we were discussing the decencies.

And, to repeat: When we have established among them an amusement as appealing, as simple, and as inoffensive, it will be time for the condemnation of those features that are innocuous and foreign. And it will be long before I shall forget the comparison, by an Indian, between the dance of the Sioux with drums and sleighbells, a noisy soul-stirring hulla-baloo, and the seductive, suggestive 'white man's fiddle dance.'

THE EVANGELICALS' DILEMMA

BY JUSTIN WROE NIXON

I

THE advanced elements in the Evangelical Protestant churches are in trouble. Their Unitarian brethren say these Evangelical Progressives deserve their trouble, for they have halted between two opinions. The Fundamentalists prosecute a frontal attack of ecclesiastical and political pressure designed to wipe out this 'defeatism' which attempts a 'both-and' when the temper of the age requires an 'either-or.' If historic Christianity engages in mortal conflict with modern science the prudent man should take sides or keep still. The Progressive Evangelicals do

neither. They speak out constantly and vigorously. They maintain that there are values in historic Christianity which must be preserved. They contend also that the scientific spirit has the same origin as the faith of our fathers. They cherish the old. They are hospitable toward the new. Hence their difficulties increase rather than lessen. The future promises no release from the tension in which they find themselves.

To the readers of the public press the most apparent aspect of this tension is the strain in the relationships of

the two great parties within the Evangelical churches. Militant Conservatives insist upon an all-or-none policy in reference to inherited creeds. They will allow no distinction between form and substance, between the transient and the permanent, between basic convictions and the phraseology of bygone times in which those convictions have been enshrined. Christianity is static, finished, perfect. You must take it or leave it.

The Progressives refuse to allow their choices to be confined to these alternatives. They will not take the flat earth, the Ptolemaic astronomy, the six days of creation, the Adam and Eve origin of sin, or the verbal infallibility of the Scriptures. They do not find the supreme attestation of spiritual truth in narratives of miraculous disturbances in the order of physical nature. They know that spiritual things are spiritually discerned and that Christ's authority and power over the human spirit do not grow out of events which are duplicated in the legendary biographies of other historic characters. They know that the confidence of the Christian Church in His 'everlasting power and divinity' rests upon what He was and is and upon what faith in Him did and does. The centrality of Jesus Christ in the process of world-redemption is as real to them as it is to their Conservative brethren. But they look for the validation of their faith to a heroic venture of life in His name rather than to labored disquisitions on the dogmas concerning His person.

At bottom, however, the difficulty between the Fundamentalists and the Liberals, as we may designate the two contending parties in orthodox Protestantism, is a symptom rather than a cause. The ultimate source of their mutual embarrassment lies in the disintegrating effects of the scientific method upon the doctrinal deposit of

the Christian religion. It is a serious question whether in the long run science is going to feel very much more at home with Liberalism than it does with Fundamentalism. Liberals talk easily of the reconciliation of science and religion and there are many men of a simple and devout faith among the scientists. But the main currents of scientific thought reveal no unmistakable movement toward a spiritual interpretation of the universe. The tendency is rather the other way. The results of Professor Leuba's investigations a few years ago into the religious beliefs of scientific men were not encouraging.

Students from the Far East are detached observers of our culture, and the world-view which they have taken home as most representative of our intellectual life is a naturalism in metaphysics and a pure humanism in ethics. If this is to be the philosophic result of science, the tension between the Evangelical Liberals and the scientists will be fully as acute as that between the Liberals and the Fundamentalists. It is the flank attack of scientific Naturalism coincident with the frontal attack of conservative religion which constitutes the dilemma of Liberalism.

Religious consequences of 'the historical method' may illustrate how contact with science tends to create this dilemma for Liberalism. If a theological seminary has any 'taint' of Liberalism about it, it will profess adherence to 'the historical method.' That phrase for years has been a shibboleth of the mildly progressive institutions. The method suggested seems to be an innocuous concession to intellectual respectability. But it proves to be the opening of Pandora's box, and the hapless student may feel before he is through that the concession has been a religious fatality.

The essence of the historical approach lies in its effort to reconstruct in thought the entire milieu of relevant circumstances in which an event had its setting. The historian, for instance, studies the development of the conception of God. He shows how changes in this conception are correlated with social crises, with larger political horizons, and with transitions from a pastoral to an agricultural economy. So far, so good. But presently he asks where the conception of any God at all arose — not merely the substance of the idea, but the form; and you receive from Professor Gilbert Murray the interesting suggestion that the very idea of God is an evolutionary relic and that prayer is simply the residual sniffing of a lonely member of the pack for the lost leader.

A similar result may follow when the historical method is applied to views of human destiny. The historical scholar moves easily and he seems to have little at stake as he strips Heaven of its material glories and Hell of its physical terrors. But presently he comes upon the question, 'Under what circumstances did the idea of any future life emerge?' Then, 'Under what circumstances did there arise the idea of a soul as distinct from a material body?' Could such an idea originate now in our scientific culture, with what we know of dreams, visions, trances, and coma — the complex of experience out of which man seems to have built this construct of a spiritually detached 'self'? The answer is likely to be that such conceptions as God and the soul originated in naïve, erroneous interpretations of experience and that they survive because they satisfy certain emotional cravings of human nature. The analysis of these cravings is then turned over to the psychologist, who finds in religion a 'defense mechanism' by which man escapes from the gnawing terrors of an

'inferiority complex' from which many human beings suffer constantly and to which all men are susceptible in the face of the precariousness of human existence.

The historian and the psychologist between them, once admitted to the laboratory of theological study, succeed in disintegrating about all the compounds of our dogmatic inheritance into their original constituents — the raw impulses of human nature and the more or less hazardous circumstances of life upon this planet.

II

It may be true that the application of science to the study of religion should not leave us with the pessimistic inferences we have indicated as to the future of Christian beliefs. The reasoning processes just described reveal the common fallacy of judging the value and the validity of an idea solely by its origins. Such logic would condemn the idea of 'liberty' because it was the rather sordid, rationalized compromise of contending groups unable either to enslave or to devour one another. It would flout the idea of 'chastity' because this conception did not grow up without the support of property motives and the sanction of superstitions. It would look askance at 'loyalty,' which doubtless had its rise in the crudest reaction to the pressure of the herd. It suspects man's faith in a friendly and purposeful universe because that faith breaks forth amid the casual, the naïve, and the historically ephemeral. It ignores in all cases the fact that these conceptions have proven to be doors through which the human spirit has escaped to the endless exploration of its own greatness. Its rigid and formal method discounts the re-creation of all ideas by developing experience. How far it is from the

faith of a savage to that of a Millikan or a Pupin!

But, though the logic be weak, the trend which it symbolizes is the dominant one in the philosophy which is developing out of modern science. That philosophy, which seems to have most in common with the world-view known historically as Naturalism, gives us the following verdict on the human experiment.

'Man is simply an animal. Out of a dream world of gods and souls, the creation of his own half-awakened consciousness, he has come up into the light of science. He knows himself now for what he really is, the adventitious result of a blind thrust by Nature. His business as a terrestrial animal is to satisfy his most imperious cravings. All his ends are but means for accomplishing this task. There are no intrinsic values such as beauty, truth, or goodness. They have gone the way of their supernatural habitat. The whence and the whither of this experiment of Nature's are no concern of ours. The very question is fatuous and inept. Man is here as the atom and the amoeba are here. For the span of an animal's existence let him be as happy as he may.'

There are certain losses, of course, in a world-view without gods or souls or intrinsic values. Man loses the kind Providence which curved the arrows about him. He has no charm against danger except his own wits. In his battle with fate there is a loneliness which his fathers never knew. There is no compensation for his losses in either achievement or pleasure during the brief moment of cosmic time that his dust is animated by consciousness. As George John Romanes suggested years ago, the words, 'Work . . . while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work,' contain a new and fearful imperative.

On the other hand there are, perhaps, advantages not to be despised. Every individual will know that it is up to him to make the most of life here and now. Revolutionary ardors, not being dampened by the promise of future bliss, will consume more quickly the débris of tradition which separates man from his heart's desire. There may be a new tenderness toward every human creature, since all joy must be found within the span of an earth-bound career. To postpone is to lose forever. Naturalism invokes a humane ethic to protect its adherents from the full effects of the 'cosmic chill.'

Such is the view of life which seems to be growing out of certain popularized results of science. A writer in the *New Republic* describes it as 'the emerging American philosophy.' Its intellectual prestige is guaranteed by such thinkers as John Dewey and Bertrand Russell. It is proclaimed actively by younger men who have all the enthusiasm of the neophyte. Positivism, ethical culture, and left-wing Unitarianism may have failed in general appeal. Naturalistic thinkers are not abashed. They herald for humanity a spiritual renaissance.

Is it not obvious that the challenge to Liberal as well as to Conservative Christianity from this type of thought is unequivocal? The position of the Liberal in particular is most difficult. He has admitted enough of the scientific spirit and method into his thinking to invalidate the ancient supernatural realism which constituted the philosophic basis of Catholic and Protestant orthodoxy. On the other hand, he retains at least a simple faith in a spiritual world-order and in the deathless worth of human personality. All of this side of his life is exposed to unremitting and often cynical attack from the completely emancipated spokesmen of modernity. The Fundamentalists

charge the Liberal with treachery to the cause of religion in going as far as he has, while the Humanists warn him that the beliefs he still retains will ultimately force him once again into the bog of obscurantism and superstition. He is told by the Conservatives that he is no longer a Christian; and he is told by the Naturalistic philosophers that he is not yet a scientist.

He is accustomed to hear from the Fundamentalists that he has betrayed the faith, but it is quite disconcerting to find the same charge on the lips of the wise with whom he has desired to associate. Yet the charge is made. Let us put it in the words of George Santayana. 'In a frank supernaturalism, in a tight clericalism, not in a pleasant secularization, lies the sole hope of the Church. Its sole dignity also lies there. It will not convert the world; it never did and it never could. It will remain a voice crying in the wilderness, but it will believe what it cries and there will be some to listen to it in the future, as there have been in the past. As to Modernism, it is suicide. It is the last of those concessions to the spirit of the world, which half-believers and double-minded prophets have always been found making; but it is a mortal concession. It concedes everything; for it concedes that everything in Christianity, as Christians hold it, is an illusion.'

III

Challenged as it is by both Fundamentalism and scientific Naturalism, what is the task of Liberal Christianity?

If Liberalism cannot go back to the Fundamentalist's position, as Santayana rather satirically advises, it must choose between the following alternatives. It may follow the lure of Naturalism, give up its cosmic faith, and go on to the position of the ethical culture

societies. Or it may undertake to continue its rôle of interpreting historic Christianity and science to one another. If it chooses the former alternative the solid body of American Protestantism will harden in its conservatism, while the educated classes will live without any cosmic faith. The two great groups will become more and more disparate, tension will increase, and the struggle between clericalism and anticlericalism, already evident in the legislation against evolution, will divide the soul of America.

If Liberal Christianity chooses the second alternative and strives to mediate between historic Christianity and the modern scientific world, certain aspects of its task appear to be obvious.

Where Liberalism is patchy and opportunistic it must develop intellectual consistency and courage. It must cease to drift. It has meant emancipation from the past. It must now challenge the elements in the higher culture of our own age that represent superficial wisdom and spiritual decadence. It must be as critical toward the new as toward the old. It is now suspected ecclesiastically; it may find itself suspected academically. It must become positive and creative instead of being negative, nerveless, and fearful.

It must not mistake the science of religion for religion. The former should serve the interests of the latter, but literature is more than grammar, architecture more than engineering, and human love more than the psychology of sex. After science has cut the steps of certain knowledge into the mountain of experience, faith will always scramble up beyond to get the view from the heights.

Liberal Christianity must realize that education, social reform, and philanthropy are not valid substitutes for religion. They may be stop-gaps for

people who have lost their faith. They may be and often are the expressions of religion and the conditions of religious growth. But they are not religion. Religion is the perspective of life which gives meaning to these activities and the power by which we may carry their burdens. This distinction represents no disparagement of the 'social gospel.' No group of Christians has served this generation more heroically or practically than the Quakers, and no group has been more conscious of the inward need of the Divine in order to meet the challenge of the world's woe.

Liberals must accept the invitation, however, to demonstrate their faith by works. The integration of the demands of intellect and heart which they seek will not be secured simply by cogitations in the philosopher's chair. Their faith must produce more happiness, more patience and endurance, more courage to meet the unknown, more venturesomeness of spirit, more fellowship among human beings. It must be more daring and yet more livable than reactionary types of Christianity, on the one hand, and purely humanistic philosophy on the other.

As the Evangelical Liberal approaches this conflict with Naturalism, the most serious aspect of his dilemma, his confidence in its outcome rests primarily on his knowledge of the resources of historic Christianity for meeting human need. He has no hope that either Unitarianism or Fundamentalism can successfully resist the shock of Naturalism. He fears that the former, along with the excess baggage of doctrinal Christianity, has discarded the Christian's weapons of spiritual warfare. He fears that the latter will keep the weapons of the faith locked up within ancient formulæ. He knows that Fundamentalism breeds atheism as certainly as autocracy breeds revolution.

As for the Naturalistic philosophers, he questions whether, with all their show of realism, they know life with sufficient intimacy. Have they reckoned on the perennial tragic gap between aspiration and achievement? Have they perceived how prolific civilization is in new pains, in subtle refinements of human agony? Have they appreciated what it has meant to the race thus far to realize in the uttermost depths of failure that it was not alone in the blackness of cosmic night? Have they heard the answer of faith to life-long frustration? In bottomless despair have they felt a Hand reached down to help? Do they know the experience of untold multitudes who testify that at the moment when human effort was exhausted they were reborn into hope, peace, power — and God?

The Liberal believes that these needs are not temporary or transient, but that they are implicit in the very dignity and greatness of human life. He does not believe that either the stoic self-adjustment or the tenderness growing out of a common tragedy, which Naturalism preaches, is a solution commensurate with the situation.

He is aware, on the other hand, that the solution which Christianity discloses is not a reality measurable in exact units. He knows this reality much as an ignorant settler in a new country knows his little corner of the world. The pioneer cannot measure his acreage or designate his house upon a map. He can direct others to his habitation only by rough signs. Many lose their way trying to find it. It is on the frontier and he is an ignorant man.

In like manner, the devout Christian of every theological type knows the home of his soul. Ask him for the exact information which scientific gentlemen consider alone fit for filing and he can

give you little. He may even be bewildered by your question. You have found him upon the frontier of human experience and he is painfully conscious of his ignorance. But he knows where to go when his life is broken and his soul bereft. He knows a place of healing; and his search for it always carries him to a reality beyond himself.

Evangelical Liberals feel that it is their task to interpret this reality disclosed by the soul's quest in the history of the Christian faith, and at the same time to explore the reality opened to the modern world by the scientific method. The use of that method has already brought a great enrichment of spiritual values. Liberals do not believe that Naturalism will be its necessary result. They are confident that in the long run the reality disclosed by religion and the reality unveiled by science will prove to be one.

It would be far simpler for the Liberals to solve their dilemma by going all the way with Fundamentalists or with Naturalistic thinkers. In either direction they would find peace. As it is, they live with souls distraught. They are held to their task by two considerations. They know that, historically, progress has been won at the

point of tension. They know also that the integration of Western civilization, the possibility of securing for it a unified life of intelligence and faith, depends upon such efforts as they are making.

They see in their moments of clearest vision that they are building a bridge between historic Christianity and the modern scientific world. It is their belief that, as time goes on, the traffic over the bridge will increase, the bridge itself will be broadened and its supports strengthened. The bridge may become a thoroughfare. Finally the civilization of the new age may grow out over the river along the thoroughfare, and our children's children may go back and forth between what were originally separate realms of experience without being aware of any discontinuity between them.

Such is the hope and the faith of those who believe that Liberal Evangelical Christianity has a mission in the world and that the values of historic Christian experience and of modern scientific method may both be at home in a greater age where

... mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

ONE PERSIAN FRIDAY

BY THOMAS PEARSON

So many people look with commiseration on the poor benighted mortal who chooses to bury himself in Persia that I am driven to protest. Sometimes I am able to carry my point with a dissertation on the beauty of Persia or the charm of its people, but generally no sooner do I consider the battle won than the skeptic comes back at me with, 'But what on earth do you do to pass the time out there?'—as who should say, 'Answer me that if you can.'

Fortunately or not, we members of the American Financial Commission have not as yet been able to catch up with our work. Every evening we stagger home under six or eight pounds of voluminous *dossiers*, which we tell ourselves we will wade through before morning. Where there is so much to be done, time cannot drag, but every now and then we lay aside our *dossiers* and take a day off anyhow. On these days we have learned from the Persians that pleasure can be found in simple things.

To-day is Friday, the Persian Sabbath. It is the New Year season, which comes in early spring. There is a popular legend that trouble will follow throughout the year for all whom this day finds indoors, and so my good friends Gholam Ali and Abdorreza have asked me to go out into the country with them.

Gholam Ali, who is back on vacation from Cambridge, is the most remarkable young Persian I know. He, of all my friends, has most successfully combined the wisdom of the East with the

learning of the West. I never cease to marvel at his amazing knowledge of English literature. He is familiar, not only with the poets and the novelists, but with the biographers and the historians as well. He has read scientific works which I have always thought well of myself for knowing by name. And the delight of him is that he is so unspoiled. He loves Persia. He loves his family. He loves their ways and traditions. He fits in when he comes back; he knows that he fits in, and he is wise enough to rejoice in that knowledge. He will never have to work for a living, but he wants his ability and training to count for something. Just at present he is at a loss to know in which direction he will best be able to apply his energy.

Abdorreza is an orphan, who has come up to the capital from Ispahan. He too has an income. He has never been outside of Persia, but he has been through the American High School in Teheran. He is ambitious in a political way. Just at present he has a job in the Ministry of the Interior.

There is a toy railroad which runs from Teheran a few miles out to the gold-domed mosque at Shah-abdul-Azim. A Belgian company built the railroad. I believe it pays them. On holy days and Fridays the train is crowded with a cheery band of pilgrims going out to acquire merit at Shah-abdul-Azim. The best *mast*, too, can be obtained, by the way, at Shah-abdul-Azim. *Mast* is a species of whey very popular with the Persians, and the

Shah-abdul-Azim product is always cool and fresh and fragrant in its earthen jars.

There is much good-natured jostling and confusion at the toy station, but Gholam Ali, Abdorreza, and I, being personages, are shown through a special passage, and find seats in the train before the crowd is let loose on us. The cars are open, and on all sides the warm spring air blows through. Finally everyone who can possibly find space is aboard, and with an impressive premonitory whistle we are off.

The train rolls along out into the open plain. The snow-covered mountains smile down on us, glistening in the morning sunlight. The atmosphere is clear and invigorating. We can see impossibly far.

Our neighbors smile and talk among themselves. We pass a graveyard on the right; a blind beggar praying by the wayside, pilgrims walking barefoot to the shrine; a string of camels bearing silks from Ispahan. On the left we can see where the Judas trees make a scarlet path to Doshantappeh, and farther along a splash of white on the dark hillside — the Tower of Silence, where the Parsees hang their dead.

A rider on a white Turkoman stallion dashes up and challenges the train to a race, but the train has outgrown such childishness and prefers to puff along at its own pace. The horseman laughs and wheels, and the passengers crane their necks, watching the glint of sun on stirrups and white flanks as the rider draws away. They smile among themselves and resume their conversations. What do Persians find to talk about so interminably, I wonder?

Almost before we know it, pomegranate flowers and apricot blossoms are brushing our shoulders, and we have reached the end of our journey. We are swept a little way by the crowd, but soon the rest are headed for the gold-

domed mosque, while we strike out into the fields. This air never knew smoke, and will know no moisture until the rainy season comes, months hence.

We pass a group of houses. On the stoop of one a venerable dervish is sunning himself. Then we come upon an ancient hollow tower, perhaps twenty feet in diameter and a hundred feet high, set in a grove of fruit trees. We walk around it and through it.

'What is it for, anyhow?' I ask.

Neither of my companions seems to be quite certain.

'I think it was for storing grain,' suggests Gholam Ali helpfully.

'I think it was rather a signal tower, or watchtower of some sort,' says Abdorreza.

I do not know to this day the history of that tower, and I make no apologies for my ignorance. I derived just as much pleasure from it as if I had known all about it.

'Let's go on top,' says Gholam Ali.

'How in the world do you get up it?'

I ask, as there seems to be no entrance, no stairway.

We walk around, looking up hopefully, and finally discover a small opening on one side, some thirty feet above the ground.

'There's where we start,' says Abdorreza. The point now is to find some way of reaching the opening. We hail two peasants working in a field, and explain our predicament. They both become intensely interested in our problem, and each thinks he has found the best solution. We finally succeed in quieting them, and tell them to go off and find some poles. They readily fall in with the idea, and before long come back, dragging behind them two great poles, which with considerable difficulty and much exhortation they succeed in placing up against the wall, within easy reach of the opening. Gholam Ali, Abdorreza, and I in one way or another

manage to reach the opening, and find in the obscurity of the walls some semblance of a circular staircase. Up this we crawl, feeling our way in the darkness, until suddenly we are blinded by sunlight, and find ourselves on top. A flock of white pigeons, startled by our approach, circles around us, while the two men below hail us with delight, expressing pride in our achievement.

From here we think we can see Ghoom, where Fatima is buried, but I doubt whether we actually do. At any rate we get a good view of Teheran against a white back-drop of mountain. It is very peaceful. Some chickens are quarreling near those houses, and on the stoop the old dervish basks contentedly in the sun. Perhaps a quarter of a mile away we see a wall of rock with carvings on it.

'What is it?' I ask.

'Old Fath Ali Shah with his twelve sons,' replies Gholam Ali. 'Come along, we'll just have time to make it before lunch.' And so we clamber and slide down to earth again.

We thank the two peasants for their helpfulness and give them a few shahis apiece, for which good act we are assured we will find our reward in Paradise. We then pass through the little village and so on out into the open country again. Shade trees line the road, and it is pleasant walking. We talk of this and that, comparing notes, contrasting East and West, until we reach the wall of rock on which Fath Ali Shah is carved, with six of his sons on either hand. He is always shown this way, in painting and in sculpture. His sons all have long square beards, and one of them carries an umbrella on which a parrot perches.

A soldier is praying near a pile of rocks on the right. He has found a spot where the noise of life cannot reach him. I believe he is close to his God here.

On the left a stream of clear water gushes out of the rock and falls five or six feet into a pool which fills the hollow of the hill. Opposite, where it grows marshy, there are lily pads and rushes. I crawl around to the waterfall and look down. Perhaps six or eight feet below the surface I can see fish when the sunlight strikes them.

Across the way, two men stand up to their knees in water, holding opposite ends of a great carpet. It is an unwieldy thing to handle, and it interests me to watch them wash it. They lift it, in and out, in and out, each time with greater effort as it grows water-logged. They have a little donkey waiting on the bank above them. He looks down with concern, because he knows what to expect. They fold their carpet now with much heaving and tugging and, having carried it up the bank, they succeed in completely hiding their donkey with it. The poor animal staggers under the first impact of its dripping burden, but finally gets its bearings and heads off up the hill, followed at a leisurely pace by its owners. I pursue the line of march to where above us, in the sunshine, a hundred square feet or so of hillside are gay with drying carpets.

'Come along,' calls Gholam Ali. 'We'd best be getting on. It's lunch-time.'

And so we wander back to the cluster of houses surrounding the gold-domed mosque — the village of Shah-abdul-Azim. Here servants meet us bearing great hampers of food. Gholam Ali's mother, who is very thoughtful and kind, has sent them, and we are to eat luncheon in a garden which a friend has lent for the purpose. The servants spread cloths under a willow tree beside a fountain. They lay out knives and forks and a number of porcelain dishes with the lids on, some of which are still warm. They set the samovar up beside

us and retire to a respectful distance, from where they watch us interestedly. They are somewhat doubtful about me.

Gholam Ali's mother has sent us partridges and lamb chops and various kinds of vegetables. She has, of course, sent us a dish of rice, and a pitcher of *dukh*, or curdled milk with saffron in it. She has told the servants to buy us a jar of the deservedly famous mast of Shah-abdul-Azim. We have a variety of homemade preserves and a bottle of pickles direct from London. The latter was probably sent along tactfully for my benefit.

After luncheon the servants remove the dishes and retire from view. They can doubtless eat more freely with no one to watch them. We three lie around smoking and drinking our tea. It is nice to look up at blue sky through willow branches on a spring afternoon. Time passes. Much later we decide to wander out to Rei and nose around among the excavations.

The archæologists who know about Rei would smile were I to attempt to give them any information on the subject, and those who have never heard of Rei would be no happier were I to tell them all I know. Suffice it, therefore, to say that in ancient times was once a city Raghes, or Rei, in the region where Teheran now stands.

Monuments of the past are few in Persia. Architecture there is not such as will stand the test of time. In the neighborhood of Kermanshah is the original prototype of Stone Mountain. There a king once carved his record high up on a wall of rock: 'I am Darius . . . the King of Kings,' for all to see even to this day. Hamadan, they tell me, is the ancient Ecbatana. There Queen Esther and Mordecai are buried; but the present population has no respect for Semitic queens, and the tomb is used as a refuse heap. In Hamadan too is the home of Avicenna, that

pioneer among physicians. And a few hundred yards from Hamadan is an ancient lion carved of stone, placed on the brow of a hill where the road winds by. They say it guarded the entrance to Ecbatana. The poor animal is somewhat disfigured in looks now, because Persian maidens, in the hope of offspring, have for countless generations anointed his nose with oil. Then, of course, in South Persia close by Shiraz we have Persepolis, the marble city of Alexander.

But to return to Rei. I know nothing of Rei. Tobit, I believe, stopped there once on his way to Ecbatana, but of this I cannot be certain. I only know that its site, or rather one spot where enterprising Persians somewhat unsystematically discover treasures underground, lies within easy walking-distance of the garden where we have just had lunch.

There are some men working there now in pits ten or fifteen feet deep, sifting the earth that they throw out, and burrowing around haphazardly. Occasionally one of the workmen, who seem to be simply peasants or field laborers, stoops to pick up a shining bit of pottery, the handle of a pitcher, or half a bowl. See, that one has found four pieces which fit together perfectly. If you look closely you can see the design of gold inlay coming together properly. The foreman — or leader of the expedition, if you like — tells us delightedly that some days ago he found a golden bowl which brought five thousand toman.

From Rei we wander up the mountainside to the east.

'There's another rock-carving over here,' says Gholam Ali. 'It's harder to get to.' We decide to see it anyhow and, crawling around the face of the cliff on a ledge of rock, we walk for perhaps a hundred yards along a narrow path, the plain well below us. A flock

of goats is grazing down there. The shepherd is singing, but he pauses in his song to watch us. This is more of a distraction than he has had in many a day. His goats would stray far afield were it not for the two dogs that are continually rounding them up.

The carving resembles in workmanship the one we saw earlier, but I am glad we did not pass it up. It represents a figure on horseback. There is a platform of sorts hewn out of the rock below it. From the platform the rock slopes at an angle of about eighty degrees. I notice a groove or channel two feet wide, perhaps forty feet long, worn smooth in the rock.

'That's a curious thing,' I volunteer.

'Nasr-ed-Din Shah, I believe it was, built it,' Gholam Ali informs me. 'He spent one winter at St. Moritz, and was very much impressed with tobogganing. He decided to introduce it, or at least its equivalent, here. So he had this rock polished off, and he and his court used to drive out here on picnics. It proved quite the sensation. They used to slide down on cushions, I believe.'

'Let's try it,' suggests Abdorreza.

'You can if you like,' Gholam Ali and I reply in unison. 'We're going back the way we came.'

Abdorreza sits down gingerly. Having suggested the thing, he feels he must see it through. After making up his mind two or three times, and then losing his nerve, he finally lets go, and

shoots off down the rock, gaining speed with every foot. We can see from the way he waves his arms about that he is not enjoying himself. He is flat on his back now, and he lands in a heap in the field. Two or three goats take fright at this sudden intrusion on the privacy of their pasture. The old shepherd is delighted. He seems to have derived most pleasure out of the affair. Here indeed is something to break the monotony of an afternoon. He runs over to where Abdorreza is picking himself up. They exchange a few words and I hear them laugh. Then the shepherd turns back to his flocks. Abdorreza waves to us, and parallels our path as we make our way back to the road. When we join him we ask him how it felt.

'It burned,' he said, but he pretends that it was fun. We admire his spirit, for we see that the seat of his trousers is in shreds. We considerably refer to the matter no more.

A few yards up the road Gholam Ali's carriage is waiting for us. His mother has sent it out for us, thinking that it would give us more pleasure to drive back in the cool of the evening than to sit in the crowded train. It is a comfortable old-fashioned victoria, drawn by two fat horses with whom the driver seems to have a special understanding.

The mountains behind Teheran are pink when at last we drive through the gates of the city.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION IN IDEAS

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

OUR nation is composed of individuals of marked energy, of average potential ability, of fair educational accomplishment, and of great material productiveness. We are doubtless capable of striking achievements. But, like any other inchoate mass of humanity, we become effective and move forward only under the inspiration of leaders. Where can we turn to find the leaders we need? We have a plethora of followers, but we are unable to refute the accusation made by our critics: that we have a marked dearth of true leadership in every important division of national activity.

The fields of art, literature, science, music, politics, frankly confess a shortage of fresh thinking and original expression, the surest evidence of a paucity of creative minds. In the world of business we have had leadership of a kind, though accomplishment has been chiefly in mechanical developments and the perfecting of organization, and success has been but meagre in wrestling with the more subtle and difficult problem of human adjustments in the industries.

We are inclined to be a little resentful that leaders have not turned up when they are so obviously needed. We ask ourselves what can be the reason.

Is it possible that the qualities of originality are entirely lacking in the diverse combinations of inherited traits that distinguish the constantly increasing millions of our population? All the races of the earth are contributing

germ-plasm to the making of our citizens. It is improbable that any of the strains which have lent lustre to other peoples and civilizations are lacking in the material we are using in our gigantic experiment in crossbreeding. Other countries, without either our numbers or our resources, succeed in producing a creditable quota of persons of outstanding ability. It seems fair to assume that biologically we also produce our share. Our lamentable state must be due to a failure somehow to realize, in end results, on the investment Nature is making in these gifted individuals.

If the difficulty is not, then, in the material of which our leaders and followers alike are formed, we shall have to look for some factor of environment which is determining the quality of our population. Can there be something blighting in our national atmosphere, which withers the fresh, outreaching, sensitive intelligence of those marked at birth for leadership, and inhibits the development of the abilities that we first create and then neglect to foster?

I

A discriminating critic of Canadian life deplores the scarcity of cranks in his native land — not because the crank is in himself so precious a national possession, but because he is symptomatic of the tolerance for differences of opinion which is the very essence of an expanding intellectual and spiritual life. The generalization

need not have stopped at our pervious northern frontier, but might have extended all-inclusively to the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico. We may have numerically more creatures with the tang of the wild places of the mind about them than our neighbor has, but in proportion to our population we probably are even less adequately supplied. We do nothing designed to increase their number. Do we not, instead, actually place obstacles in the way of their development?

We pride ourselves on a modern civilization which has eliminated the markings that denote class differences. In Europe the external trappings of the Middle Ages have long since ceased to distinguish the lord from the serf. Yet there may have been more real likeness between the mediæval king and his humblest subject than between a Fabre and his beekeeping neighbors in their peasant smocks. With the king and the serf the intellectual and political concepts were held in common, though the one individual might serve as the warp and the other as the woof of the completed social fabric. But between Fabre with his passion for organized knowledge and the beekeeper with his passion for profit there was an unbridgeable gap. No revocation of sumptuary laws can alter the vestments of the mind.

We in America have not rested satisfied with stripping off externals alone. Our ambition has been to make ourselves in all respects alike. Whether as a result of our effort to build a unified nation out of diverse racial material, or as an accompaniment of an intellectual simplicity unaware of the penumbra of ideas beyond its own mental margins, or as the product of innate conservatism, we have throughout our country, North, South, East, and West, stressed conformity and looked askance upon difference. To our Puritan tradi-

tion irregularity in party or creed, divergence in social theory or in literary form, have all smacked of immorality. The rural philosopher who noted that there was mighty little difference between men, but insisted that that little difference was almighty important, would meet with warm sympathy from us if he agreed that the almighty importance demanded that we reduce that difference to zero. The slashed doublet and the silken hose, the royal crown and the jester's bauble, have been cast out. We feel the victory would be incomplete unless we offered up at the same time the crank and his nobler counterpart, the genius, to the glory of equality and the preciousness of uniformity.

Canada shares with us a shortage both of cranks and of intellectual leaders. In our two countries we may find that the shortage of the one is as inevitably related to that of the other as the price of butter to the number of old maids in Darwin's biological parable.

Such social deficiencies suggest a disease at the root of our civilization, which allows only the weeds of the human species to grow up into the light.

II

We cannot look at our people as a whole without being struck with the fact that we have two prepossessions: we are either trying to be like everyone else, or trying to make everyone else like ourselves.

In the first place, we have a penchant and a passion for quantity production in all kinds of fabrication, from the building of automobiles to the manufacture of college graduates. Quantity production means uniformity on a colossal scale. We show our fondness for this uniformity in everything we undertake, from our style of hairdressing to

our choice of plumbing. The flapper, who wears a skirt to her ankle one year, just below her knee the next, and finds it necessary the third season to walk through the park in knickerbockers, seems to be demonstrating diversity, but she is a monument to conformity. No more thinking is required of her than of the chameleon when he changes his hue. The reptile and the primate shrink similarly from the discomfort of being different.

We like to build our houses from the plans in the Sunday-paper supplement. We enjoy making the interiors replicas of department-store models. From such experiences shared in common we get a warm feeling of being fellow citizens in a great democracy. The certainty that millions of meals are being prepared to-day, all over this land, on the same type of kitchen stove gives us a sense of cozy familiarity, which puts geological eras and interstellar spaces out of the way of our thinking, where they can do us no harm.

We love to be like all the others: to wear what they wear, eat what they eat, cut our hair as they cut theirs, ride in automobiles as they ride, bathe in the same type of enameled tubs, listen-in to the same concerts, and be buried in identical cemeteries. Yet we occasionally come upon people who may indeed wear the prevailing style of headdress, but who beneath that orthodox covering develop theories of life and social conduct radically different from our own. We feel both uncomfortable and censorious. What is the advantage of riding in the same make of automobile if our thoughts are to be antipathetic? Standard concrete houses that shelter, indiscriminately, anarchists, pacifists, atheists, and communists have obviously failed of their fundamental purpose, which was to provide homes for the one-hundred-

per-cent Americans who are making this country what it is.

This is our first impasse. It has been clear sailing and a joyous holiday trying to be like everyone else, but here and there, injected into our midst, we have found people who not only make no effort to be like everyone else, but frankly admit that they have no desire to add to the number of homogeneous Americans. The situation is not, however, beyond the range of our inventive genius. If these nonconforming individuals do not spontaneously see the light, they can be made to see it, and such energy as we have left from our own efforts to conform we employ in forcing conformity upon the recalcitrant. The Spanish Inquisition is denied us, but we shall in time be able to develop methods at least as efficient. We are at present in the experimental stage, but much ingenuity is being employed to make this country safe and sane in the presence of new ideas.

The Ku Klux are undoubtedly convinced that they have found a solution of the problem of living righteously together. What more natural and altruistic than forcing that way upon the dissenter?

But the dissenters present difficulties, because they refuse to accept this well-meant guidance pleasantly. They display a penchant for their own convictions. They will not admit that in a plastic, developing universe a single group has hold upon the only solution of our problems. They insist that such an idea is not only unreasonable but, above all, uninteresting. We may be condemned by the orthodox to a heaven where nothing ever happens and dull perfection is the order of the day, but they declare that on earth there are still hundreds of possibilities of right and wrong, better and worse, to stimulate and quicken our imaginations. We should therefore

owe no debt of thanks to an organization pledged to reduce these hundreds of delicious uncertainties to one tedious certainty.

The tide of rebellion against Ku Klux dictation rises. Even could he justify their use of secrecy and recourse to super-law, the dissenter would not submit to their doctrine of infallibility. He would rather think wrong for himself than think right under the direction of someone else.

There are critics who think the heresies of which we are so fond are out of harmony with our national ideals. They may seem out of harmony with some of our theoretical convictions, but they symbolize our love for uniformity and our enthusiasm for clipping off the groping tendrils of thought to a neat hedge, behind which the true believer may be safe. Who could say to what unforeseen interpretations of accepted dogma we might come if each individual were left free to think in such matters as he would? We feel safer to accept authority in our religious as in our social life. The Catholic has for centuries accepted the authority of the Church without question, and he is consistent. The Protestant, whose whole religious status is that of one who has protested against that very authority, meekly puts himself in turn under a similar yoke. He accepts the dictates of a church synod, or of a formal creed, or of the words of the Bible as interpreted by his congregation, or by a sectarian convocation, or by a body of church elders or trustees. He sells his protestant heritage for a confusion of textual arguments. Every church has its would-be believers who are trying to crowd the genii back into the bottle and practise a religious life in which the critical intelligence may remain quiescent.

We hear much about one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. The phrase

implies that the perfect social and political formula has been found, and that the coming-in of the millennium is merely a matter of fitting all the inhabitants of the United States into the Procrustean bed of a true democracy. The skeptic hesitates, in the face of such certainty, to be more than a fifty-per-cent American. He feels as if he had been asked to be a one-hundred-per-cent admiring and satisfied parent. We know nothing is more fatal to both parent and child than such indiscriminating affection. We have to practise pessimism — though we may secretly cherish optimism — in dealing with our children. We can hardly do less as citizens, if we hope for better things for our country. Love America though we may, we must still be conscious of its limitations, and anticipate decades of guidance, criticism, and discouragement before it can come to a dependable maturity.

The Babbitts of this country have only impatience and distrust for such qualified patriotism. Our 'bigger, better, and busier' campaigns all over the country exploit optimism. They force it upon us as the only preventive of national decay. Yet the optimism which they practise bears a striking resemblance to the delusions of grandeur which the psychiatrist treats as a mental disease. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make optimistic. A little more pessimism introduced into our national consciousness would not so much slow us down as make the progress that we do achieve sounder and more enduring. Pessimism is a frank recognition of the facts which an easy optimism ignores. The booster is a less obvious but more deadly belittler of his land than the knocker, for his insistence upon the glaring brilliancy of white blinds the eyes to the subtle colors of the spectrum, and his use of the heavy major

chord drowns out the delicate vibrations of the overtones. If our country were really what he claims it is, it would be a region to flee from. The critic is our nation's truest friend. He is the real one-hundred-per-cent American for whom we have been looking, for he alone will enable us to see ourselves — not as we like to imagine we appear to ourselves and to the world, but as we are.

The post-war veterans' associations assume the responsibility of the war-thinking for the rest of us. Any effort toward peaceful understanding with other nations, any constructive attempt to prevent the recurrence of war, is denounced by them as disloyalty and the work of traitors to their country. They labor unrestingly, not to illuminate the very complex and difficult problem of so organizing society as to make war impossible, but to thrust without the pale those who substitute for vain-glorious memories of military service plans for installing safety devices against the future need of such sacrifices. They are comfortably able to forget the long succession of reformers, struggling through the centuries to substitute law for force in every type of human relation, who have always been like voices crying in the wilderness, persecuted and despised.

It seems only reasonable to believe, in the light of history, that there is some solution of international differences other than war.

Why cannot we let the cranks and enthusiasts work at the problem without attempting to stifle them? In the troubled days of the World War thousands of schemes for annihilating the Germans were sent to the War Office. The War Department, — which is proverbially hard-boiled, — instead of rejecting them in toto, winnowed the wheat from the chaff and gathered in some very valuable ideas. Even on

a subject to which they claim rights prior to those of any other citizens, the veterans' associations could still afford to keep an open mind. Who knows what person living to-day, or yet to be born, holds the key to the riddle? We can do no better than listen with fresh hope to each new voice.

The pressure on state legislatures to exclude the teaching of evolution from public educational institutions registers an unwillingness to allow within our boundaries any variety of explanations for terrestrial development. A fear of moral chaos, following untrammelled diversity, actuates these zealous lobbyists for a safe American education. One has to hark back to the days of Galileo for a parallel. Such lawmaking does not occur within the narrow confines of a religious sect, however, as did the suppression of Galileo, but in a country dedicated to freedom of thought and expression and sanctimoniously certain that theory and practice are identical. The whole attitude betrays a callous indifference to the factors that make it possible for men to endure the rigors and disappointments of life.

'Freud regards dreaming as fiction that helps to sleep; thinking we may regard as fiction that helps us to live. Man lives by imagination.' Yet these lawmakers would practise a head-binding far more rigorous than that of any savage, for they would alter, not the mere shape of the skull, but the very form of our thinking.

It is hard to picture any danger to the individual or to the society in which he lives for a man to think thoughts genuinely his own. He and his community alike are stimulated by the presence in their midst of a reality instead of an imitation. Individuals are inferior and national life impoverished when men are forbidden to think save according to a prescribed pattern.

Whether the pattern be according to my ideas or yours, it is equally benumbing to the intellectual life of the world about us.

There is no more impressive sight in this country than the instant stoppage of traffic on Fifth Avenue when the signals change. It symbolizes the ascent of the individual, with a gesture extending for miles, in a conformity that allows the streets to perform their function. But traffic regulations cannot be applied to the thoughts of men without hopelessly blocking the free functioning of the mind. Thoughts do not occupy space. They can move freely through the universe without regulated right and left turnings. They can coexist or envelop each other, so that there is no danger of crashing collision. The cross-currents of ideas, instead of leading to hopeless confusion or an inextricable jam, freshen and broaden the main direction of thought and increase the momentum without exceeding the speed limit. We can employ no better method for assuring steady intellectual progress and for making the alterations in theory and practice, inevitable in a changing world, follow each other without disastrous accident than in leaving all roads open to the free passing of ideas.

Yet how suspicion of the unfamiliar hedges us about! Our insistence upon conformity does not even ignore the most trifling hint of origin foreign to our experience. Whether it be a salad-dressing which departs from the orthodox sugar and vinegar of our forefathers, or music that disregards the traditions of Moody and Sankey, or literature which defies our Puritan shibboleths, we deplore them all alike. Every new current of thought makes us scan our vacillating landmarks anxiously for fear our anchors are dragging.

What measure of originality can we

expect in such an atmosphere? What encouragement for fresh thinking can there be in such widespread satisfaction with secondhand conviction? Our whole attitude is the expression of a fear of finding on our own premises — or, worse, on those of our neighbor — that possession most menacing to the status quo, the open mind. We fear it as the past generation feared the nihilist's bomb. We are as eager to keep the ingredients of its manufacture from the dissatisfied of to-day as were the Russian tsars to control the distribution of dynamite. We tell ourselves, if we can only keep things as they are — or, better, as they were a few years ago — all will be well. And yet we are amazed that, though we score highest at the Olympics, the Nobel prizes so seldom cross the Atlantic.

III

We find it human to enjoy likenesses rather than unlikenesses. Our clubs, associations, churches, societies, are founded on the basis of like-mindedness. We narrow our personal lives by surrendering to this preference and spending our free time with those who are socially, economically, and intellectually of our own kind. When we meet one of the audacious ones of the earth who have ignored such distinctions and known all manner of men, we have a momentary pang of envy and then, all too easily, slip back into a studied avoidance of the disputatious.

Superficially we seem ready for novelty. No nation shows such enthusiasm for new breakfast-foods, or such haste to inspect the fall model of a favorite automobile. No people search more zealously for the most recently advertised roofing material, or more readily adopt balloon-tire soles for their shoes. Yet, actually, the most ardent patron of the latest thing in

cigar-lighters may be the first to shy off from a new idea.

Most of us complete our mental as well as our physical growth by the time we are twenty-one. We achieve it by building a framework which is originally almost unshakable and then made perfectly secure by being concreted against any stray intellectual concepts from outside our own circle. We are like the Leamington bobby who, unable to direct the traveler five miles to Kenilworth Castle, defended himself against the foreigner's astonishment at his ignorance by saying, 'We 'ave our boundaries, you know.' The boundaries vary in extent with different individuals, but they are there for us all. The only point for us to consider is whether we regard boundaries as something to stay within or something to climb without.

The alarmists tell us that we have thousands of Bolsheviki in our midst. But why should we be alarmed? Could anything offer more incentive to our own straight thinking? The friends who are always most stimulating to us are those who most completely disagree with us. It is they whose company we should keep, whose ideas we should ponder; not necessarily that we may be converted thereby, — though an occasional change in our convictions would be most invigorating, — but that, in the light of their certainties, we might search out the basis of our own.

We dignify by the name of our beliefs a jumble of inherited and acquired traditions and superstitions, and we need to go over them periodically, spurred by some skeptic, to sort out the grain from the chaff. The only danger the radical has for us is in making us see red, and we should hardly hold him responsible for our own bigoted reaction. If he can make us think, we have nothing but gratitude to offer him.

Our real danger lies in agreeing with the majority. When we find ourselves doing that, we should be well advised to take our intellectual temperature. We are probably victims of the fever and chills of our locality and need to go to a higher altitude, where the outlook is more extended and the atmosphere clearer.

Chidley, the itinerant philosopher in the streets of Sydney, to the outward eye clad scantily in bathing-trunks, but to the inward eye gloriously arrayed in the luminous truth his sensitive imagination revealed to him, lends more genuine distinction to Australia than all its muttons and wool. The outraged authorities could think of no place save an asylum or the jail appropriate to house so extreme a nonconformist. His fellow citizens neither cherished his brief incarnation in their midst nor rejoiced in his uniqueness, and yet he may have been one of the leaders for lack of whom their national life languished. Nothing is so intolerable to an age as an individual who is — or is suspected of being — superior to it.

On the plains of the West thousands of cattle may be seen grazing as one. They move slowly, feeding as they go, their heads pointing in the same direction. Occasionally among the hundreds there will be one individual that ignores the custom of the others and feeds where it will. The cattlemen have learned through experience to look to such an animal for the salvation of the rest in times of emergency. When wild creatures attack or sudden storms break, the solitary feeder is the one to give warning or lead the herd to safety.

Yet what do we feel save distrust for those fellows of ours who will have none of our ways and who walk with their eyes fixed upon a vision which we cannot see?

Whitman has sung the joys of the

open road. The open mind has adventures no less intoxicating, but we are wary of the uncharted way. Your timidity and my timidity shut us in behind the high hedge of the prevailing opinions. The loss of our ranging may not be a national disaster, but our acceptance of those barred gateways makes it increasingly difficult for the brilliant and daring minds of our potential leaders to break through and make a thoroughfare for us into new and more fertile lands.

Once in a while we come across that most perfect flower of creation, a mind defenseless against the truth. No prejudice, no preconception, no yearning for intellectual or spiritual loyalty can save such a nature from the onslaughts of reality. Persecution cannot wipe the record from the brain, nor martyrdom distort the image. Galileo's lips might utter recantation, but his intelligence was incapable of thrusting out the concept of cosmogony that had formed within his mind.

Many of us have erected definite defenses against the truth and are quite capable of keeping it out of our lives. We may deplore this in individuals; but in a nation it means stagnation. If we foolishly expect to formulate final

truths at this stage in human development, if we ignore our Galileos or laugh them out of court, if we practise a denial of the enrichment a variety of minds and ideas brings to a country, we are giving up the movement of a fresh-flowing spring for the heavy inertness of a mud bath.

We may breed minds of high calibre, our cradles may be full of wonder-children, but none will achieve complete maturity or bring to fruition the gift of leadership which turns the mob into a force for good.

We want our bigots here and there, as we want any other type of human diversity, and we expect to endure amiably the hearty good-fellowship of the conformist; but we cannot let the tumult of the klaxon drown out the other notes of the universe. The value of moral attitudes and the success of human expedients are still unmeasured. We can lose nothing by putting off decision, and we can gain much by keeping the way clear for the bearer of the new idea. The idea may be trivial or useless, and the bearer a nuisance and a bore, but he serves to give assurance that the path still lies open to the great truths for which the whole world waits.

THE VIOLINIST AND THE LADY

BY HELENE MULLINS

DELIBERATELY he builds a cage
Of glamorous music to entice
Her curious but cautious feet;
And when she scorns her heart's advice,
And lifts her skirts, and daintily
Steps in upon the shining floor,
He tiptoes softly after her,
And softly bolts the narrow door.

She sits at ease a little while,
Adjusts her dress and pats her hair,
And glances up and glances 'round,
With an amused and gracious air.
But finally the lights become
A bit too glaring and she grows
A little weary of the place;
She rises, and superbly throws

A heavy flower at his feet,
And goes to learn the comedy
Of her unique imprisonment.
Dismayed, she wanders carefully
About an unfamiliar world,
Yet utters no soft reprimand,
But slyly tests the golden bars,
Until one bends beneath her hand.

Triumphantly she leaves the cage,
And, in relief at her escape,
She flings toward him words and smiles
Of a peculiar tender shape.
But though he bows in gratitude,
He scorns the small bit of her heart
With which she half maliciously
Attempts to pay him for his art.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

BY VALESKA BARI

THE purser of the Ponce de Leon halted as a hand was laid on his arm. 'Do you see what I see, Mr. Springer?' inquired one of the passengers from the ship.

The purser laughed. 'That's not a bad description for all Porto Rico, and the oftener you come here the more you'll see that you would n't believe could happen.'

Riding toward them on the brightest and shiniest of kiddy-cars was a boy about five, clad only in a white jacket which reached not quite to his waist. Against the snowy linen his sun-burned body appeared startlingly unclad as he swept joyously past them.

'Some American got a law passed down here that everyone must wear at least one garment,' explained the purser, 'but the law was too modest to specify its exact purpose, and a lot of people never guessed. That's the trouble with some other institutions we've tried to introduce here over-

night. Probably that boy's mother has a real thrill of patriotism when she sees him in that jacket; she thinks she's following American institutions, even if she does n't understand the process.' He lifted his hand and signaled to someone down the street. 'The only thing to expect in Porto Rico is what you don't expect. I'm looking for a waiter whom we left here at the hospital a couple of months ago. He comes from this district; maybe I'll find him in the next block and maybe I'll ride around until the boat leaves to-morrow without finding a trace of him. Coche! Coche!'

The carriage which he had signaled drew up. 'Care to come along, Mr. Davis?' With a rattle of bells they were off.

'A good boy who can wait on table in all the languages of the Caribbean is worth looking up,' remarked the purser, as they drove through narrow streets lined with pink and green houses.

At St. Luke's the hospital register showed that José Gonzales had been discharged a few days after his arrival, and that later he had sent word to have any mail forwarded to the general post-office in care of Hermano Paco.

'A pretty chase now,' remarked Springer as he returned to the carriage. 'Alcaldía!' to the driver. 'Hermano Paco—that means Brother Paco—is one of the unofficial priests, cross between a beggar and a prophet, who go around in the scattered hill-districts where there are n't any churches. They teach a mixture of Christianity, herb medicine, nature-worship, and law and order. I've heard that some of them teach that Christ was an Indian born in Santo Domingo and that the Virgin came from the Virgin Islands. Hermano Paco is the most influential of the lot, and he has some sort of connection with the Mayor—the municipality includes the hill district as well as the city.'

The carriage stopped before the city hall. 'Come along with me and meet old Don Rafael.'

An obsequious black boy seated them at one end of a long room, the kind of room which the Spaniard learned to build in the tropics, with its high ceiling and long shaded windows and cool checkerboard-marble floor. At the opposite end, behind a monumental carved desk, sat the Mayor, his shrewd kindly face lighted with interest as he talked with his guest. Their voices were subdued, but the pantomime was clear: the visitor, apparently a beggar, was asking some favor. With a jerk Don Rafael stood up. One after another he turned out his pockets and laid on the desk a handkerchief, a key, a penknife, and some papers. His purse he turned inside out, but in vain. In embarrassment the visitor protested; but the

Mayor continued his dramatic exposition of poverty. With outstretched arms and with all his pockets displaying their emptiness, Don Rafael stood for a moment, a picture of abject helplessness. Then he glanced down at his visitor's bare feet.

'Pedro!'

The boy who had shown Springer and Davis into the room appeared at a door near the Mayor. A volley of Spanish from Don Rafael and he was gone.

'He has sent the boy to his house for some old carpet-slippers,' whispered the purser.

Against the protests of his caller, Don Rafael began to remove his shoes, slowly, stopping continually to make expressions and gestures of sympathy. As the Mayor started to pull off his socks the visitor laid a firmly detaining hand on his arm. Don Rafael sat back in his chair, one sock hanging from his left hand. With exclamations and gesticulations of gratitude the guest seized the Mayor's right hand in both of his, wrung it strenuously, and his ragged figure departed hastily across the marble floor.

'The old boy's been mayor for eight years,' remarked Springer, as they gave Don Rafael time to replace his shoes. 'They call him the Little Brother of the Poor. When he has any money he gives it away, and when he has n't any he offers his shoes. He is commonly credited with offering his shoes to at least one person a day since he's been in office.'

'Faker?' queried Davis.

Springer shook his head. 'You can't be so quick to say "Faker." Latin, yes—old-time Porto Rican. It's the dramatic way of saying that you're sorry, that's all. Nobody ever accepts his shoes, of course, but it's a brotherly gesture, even if you know he's offered them a thousand times

before. Now they'll both be happy the rest of the day.'

Without reference to the scene they had witnessed Springer made the inquiries of politeness and came to his errand. 'Don Rafael, is it possible for you to tell me where I might find Hermano Paco?'

The wrinkles around the Mayor's eyes contracted into a searching glance, as he shook his head slowly. 'The holy man is in the hills, I think. When he comes to the city he gives me his benediction; he was here a week ago; perhaps in a month he will return.' Don Rafael shook his head again.

'If you would like to take a ride in the hills and would like also to meet Hermano Paco, if possible, in which direction would you go?' inquired Springer. 'Dos Palmas?'

'Who knows?'—and Don Rafael shrugged his shoulders with the gesture which inevitably accompanies 'Quien sabe?' 'I would ask at Dos Palmas—yes. And it is a beautiful road, señor.'

'Which means,' remarked Springer when they had taken their departure, 'that we are not very likely to encounter Hermano Paco at Dos Palmas. We'll try the road to Rincon.'

Abandoning the carriage with its jingling bells for a motor, they left behind them the picturesque streets of Ponce. The hills rose abruptly into mountains, the city vanished, and only little thatched huts dotted here and there on the hillsides told of human habitation. A few miles along the highway they turned off into a narrow road which threaded its way into the less accessible parts of the district. About them everywhere were hills covered with trees in whose protecting shade grew coffee bushes, now studded with ripening berries.

Suddenly Davis touched Springer's arm. His finger pointed to a black flag hanging from a near-by hut, and

involuntarily he placed his handkerchief to his nose as they drove past. 'Plague?' he asked, in a voice which he tried to make sound unalarmed.

'Don't know. We've had no notice of any epidemic on the island,' replied the purser, 'but there's another black flag, with two white crosses on it!' He laid his hand on the chauffeur's shoulder and pointed to the black cloth flapping ominously against the hut. The man shook his head, at first apparently in ignorance and then with obvious apprehension.

As they drove on, one after another of the scattered huts bore the same mysterious flags, some with white crosses and some without. At the approach of the car the inhabitants would disappear hastily, almost in panic. Around a curve in the road they came sharply on a man on foot, and Springer leaped from the car and grasped the man's arm as he asked him the meaning of the signs. The man shook off Springer's hand and abruptly refused to answer any questions.

'Something's decidedly wrong,' said the purser as he jumped back into the car. 'I've never been told before in Porto Rico to mind my own business.'

The chauffeur was plainly alarmed, and Springer and Davis exchanged uneasy glances as more flags appeared on the huts. The road turned again on a hairpin curve. Before them lay a little settlement, every hut draped in black!

Past the settlement shot the car. Without asking permission the man turned the machine about and drove back to the city. His eyes were blood-shot with fear and speed as he deposited his charges at the hotel.

The Department of Health disclaimed any knowledge of epidemic in the hills, but Davis and Springer

reeked from their antiseptic baths as they departed from the hotel room.

'I'll ask Martina,' said Springer, as they walked down the corridor. 'She's been here at the hotel forever and she has the most amazing way of knowing everything that anyone is even thinking on this whole side of the island.' At the turn in the L-shaped corridor sat the old colored woman, where she could watch the progress of the chambermaids. 'I'll join you in the lobby.'

'Good afternoon, Martina.' Springer stooped and shook hands with her. 'Don't move,' as she showed signs of an intention to raise her huge bulk. 'Wonderful day!'

The purser paused, bracing himself to catch her reply. Martina had four modes of speech: English with and without teeth, and the corresponding varieties of Spanish. The fact that she was addressed in English was no indication that she would reply in the same tongue, and no rule existed as to when she might be expected to wear her teeth. Her English had the peculiar flat intonation which the Danes taught the blacks in St. Thomas, from which island she had originally come. Spoken with teeth, it was strange but intelligible; without teeth, the consonants dropped out and with the utmost difficulty one tried to pick distinguishing landmarks on the ocean of liquid sounds. Her Spanish had none of the Virgin Island flatness. Spoken with teeth, it was well articulated, although it suffered at times from lapses into the patois French of her Haitian husband; but without teeth Springer was hopelessly lost.

Martina opened her mouth slightly, but without revealing whether or not she had her teeth. A moment she hesitated. 'Beautiful.'

Springer breathed more easily. She was speaking English, with teeth.

'I have been driving in your beautiful

hills,' he began cautiously, and gradually worked his way around to the subject of the black flags. 'Why do they have those black flags, Martina?' he asked, but not betraying too much interest. She looked him over thoughtfully, in evident doubt as to answering his question. 'You know everything, Teeny,' — he used the diminutive when he wished to coax her, but never without astonishment that anyone so huge could respond, without malice, to such a name, — 'and of course you know about the flags!'

She nodded. Vanity of looks in youth had yielded to vanity of accomplishment in maturity, and that in turn to vanity of knowledge. 'You know Hermano Paco?'

The purser nodded.

'The flags are for Hermano Paco!'

'Dead?' asked Springer. 'Hermano Paco dead?'

Mysteriously she shook her head. She leaned forward and laid her hand on Springer's fingers. 'Hermano Paco has gone to Heaven,' she whispered, — she paused dramatically, — 'but Hermano Paco did not die!' She leaned back, rocking her head, with evident thrill in the miracle and in her revelation of it. After a moment she went on: 'The flags are for Hermano Paco. The people pray for him. They do not work; they will not speak; they pray. If they pray enough he will come back and lead them again; he will come back from Heaven with the word which will make the souls of men free!'

Don Rafael was at the dock when the ship left Ponce. Springer made his way to the Mayor's side. 'We did n't find Hermano Paco,' he remarked casually.

Don Rafael lifted his hands and shoulders in a gesture which conveyed regret, ignorance, helplessness. 'Hermano Paco is a Little Brother of the

Poor, and I also am their Little Brother. He has always given me his benediction before the elections and I hope for it this year also. That is a month from now. Your ship returns again in three weeks? Good. Perhaps he will be here then.'

Three weeks later found Springer making his way on a little native pony toward the valley of Rincon. He had brought Martina some cottons from New York. After thanking him with exclamatory gratitude she placed her finger significantly on his hand and, waiting until the long corridors were clear of possible listeners, she whispered mysteriously that the hill folk were expecting Hermano Paco to reappear from Heaven at dawn on the following day. 'To-morrow is Sunday,' she finished earnestly. 'The hill people have prayed faithfully; Hermano Paco should return from Heaven, and he should return on a Sunday!' Springer thanked her casually, but as he left the hotel for the familiar, picturesque streets of Ponce a sudden resolution came to him to see for himself the miracle.

Dusty and tired, he jogged down the road toward Rincon. The moon had set, leaving the shaded road in obscurity. The usual silence of the deserted night was broken by the movement of phantom groups going in the same direction, but no one spoke. When Hermano Paco had left them he had vanished in the night from their midst; at dawn they had caught a glimpse of his thin figure in its simple brown robe, outlined against the sunrise from the peak of the mountain. It was seen for a few moments and then swallowed up in the light of day. The conviction had spread that in the same manner he would return. Silently the straggling groups gathered about an elevation backed by a semicircle of

trees, which formed a natural platform from which Hermano Paco in the past had frequently addressed them.

Springer tethered his pony in a little clump of palms, safely apart. He had no fear of bodily injury if discovered, but he had no wish to be caught intruding at a ceremonial to which he had not been bidden. He nodded. He must have slept.

Through the valley ran a shout. With the first streak of dawn, on the peak of the mountain stood Hermano Paco! The staff with which he had walked the roads through all the years was in his right hand. His left hand rested on something else. The minutes sped by. As the red of sunrise faded into the light of day Hermano Paco was seen to move along the path. What his hand had rested upon rose and followed him in the guise of a man.

Over the hillsides and through the little valleys raced the word that Hermano Paco had returned from Heaven. Springer stayed in the distance in his clump of trees. He saw Hermano Paco and the disciple come down the path of the mountain, to be surrounded by the eager throng. From his shelter he could still gather the sense of awed excitement pervading the throng on the elevation, as they prepared the food which they had brought for the blessing and refreshment of Hermano Paco. The feast was followed by a silence in which Springer saw the people lying down to rest. The night's vigil had been tiring; the morning was still early. Springer changed his pony's tether and again fell asleep.

He woke to find the sun nearly straight overhead. The crowd had moved in among the trees so that they were sheltered from its direct rays. Springer pulled the native hat he was wearing still farther down over

his face as he fell in unobserved at the edge of the gathering.

Hermano Paco was speaking. His patriarchal beard fell over his brown tunic nearly to his waist. His eyes had fire, but the arms which he raised to emphasize his words were thin and old. He spoke in the dialect of the jibaros, the Spanish of the seventeenth century, which the forefathers of the hill folk had preserved from the time when they took the places of the vanishing Indians. Only a word here and there could Springer catch, but from the gestures with which Hermano Paco placed his hands upon the head of his kneeling companion the purser gathered that Heaven had sent an assistant to the old priest. At length Hermano Paco placed his fingers beneath the arm of his disciple and raised him to his feet. It was José Gonzales. With a gesture Hermano Paco presented him to the gathering and a hum of approval went through the throng. Hermano Paco touched his finger to his lips and lifted his hand to the sky. The thrill of the miraculous passed through the crowd. Springer caught the words, 'the gift of tongues.' The gift of tongues had descended upon the disciple of Hermano Paco!

In breathless excitement the crowd waited. The old priest stepped aside and José, raising himself to his full height, held up his hand for silence. The dramatic stillness was broken by his rich, slow tones:—

'Consommé, mulligatawny, julienne!' His voice rose in exhortation: 'Purée de pois, purée de bœuf, purée de champignon!' He paused. His right hand outstretched, he accented

the solemn syllables: 'Boiled eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, eggs à la Turque!' Again he waited. The crowd was with him. His voice was oracular and the repetition of the strange syllables was poetry: 'Bluefish meunière, swordfish Parmentière, codfish Parisienne!' Slowly he raised both hands, the palms toward the throng: 'Roas' beef! Roas' lamb! Roas' chicken!' His hands dropped and his voice sank to a tone of consolation: 'Mashed potatoes, buttered beets, petits pois, cauliflower au gratin.' The eyes of the country folk were transfixed. On one who sorrowed with the sufferings of the world had descended the gift of tongues, but comfort and strength came back into the voice of José Gonzales: 'Salade printanière, salad of vegetables, salad of prunes and cheese!' With both arms outstretched came his benediction: 'Ice cream, marmalade, biscuit Torton, and with a ringing 'Demi-tasse!' his arms fell.

Once again José Gonzales sat at the feet of Hermano Paco. A hush of expectancy hung over the throng. The gift of tongues in his disciple was the proof of the message from Heaven which the old priest was to give them. Hermano Paco rose, slowly lifting his arms. Dramatically brief was his message: Heaven had sent them an opportunity to serve its ends. In a few days would be held the election. The children of the poor would vote for the Little Brother of the Poor.

Silently Springer made his way back to his pony. Lost forever to the dining-room of the Ponce de Leon were the polyglot services of José Gonzales.

AN AVATAR AT WYKEHAM

BY CARROLL PERRY

DURING my boyhood at Wykeham the town and the gown unconsciously rested in two great principles of science. The student body was strong for conservation of energy; the village, with its hinterland, revealed the centripetal force in obedience to which cranks and odd characters were drawn irresistibly into the being of the college.

But inasmuch as Wykeham was, essentially, not an institution at all, but rather a mystical force whose projections no man could measure or delimit, it possessed a subtle attraction for many persons of the greater world outside who, though varying in type from our local oddities, yet must be put into the grand category of crank. Being a native, I was wont to flatter myself that I knew how to tell the wild ones, and the cultivated varieties as well.

It must have been during the winter term of our second year in college that my classmate John Median and I became acquainted with Mr. O'Fayne. 'Drop the Mister, my lads,' he would say, 'and call me just O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin.'

He was living at the Kellogg House, an old red rambling tavern near the head of the village street, where he had a sitting-room, an open fireplace, and an iron kettle for the heating of hot water. A stout man, with clear blue eyes and gold spectacles, he had a complexion resembling rye bread, lit up by a nose that told of rye whiskey. A marble-topped centre-table supported several volumes of Shakespeare withdrawn from the college library, and

what he called a 'Wemyss glass,' which was a graceful round goblet exceedingly thick. In this reclined a heavy silver spoon of curious shape, used for tamping down sugar and lemon. It caused him the greatest irritation if this spoon got misplaced.

It seemed to me I had never heard so rich and vibrant a voice. On Sunday afternoons while the winter snows of Berkshire were driving past the windows, and when there was no more hot water in the kettle, he would open a volume of the great Elizabethans, or a play of Shakespeare (who, by the way, was really an Irishman, according to O'Fayne), and read to us *Macbeth* or give us his favorite 'Falstaff' in a truly magnificent manner.

I had been informed on sure authority that O'Fayne made his living by writing dime novels. But I never mentioned this to John Median, for it would have broken his heart. I could hardly support the burden that I bore alone all that long winter. Our professors in the college were excellent men, but what were they when compared with O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin? Here was a sheer idealist. Here was a glorious Samson whom some Philistine publishing-house in New York was forcing to grind in tragical captivity. There was something unspeakably ignoble in this; and he so at home with the great spirits!

John Median's father was proprietor of a very prosperous clothing-store in Syracuse. He was also vice-president of the street-car company. 'Our company owns about four hundred horses,' said

John. 'Where do they all come from?' I asked. 'I don't know; from *Europe*, I think,' said John very quietly. Yet, with it all, he was simple and unpretending as a child. Also, I inquired why John never wore clothes from the family store, but patronized a very expensive tailor in New York. 'Noblesse oblige,' he answered. I did not know what this phrase meant, and I am confident John did not. I always intended to find out, in some book, the meaning of this expression, together with another word John often used, namely 'apropos,' but I never did.

On our way toward the Widow Green's, after our first visit to O'Fayne, I remarked that it seemed pretty horrible to me that a brilliant man should drink so hard.

'That's not so strange,' said John; 'he is literary. All the great writers have done their best work when thoroughly drunk.' I never contradicted John Median, for I had been brought up in a small village, while Median had lived all his life in the big world of Syracuse, and, as I have explained, was more or less in touch with Europe.

The Widow Green lived in a big white house with tall pillars, which stood beside a brook overhung by great willows. She was an adept in the subject of oyster soup; and this she dispensed in great bowls to the duly qualified, on winter nights at Wykeham. Seated by her big fireplace, the Widow knitting not far from us, we would close our eyes and grasp the fullest possible handful of so-called 'animal crackers' and deposit it in our steaming bowls of soup. I had invented this game and I still think it had human interest. A lion counted two, an elephant four, and a donkey ten. Who totaled the smaller sum paid for the soup of both. But the paying was a delicate business. One had to

leave the exact amount on the tablecloth; for the Widow Green was peculiar, and was, as she said over and over again, indifferent to money. 'I don't do this,' she would observe, 'for what there is in it. I do it as a side issue. My husband was an Advent minister.'

There were only two rules at the Widow Green's: the conversation had to be 'general,' and we had to leave at half-past ten. Many a time on moonlit winter nights, after a snowshoe tramp over the western hills, a tired procession would flop its way down through the burial ground and across the bridge, clattering the length of her front piazza, only to be met by the stern Widow at the half-opened door with 'It's quarter to eleven! Was your comin' here a programme or an afterthought?' 'Programme! Programme!' we would all shout. But she would slam the door, nevertheless.

On the evening of our first Sunday-afternoon visit to O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin, John Median was more penesive than usual. Finally he remarked: 'Here we've been a year and a half at this college, and I tell you, Commodore, we're not *getting* anything. I sort of wish, sometimes, I had gone to Cornell. Mother wanted me to.' 'Cornell!' sniffed the Widow Green as her knitting-needles clicked ominously. 'Let me tell you you're a big sight better off where you be. Mr. Median, you've got to be more *to home* in this college, and you've got to be more *re-signed*. This college, Wykeham, is like a heifer cow. Do you know how to milk, Mr. Median?' 'No, madam,' answered John, 'but I hope to learn sometime.'

'Well,' resumed the Widow, 'this college is like a heifer cow; the earnestest and the nervouser you act, the less she *gives down* to you. I have always noticed — but I prob'ly ought not to say this — that the loafers often git the most out of it.' She here looked

significantly at me. I bowed gravely. The Widow went on, 'What would you do without any mountains and brooks?'

'Brooks! Brooks!' John Median half-shouted. 'Why, at Cornell they've got a magnificent brook that flows right through the campus and makes a tremendous waterfall.'

'Yes!' answered the Widow. 'And they use it to run the college black-smith-shop! My husband had a charge in York State and I know. Them two rules I gave you, Mr. Median, are the real ones for college, and for life, too. Wherever you be, be to home; and be resigned. That's what I used to tell those two boys of my own.'

Very gently I pressed my foot upon John's, underneath the table; but I was too late.

'Where are they now?' asked Median. She rose from her chair, straightened herself, and with a rapt look of pride and dignity answered splendidly, 'Out in the world, and doing well.'

From my childhood I had remembered her excellent husband; but the two boys were wholly imaginary.

The next Sunday afternoon O'Fayne of Trinity Dublin was too ill to receive us; but on the Sunday following he was in wonderful form, though he uttered awful heresies that hurt and staggered me. John Median, on the contrary, listened with solemn approval, feeling firmly justified in his disappointment over what he was getting at Wykeham.

'T is a rare thing,' said O'Fayne, 'to find an institution that lives so completely on holy buncombe as does this one. You talk and write and sing—yes, you even pray—about these mountains; and what are they, in God's name? Windbreaks! Windbreaks! Windbreaks that shut out the real wurld and all breath of the spirit that will be blowing!'

'There's something in it,' said John.

'Something in it, you say? I tell you there's *much* in it! You boast that you have no contact with the wurld; and you think that's made up to you by another variety of small-college buncombe, namely that you *do* have grand contacts with learned professors. 'T is I myself who witnessed one of these grand contacts the other evening. I was sitting in the library of one of these great men, when a student came to the front door. The professor led him into the parlor across the hall. Awkward silence for three minutes. Finally the grand educator said, "Well, Smith, what can I do for you?" "Oh," said Smith, "nothing at all,"—the truest word he ever spoke,—"I only came to call." "Ah, that's very good," returned the professor. "I will go and summon my wife." He went into the next room and quickly reappeared with Mrs. Jones. "Mr. Smith has come to call," said he to his good wife. "We are very glad to have this call, Mr. Smith," said the admirable woman, and then, rising from her chair, she went out into the hall and led back by the hand little Susan, aged nine. "Susan," said her mother, "Mr. Smith has come to call." Susan made a very pretty curtsy, and after a minute or two went off upstairs to bed, stopping only to shout over the banisters to her older brother, "Bubbsy! Don't go into the parlor! There's a student in there making a call."

'A while longer the poor victim stayed; then Heaven opened and he escaped. The call was over. Twenty-five years from now he will return for the reunion of his class, and at the banquet he will say to them, "Fellows! I want to tell you right here and now that the best thing I got out of college was the intimate social relations with the professors, in their homes, and all."

'Now,' added O'Fayne, 'in great universities like Trinity Dublin one

cannot do this. I might say there are none of these grand contacts. Though I would make no man discontented with his college, nor stir up rebellion against Alma Mater, — 't would be a horrible sort of matricide, — yet tell me this: What kind of a home of good learning is it, when two brilliant lads like yourselves have to fly to a foreign visitor like me if you're to gain any real culture at all? Mr. Median is right. You're not getting the least crumb at Wykeham College. Don't count on it. It can never be.'

I was greatly relieved when he suddenly turned his batteries away from us poor Americans and pointed them against the English. It came about in this way.

'When I finish this bit of lemon,' said he, 'we'll talk of Biography. 'T is the finest of the arts. Did ever you read a biography?' John was painfully silent. Being an industrious youth possessed of a fine memory, he was what we called a high-stand man; but, being without curiosity and wholly devoid of imagination, he had never read any books other than textbooks.

'One of the cardinal sins of your faculty here,' O'Fayne had once told us, 'is this: they call the sinners to repentance instead of the righteous. On the one hand they let the honest cash-boys believe themselves to be great merchants of goodly pearls; and on the other, too human to be humane, they show overanxiety for keeping the black sheep and the wayward within the fold. Education it is not; 't is more like Polar Relief!'

O'Fayne now repeated his question. 'Mr. Median, did ever you read a biography?' John shook his head, so I came forward with 'I'm in the middle of one now — Dean Stanley's *Life of Arnold of Rugby*.'

'You'll not finish it!' said O'Fayne. 'And why should you? Anglican

Biography is not Biography at all; it's Necrology.'

'What does that word mean?' asked John.

'T is a fair question, Mr. Median, and a right question,' returned O'Fayne. 'I'll best answer it by saying that in all this Anglican stuff Death controls Life — the tail wags the dog. Before ever they get a man out of his short pantaloons they begin measuring him for his shroud and preparing the wake. Hundreds of them have I read. Dawn is nothing, noon is nothing, twilight is all. They're written, most of them, by widows — during the interim. I'll give you a specimen: fictitious, of course, but God's truth.' He took a few turns about the room, steadily enough, and then announced with ringing solemnity, 'Chapter Four Hundred and Nineteen. Last Illness and Death of the Bishop of Bathing Well. By His Poor Widow.'

It was the most ludicrous scene I had ever witnessed. Pulling a coverlet off his bed and throwing it around his shoulders, he began to improvise; and discarding every vestige of his rich Hibernian tone he wove the color and inflection of cloistered Anglican talk.

'It was at the end of March,' began O'Fayne, 'it was at the end of March, though Mr. Snickscythe, the surgeon (a cousin once removed of Sir Limping Snickscythe of Cowstable Haybarn), thinks it was toward the beginning of April, that the dear Bishop, who had now reached the age of ninety-four, began to feel a premonition, as it were, of leg-ache. The question was, which leg of the two was affected, the Bishop himself insisting that the whole trouble lay with the calf of the left leg. But the surgeon could not see the matter in this light, and he insisted upon performing a rather serious operation upon the ligaments of the right leg.

'That following summer the Bishop

was compelled to give up the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau, though he did manage to climb the one peak of the Pyrenees he had left unmastered. Toward autumn he turned his face toward the States for the big-game shooting, and among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana he found some additional material for his book about the Lost Tribes of Israel. His edition of Euripides was, of course, his *magnum opus*; nevertheless he wished, before his life should end, to complete his researches along these Biblical lines. This autumn he added many new items of etymology which promised to prove important. For example, in the expression "hunkatobac," in common use among the Blackfeet during certain ceremonies, he was confident he had discovered a corruption of the Latin phrase *nunc pro tunc*; and other evidences that the primitives of Montana had been subjected, early in the period of discovery, to distinctly Romanizing influences.

'But my dear husband the Bishop was growing weaker all the time; and two years from the following February, just as the extra services were coming on in Lent, he sent at last for the doctor, who had married the widow of the Dean of Hichester-Drawers, but who did not, I think, seize the Bishop's case imaginatively. "The trouble with you is, Bishop," said the doctor, "you are very old and very tough." Just seven months later, as he was riding his bicycle into Oxford, he felt that his collar was growing tight, and it is my belief'—here O'Fayne stopped and shouted 'Where are you going?'

'Evening Prayers!' we yelled from the hallway. 'Hear the Chapel bell? We're late!' And we bolted from the tavern up the village street. Toward the end of the President's long prayer, Median nudged me, and whispered, 'He has been going a long time, but how much have we gotten out of it?'

Two or three weeks later, in the midst of a blizzard of whirling snow, we trudged our way through deep drifts to the old red tavern, and found O'Fayne in a state of great exaltation. He had attended for the first time our Sunday-morning chapel-service, and his spirit fairly reeked with disgust at it all.

'I knew just what to expect,' said O'Fayne, 'for that preacher with the white vest and the grand paunch had supper here last night. I watched the man. When I saw him pour a half-pint of cream over a big piece of hot mincepie, I knew the Gospel of the Holy God was not in him.'

'Mr. O'Fayne,' interposed John Median, 'is that logical?'

'Tis not, Mr. Median,' answered O'Fayne, 'and 't is not in the race. But we have something higher than logic, and that's insight. However, I'll say this, to my sorrow, Mr. Median: that those who drink too much are always the most fierce against those that overeat. We reverse the saying of the Holy Book, for we who are born after the spirit persecute them that are born after the flesh.'

'But to go back to that sermon this morning, what a poor thing it was, and how sterile! As Mr. Median sometimes says, we were getting nothing at all. As soon as ever the preacher began about the man at the Pool of Bethesda, I could see clear to the end of his hard gravel road. So off went my mind with the same text and the same subject, "Another steppeth down before me!"

'But lads, lads! What a difference! This sermon of mine, the first that ever I made, gives the freshness of an April evening, and the real tragedy of the wurrlid. Listen awhile now. I will read it to you.'

O'Fayne took from the table some sheets of foolscap and began:—

'Commonplace minds will make little of this tale of Bethesda Pool; and

the hardy perennials of religion will find here nought but a case of good healing. Give but a name to the bodily paralysis and all the dull will be satisfied.

'Here was a man who never was healed, for he was damned from his birth. The Grand Teacher had no confidence about him, for he took pains that he rarely took, and followed the man to the Temple and gave him fair warning of the worse things that might come to him.

'Here was a man of no character, and without any germ of the same. He could look no man steady in the eye. And why do I say it? Because when first asked if he really wished to be healed he made no answer at all, but began to whine out his sad tale of hard luck. And I say he never was cured. Ten years later, when Saint Paul and Saint Barnabas came to Jerusalem with young Timothy the Greek, they found him back at the Pool again as helpless as ever he had been. He had not liked his mason-work, he said, and he had fallen into the custom of hanging around the old pool for the sake of the talk there was there.'

Here John Median interposed. 'But where do you get all this, Mr. O'Fayne? It's not in the Bible.'

For the only time that winter O'Fayne shot an impatient look at poor John and gave no heed at all to the protest.

"One day," explained the man of Bethesda to Saint Paul, "as I was standing near the Pool, something gave way in my back and I found myself just what I had been before. So once more I made my living by tips, and got my pleasure by listening to strangers who told me that despite my infirmity I had a mind of great brilliance."

"This is interesting!" said Timothy, but the Great Apostle turned to Barnabas and declared it was the most disgusting sight he had ever seen in his

life. "However," said Paul, "we need not worry about his going to Hell!" "Why is that?" laughed the young Greek. "Because," answered the apostle, "he is there already."

Suddenly O'Fayne stopped. Then a strange thing happened. Without any warning, without any reason, he broke down and cried like a little boy.

John Median and I were aghast. Then I made a quick sign and we stole down the stairs.

That was the last time we ever saw him, for two days later when we called he had gone! We asked the innkeeper in a startled way where O'Fayne had vanished. 'EAST,' he half-shouted, 'and thank God!' Our host took a jackknife from his trousers-pocket, impaled the butt of his cigar on one of the lesser blades, and added, 'But I'll say this, — and I won't go back on it in no way, shape, manner, form, or degree, — he paid me his bill. And that bill has been runnin' for a consid'erable spell.'

We left him there in his mean little office as the darkness settled down, and I remember thinking how keenly that weed, almost consumed, must have felt the sharpness of the knife-blade.

On our way to the Widow's neither John nor I spoke. We sat down, and the silly little game was a draw; no lions, no elephants, just a donkey apiece. 'John,' said I finally, 'what do you suppose O'Fayne was — I mean, what was he really?'

'I think,' answered John, 'he was an Irish lord.'

'But in the books,' said I, 'Irish lords are always borrowing money.'

'That's why I think he was one!' replied Median.

'Great Scott!' I cried out in startled thrift, 'you don't mean to say that you — how much?'

John looked around cautiously, and then answered, in that quiet gentlemanly voice, 'Four hundred and fifty.'

RUSSIA, WITHOUT PREJUDICE

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

I

EVERYONE knows the type of man who pays a short visit to some country new to him and comes back posing as an authority upon it. In England that type of person is most conspicuously represented by the politician who goes to India for two or three months in the cold weather and then comes back and in the House of Commons lays down the law upon Indian affairs in the presence of administrators who have had a lifelong experience of the country. My visit to Russia was short and left me with a full realization of the fact that the problems there arisen for solution far transcended my powers of understanding. I have nothing, therefore, to say about the Russian Revolution, about the men that it brought into power, about their theories of government and economics, or about the future of the new experiments there being tried. On the other hand a visitor, like any other newcomer, is able to derive a first impression, and if his stay is very short he carries that first impression away with him as a clear and distinct thing, a thing clear and distinct in exactly the same proportion in which it is shallow and limited; yet a first impression has a value of its own and may be worth putting on record.

It is within the experience of all of us, who have heard much about some prominent person before the opportunity of actually meeting him in the flesh arises, that when the day comes and we encounter him in the flesh we may

receive a sudden and very definite impression of his personality and one which in no wise squares with what we had expected. Maturer knowledge often reveals that the first impression contained elements of truthful appreciation which long experience ultimately confirmed. As it is with men, so may it be with cities or countries. Who that has been there does not remember his first impression of Venice—or, for that matter, of London or New York? And that first impression may and often does remain a dominant and truthful factor in his idea of the place.

The reader will, therefore, be prepared to expect from me no mature judgment about Russia and the Russians, nor indeed any judgment at all; but only an account, as truthful as I can make it, of the way Russia a few months ago impressed a visitor who went there intending to maintain an entirely impartial attitude of observation. I went to Russia, in fact, almost formally, and certainly honorably, pledged to maintain that attitude. For I had asked for and received an invitation from the Soviet Government to visit Russia for a single and definite purpose, and that was to examine and report upon the condition of works of art in that country. It had been promiscuously stated in all sorts of journals and other publications that the art treasures of Russia had suffered some such damage and destruction as overtook the treasures of France in the

great Revolution. Many usually well-informed persons thought that the pictures in the Hermitage Gallery, in so far as they had not been destroyed, were in danger of dispersal; that the crown jewels had been scattered all over the earth; that the treasures of the ecclesiastical foundations had been melted down and sold; and, generally speaking, that the great reservoir of ancient treasure which Russia was known to have contained was heavily depleted.

Obviously I could expect to be shown what I desired to see only if I kept free from political intrigue. I therefore made it a rule to talk politics to no one, to make no inquiries about the economic situation, and to repel all confidences that might be thrust upon me. It was, of course, understood that I might use my eyes and draw my own conclusions from what I saw; indeed, before I left, formal permission was given me so to do. I am not going to avail myself of it for propaganda purposes; neither shall I endeavor to fix upon any individual or group responsibility for the misfortunes of the country.

A terrific upheaval had taken place, an upheaval which affected the life and fortunes of every inhabitant of Russia. Private property had been destroyed. There had been fighting in streets and palaces; houses had been burned; the whole structure of society had been changed. It was only natural to expect that precious objects large and small would have passed through perilous times. What I found was that, by some concatenation of circumstances which I can neither define nor account for, almost everything of historic and artistic value had passed through this revolution furnace unscathed. A good many private houses and especially country houses had been looted, but they seem to have contained nothing

which the historian of Art would consider to be of great value. Some unrecognized treasure may thus have vanished; but looting did much less harm where private property had ceased to exist, and where the acquisition of valuable objects was not only prohibited but rendered almost impossible, than would have been the case in any other country. If a man looted a picture or some other valuable thing and carried it home with him, he was just as incapable of retaining possession of it as its original owner, for every private house, almost every room, in the cities of Russia was examined, and everything of any value was confiscated and carried to some place of assemblage.

The only museum of importance which fell into the hands of the mob for a time and suffered irreparable damage was the Treasury of the Metropolitan at Moscow. The Treasury contained a great deal of valuable plate, jeweled icons, books in golden bindings, and wonderful embroideries. Certainly some of these things suffered. The half of one golden book-binding had passed through the melting-pot before the other half was rescued. I cannot say how far destruction went on that occasion, but it had nothing whatever to do with the Bolsheviks. The destruction was wrought by the mob, and the Government troops were instantly employed to terminate the looting and protect the residue. All the other museums, so far as I could observe or learn, remained intact. So did all the royal palaces of the Emperor and the houses of the aristocracy. In Leningrad the houses of the Yusupofs, Shuvalovs, and Strogonovs, with everything remaining within them, were converted into museums, and several other important houses containing art treasures could be turned into museums if the Government had the funds to maintain them. All the palaces are in like condition,

and there is no sign in any of them of the hectic hours when their fate was in the balance. The Kremlin was bombarded, but I could see no trace of damage done, though of course a good many of its halls and chambers were inaccessible to me, being at the time occupied as Government offices and the residences of officials.

I need not delay over this part of my subject, for all that I have to say about it has been told at length in my recently published book, *Art Treasures of Soviet Russia*. The purpose of the present article is not to cover any of the ground described in that book, but to supplement that inquiry which was the principal object of my journey with some account of the surface appearance of things as beheld by an intelligent traveler.

II

On journeying toward Russia nothing surprised me more than the total ignorance about it that I found among all people with whom I came in contact; and nowhere was this ignorance more abysmal than in Berlin. The tourist-agency offices there did not even know at what hour or on what day of the week trains ran to Moscow. It was not until I reached Warsaw that I could obtain even such rudimentary information. In Poland again most of the information I received about Russia proved to be false. I was told that the moment I crossed the frontier I should find a total change in the aspect of the country. I expected to behold farms abandoned, farm-buildings fallen into disrepair, fields unploughed, and so forth. In point of fact, there was no difference in the aspect of the agriculture on different sides of the frontier. Naturally one can judge but little by looking out of the window of a railway train, but

what I did see was farms apparently well tended and quite a number of new farm-buildings recently erected or actually in process of erection. I do not cite this as any proof of the general condition of agriculture in Russia or of the condition of the country as a whole, but merely as an example of the false information which one receives. Before I left Russia I came to one broad conclusion — not to believe anything I was told on either side and to regard with common suspicion the statements both of the supporters and of the enemies of the present régime.

What I gained or lost by the fact that I had never been in Russia before the war I am unable to say. On the one hand I cannot make comparisons which no doubt would have been interesting, but on the other hand neither was my observation clouded by memories of the past. I was able to look at the phantasmagoria of the moment with perfect detachment and to confine my attention to the things seen with no bias resulting from the things remembered. Thus on arriving in Moscow I was not struck, as are those who knew it in the old days, by the complete change in the aspect of the streets. Gone, I am told, is all the ancient picturesqueness of attire of the various races that here met and mingled together. Gone is every bit of aristocratic display. The tide of humanity flows through the streets in as full a flood as ever, perhaps fuller, for Moscow has now become the capital of Russia and the seat of its government. What everybody most notices is not the diversity but the uniformity of the people in the streets. Now and again you may meet a man with the appearance of a gentleman, and very much more rarely you may meet a lady, but practically the entire throng as I beheld it consisted of working people or people disguised as such. Whereas in England

and America the working classes tend to approximate in attire and manners to the upper classes, in Russia the force of circumstances and the intention of the Government tend to lower the standard of living and to depress all alike to the working-class level. As I said to a Soviet official, 'You are trying to arrive at equality by making everyone a wage-earner. We want to arrive at the same result by making every workingman a duke.'

It is a little difficult to convey to a reader the depressing aspect of the streets of Moscow and Leningrad, not so much because of the men, but because of the absence of women with any kind of taste in their dress. I do not think I saw out of doors above half-a-dozen women who were nicely, though simply, dressed; in their case it was evident that they had been the architects of their own clothes and were displaying their own taste. The number of vehicles in the streets was not inconsiderable. Trams were numerous and crowded, and apparently the tramway system was working well. There were generally one or two motor-cars in sight, but I think they were all official conveyances. One-horse carriages were plying for hire in considerable number. The drivers were mostly thieves!

I can speak of the railways only so far as my own journeyings carried me. The weekly train from Warsaw to Moscow had comfortable though not exactly luxurious sleeping-berths, and the same was true of the train which ran, certainly more than once a week, possibly every day, between Moscow and Leningrad. They traveled at a good pace, kept up to time, and there was nothing to complain of in the service as far as it went. Those trains in which I made shorter journeys, distances of fifty miles or so round the two big cities, were certainly far from luxurious. They consisted solely of third-

class carriages with plain wooden seats; and not only was every seat taken, but standing-room was also crowded from one end of the train to the other. The carriages were scrupulously clean, and I was struck by the cleanliness of the people against whom I was pretty tightly packed. The German custom-house officer who found packages of Keating's and other insecticides in my luggage, and asked what they were, said to me, 'You will want them all,' but as a matter of fact I never wanted them at all. I cannot say anything about the condition of the country, but as far as the towns are concerned cleanliness has certainly been attained. The streets are well swept, and the result has evidently been arrived at by a definite and well-maintained policy.

Moscow and Leningrad struck me broadly as rather dilapidated stage-scenery might strike one in an empty theatre. There was all the setting for a distinguished society, but the setting was out of repair and the distinction was gone. After all, distinction is the final flower of civilization. The country without distinction is a body without a soul. I do not for a moment suggest that after an enormous revolution, when the whole foundations of society have been broken up and when the future exists only in embryo, an embryo too small to be discovered by the naked eye, it would have been possible for distinction to be arrived at. What the future of Russia may be one hundred years hence no one knows. It may have created an entirely new social structure and arrived at a distinction of a new character. At present the old distinction is gone and nothing has arisen to take its place. Here are the palaces of the Tsars, with their enormous wealth of equipment, splendid tapestries, rare furniture, magnificent services of plate, and fine pictures. Here are the houses of the great aristocrats of the past,

rivaling in splendor the palaces of the Emperor. Here are the wide streets, intended to display fine equipages and with open spaces for ceremonial occasions. Here are the gilded domes of many churches, great museums, public offices, and all the rest. Here too are historical monuments, some of them of considerable antiquity, redolent of history. And all these things are but the empty shell of a dead organism.

Thus there arises in the visitor a sense of desolation, a desolation such as one feels in the streets of Pompeii or Timgad; and this sense of desolation grows from day to day and from week to week; nor as yet is it in any considerable degree counterbalanced by any sense of hope of a new world that must some day come in Russia as after the French Revolution it arose in France. Believing as I do in the future of every great people, confident as I am that Russia must rearise from her ashes to a future greatness of some new sort, I yet was unable in the brief time at my disposal to discover the vital germ of a new civilization. Perhaps it is too soon to look for it. Certainly it is too soon for a passing stranger to find it.

The sense of death is most powerfully felt in Leningrad. In Moscow every house is occupied and all damage that the Revolution may have caused has been repaired, but in Leningrad the population is greatly diminished. The whole aristocratic quarter of the town is irreparably damaged. Grass grows in some of the streets, and what at first looked like the façades of stately houses is discovered on closer approach to be nothing but walls behind which are interiors gutted by fire or destroyed by pillage; nor is there any reason, so far as I can see, why these streets of houses fashioned for habitation by the wealthy should ever be repaired. The population of Leningrad is not likely to increase much; the falling-off of manu-

factures has diminished the working-class population, while the removal of the capital to Moscow has lessened by tens of thousands the official and bureaucratic classes.

As you pass through the country around the two great cities you see many factory chimneys, but few of them smoking. In England the Labor Party is always eloquent about the vast trade that might be done with Russia if only our Government would promote closer economic relations with the Soviet. I can speak of this with no authority, but I derived an impression, which the study of statistics since published tends to confirm, that manufacture in Russia is carried on at a loss and that capital invested in the making of commodities results in the production of an output which costs more to make than it can replace by sale. If this observation is correct, and if the Bolshevik theory is to be maintained in practice for any considerable length of time, it seems to follow that as the years go on the manufacturing towns of Russia will atrophy, and the drift, already observable, of population from the towns into the country will become more marked and the towns will be continuously depleted of folk. If events turn out thus, the Russia of the future will be a great country of peasant proprietors, working on the land, and the towns will be nothing but market places for the sale of their produce and the supply of their small necessities of life.

III

The reader will understand that I make no claim to have arrived at conclusions which amount to more than a very scanty hypothesis. I may be utterly wrong, but my opinion, for its small worth, is that the seeds of a counter-revolution do not exist. The pre-Revolution Russia, as depicted by

its best writers, was run by a very ineffective and unenterprising bureaucracy. Their complete failure to uphold their power in the face of a revolutionary body, insignificant in number and for the most part intellectually ill equipped, gives little promise of a reaction led by the same people.

I think the origin of the change that has taken place lay very deep in the heart of Russia. Up to the time of Peter the Great, Russia was developing a civilization of her own. In so far as any of its factors arose out of the ancient world, they were either Byzantine or Asiatic. That civilization, if it had been left alone, would have developed on its own lines and would have grown into something different from anything the world has elsewhere to show. But its growth was suddenly stopped; by the forceful personality of Peter the Great it was given an entirely new orientation. Peter the Great, Catherine II, and later Tsars imposed upon Russia the civilization of Europe, and for upward of a century the four or five million people who floated upon the surface of the great sea of Russian peasantry lived a denationalized life which had its roots, not in the soil of their own country, but in the upper classes of Europe. The Revolution put an end to that régime. Whatever Russia becomes in the future, whatever civilization or social structure Russia develops, will not be in any sense European. She will not look West for inspiration. She will not follow Western precedents. She will go her own way, and I have no doubt that great results will follow.

What is going on now is mainly destruction. The whole aim of the Soviet Government is to destroy the traditions of the pre-war civilization. The process is a terrible one. The Government has closed the universities to the children

of bourgeois parents and opened them only to the offspring of wage-earners. If this process can be drastically carried out and consistently maintained, the children of the upper and middle classes will become day laborers and the professional classes will consist entirely of the children of the workingman. Imagine that process continued throughout a generation and you will see how deep a gulf will lie between the past and the future. Obviously in such circumstances it is impossible for anyone to prophesy the outcome.

Perhaps I should have mentioned that Lenin, by endeavoring to impose upon the Russian people the theories of Karl Marx, was in fact making the mistake that had been made by Peter the Great. He was endeavoring to construct a Russian civilization in accordance with German theories, and his failure was due to that fact. So long as the Soviet authority attempts to rule the Russian people according to theories which do not take their origin in the soil, and which are not in accordance with the national character, just so long will the birth of the new Russia be delayed.

Every civilization that has attained to stability and has produced an outcome of value to the world has been one that spontaneously arose out of the people. The idea that you can impose upon any people a system of government, and still more a social structure, which has been elsewhere and by other races developed is fallacious. One hears it suggested that experiments in government by one people will be of value to other peoples. Thus the Federal Democracy of the United States has been a great and successful experiment, but it has been successful because it was suited to the people settled in a vast and prolific country capable of enormous exploitation and full of natural wealth. The success of the experiment

in no way proves that the same constitution would be of any value to another race living under other conditions of climate, soil, and geographical position. The same thing is true of the British Constitution. The success the people of Great Britain have had in managing their affairs under a constitution that changes with the centuries with almost the variability of their own climate in no wise proves that a similar constitution would be of any value to other races. Thus the attempt to endow Oriental peoples with constitutions based upon voting has so far proved an absolute failure; only a few doctrinaires believe that Egypt or India can ever successfully govern itself with a machine constructed on British principles.

Even if Russia were to make a success of what is called 'Communism,' that would be no reason for believing that Communism would be a suitable form of government for other folk. The future form of government of Russia when she attains stability, prosperity, and local happiness will be a form which no one can foresee. It will arise by the application of the forces of nature to the immense human organism that grows upon her soil, and will be something different from what the world has ever known. I am one of those who believe that the germ of this future organism is alive and is growing, but I am bound to admit that my belief has very little of definite observation at its root. The States of Europe were moulded by Christianity, those of the middle East were moulded by the religion of Islam. Bolshevism possesses many of the qualities of a religion and it is those qualities which will prove to be its vital moulding forces.

IV

An illustrative parallel may be drawn between the growth and spread of

Bolshevism and of Christianity. Bolshevism took its origin in Lenin, who was a man of enormous force, a man who imposed himself with overwhelming power upon the imagination of those who came under his influence. He surrounded himself with a small group of followers whose faith in him was unlimited. His vitality survives him. It may well be that a thousand years hence he will be as vivid a personality as is Mohammed to-day. However hateful we may think his theories, however we may revolt against his personality, however we may lament the cruelties that accompanied the movement which he led, we cannot deny that he possessed a power, diabolic if you wish to call it so, which as a personal force has been possessed by few men in the history of the world. He impressed himself, rather than his theories, upon his immediate followers. You may call them, if you please, the apostles of his religion. They attracted and organized the support of a larger body of adherents and they obtained control over the destinies of Russia. Thus was formed the 'Party,' which consists of some three hundred thousand individuals, corresponding to the Early Church. The creed of that party is in process of definition. Assemblages of its representatives meet from time to time, discuss, and decide upon this and the other principle. Once a decision has been arrived at, it is like the decisions of the religious councils of the Early Church. It becomes an article of faith, which must be accepted, and all those who do not accept it are in the position of heretics. Outside of what has thus been defined, differences of opinion are allowed and are even favored, but with a view to ultimate settlement and incorporation in the orthodox faith.

Thus there is growing up a body of dogma which by analogy I am calling

the Bolshevik Church. Behind this body of dogma there is the passionate faith of the Party, which controls Russia just as the Church controlled the Christian world after the days of Constantine the Great. But just as the enthusiastic believers among Christians at that time were but a small proportion of the population, and there survived among the masses of the people a great deal of paganism, so now the mass of the Russian people is but slightly impregnated with Bolshevik doctrines. This mass, however, is practically inert and is little likely in the near future to generate a rival faith able to threaten Bolshevism.

If what I have said is in any way true, it follows that it is foolish to expect any voluntary abandonment of propaganda on the part of the Bolsheviks. In practice they may in time come to discover that their faith finds no acceptance among their peoples. Up to the present day, Islam is in theory as propagandist as it was in the days of Mohammed. Christians, so long as they believe in their religion, will never cease their attempts to spread it. It is indeed the necessary characteristic of any living faith that it endeavors to spread. If the Christian churches ceased to send forth missionaries it would be a proof that the hold of Christianity upon its adherents had practically failed. In so far, therefore, as Bolshevism possesses the qualities of a religion, it must be propagandist. The rest of the world, if it desires to maintain its freedom from Bolshevism, must do so, not by obtaining promises of quiescence from the Bolsheviks, but by maintaining among its own people a lively faith in its own institutions. The Russian Government might promise to abstain from propaganda and, as a Government, it might fulfill that promise, but that would have no practical result, because the body that

corresponds to the Bolshevik Church — that is to say, the Community of the Faithful — cannot in fact be restrained by the Russian Government. That Community does not draw its life from the Government, but the Soviet authority draws its life from the Community.

Herein, in fact, lies the peril of Bolshevism for the more advanced societies of the civilized world. Bolshevism may be compared to a low organism, a kind of cancer, which if it once gets into the system is liable to eat up and destroy the more complex organisms on which it grows. So long as other countries are living vigorous and healthy national lives, they are capable of resisting the attack of this low organism; but if there were to be a country which contained among the mass of its people a considerable body of folk of a low type living under bad conditions, and sundered by class and even racial differences from the healthy mass of the people, Bolshevism might quite easily fasten upon that group or class and might thence spread and destroy the whole social structure, in the end extirpating a much higher civilization. Though Bolshevism, coming thus as a disease among the superior peoples of the West, might be productive of the most terrible results, it does not follow that in Russia, among the very backward people that produced it, it might not prove to be the beginning of a reorganization of the people. In Russia some sound polity may grow out of it, which will ultimately organize that vast population into a coherent whole.

Let the reader, however, make no mistake. I am not an apologist for Bolshevism. I am not an admirer of it. I am merely an observer endeavoring impartially to look at the present and to reach out toward the future, firmly convinced that only those forces in a

movement can be productive of undying results which are based upon fundamental human qualities. Whatever is contrary to sound humanity must sooner or later come to nothing. If in the turmoil of the Russian Revolution and the emergence of Bolshevism there exist any germs of truth, they will manifest themselves in process of time.

The forces of nature and of humanity will suffice, if left alone, to destroy the evil that no doubt exists alongside the good. All that the world has to do is to stand aside and leave Russia to work out her own salvation, seeing to it, each nation for itself, that it preserves its own people in sound national health and contentment.

AFTER CAVALRY—WHAT?

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

AUGUST 9, 378 A.D.

A SULTRY summer day on the plains of Adrianople; two armies engaged in desperate struggle—one the shield and symbol of Roman imperial power, the other the embodiment of the Barbarian challenge to Rome's sovereignty.

The Emperor Valens—confident in the superiority of the Roman legion, through long centuries the 'queen of battle' and with all the traditions of a thousand victorious fields behind it—had marched out from the shelter of Adrianople's walls that morning to attack the army of the Goths under their famous leader Fritigern. The moment was inopportune to the Goths, for the main body of their cavalry was away foraging at a distance. With a craft worthy of the Byzantine Emperors later, or of Kutusoff before Austerlitz, Fritigern employed an embassy to gain time for the recall of his cavalry. The parley proving fruitless, the Roman army developed a strong attack on the Goths' position. The scales of victory hung in the balance, when suddenly a cloud of dust appeared in the distance,

growing rapidly larger and nearer until it materialized as the mass of the Gothic cavalry. Riding straight to the battlefield, the flying squadrons of Alatheus and Safrax charged like a thunderbolt against the flank of the imperial army.

'Two of Valens' squadrons, which covered the flank of his array, threw themselves in the way of the oncoming mass, and were ridden down and trampled under foot. The Goths swept down on the infantry of the left wing, rolled it up, and drove it in upon the centre. So tremendous was the impact that the legions and cohorts were pushed together in helpless confusion . . . in a press that grew closer every moment. The Roman cavalry saw that the day was lost and rode off without another effort; then the abandoned infantry realized the horror of their position; equally unable to deploy or to fly, they had to stand to be cut down. . . . Into this quivering mass the Goths rode, plying sword and lance against the helpless enemy. It was not till two thirds of the Roman army had fallen that the thinning of the ranks enabled a few thousand men to break out.'

When the sun went down that evening on the corpse-piled battlefield of Adrianople, it set also on the great Roman Empire, for, though the twilight was to be prolonged for several centuries, the spell that Rome had cast upon the Western world was shattered. The end was postponed by taking the Barbarians into partnership; henceforth the Emperor might be senior partner or sleeping partner in the firm, according to his ability and circumstances, but he was never again to exercise the sway of earlier days. As a military disaster to the Roman arms Adrianople finds its one counterpart in Cannæ, but its political significance is far greater.

It is, too, as great a landmark in military as in world history. For nearly six centuries, since Zama and Cynoscephalæ, the Roman infantry had been the dominant factor in warfare, its legions instrument and token of world power.

On the ninth of August, 378 A.D., the sun set on the supremacy of infantry, the glory of the legions was buried under the heaps of the slain, and the age of cavalry was ushered in. It was to last for nearly a thousand years — until the Swiss pikemen at Laupen and the English bowmen at Cressy reversed the balance.

AUGUST 8, 1918 A.D.

Another summer day, on the banks of the Somme in front of Amiens; again the fearful clash of two armies — one the weapon of Imperial Germany in her bid for world supremacy, the other the shield and symbol of outraged civilization in defense of her liberty. In her army Germany possesses a superbly trained instrument that reminds us of the Roman legions. For half a century her arms have been the menace of the modern world and, in tactical efficiency at least, have maintained the traditions of 1866 and 1870.

During four years her machine-gunners, heirs of the Roman legionaries, have defied all the efforts of orthodox tactics to overthrow them, exacting as the price of any gain a cost in Allied lives out of all proportion to the barren results.

The foresight and insight of a small group of men, helped by the practical mechanical aptitude of a few more, had provided us with a new weapon — the tank, originally intended purely as an antidote to the German machine-guns and trenches. The obstacles and delays these pioneers met with are now part of history. Even when the tank emerged into being, for more than a year its advantages were lost, used in dribbles or frittered away in the bogs of Flanders, — ground essentially unsuitable to its limitations, — until at Cambrai, in November 1917, its correct tactical employment was at last appreciated by authority, as distinct from its originators.

The story of 1918 is too recent history to need much repetition. The Allied armies, reeling under a series of onslaughts, were still 'with their backs to the wall' when the counterstroke of July 18 came to their relief. Even so, it seemed to an anxious waiting world that the scales still hung trembling in the balance. Hope was revived, but, even if the best befell, all felt that the path to victory must be long and arduous; none assuredly was vouchsafed a vision of what was to come about in three brief months.

The curtain fell and remained down for some weeks while the world waited expectant for the next act of the drama; only a privileged few were allowed behind the scenes. Then, in the early hours of August 8, the blow fell — the German machine-gunners were overrun and slaughtered by the charge of British tanks, almost as helplessly as their forerunners at Adrianople, exactly fifteen hundred and forty years

before. Let the story be epitomized in the words of the enemy, of Ludendorff himself: 'August 8 was the black day of the German Army in the history of the war. . . . The divisions in line allowed themselves to be completely overwhelmed. Divisional staffs were surprised in their headquarters by enemy tanks.'

The victorious method of August 8 was repeated and repeated, in essentials at least, during a brief and glorious 'hundred days,' until the German power and will to resist was broken. On this last phase the verdict of Ludendorff is: 'Mass attacks by tanks and artificial fog remained hereafter our most dangerous enemies.'

I

In this historical parallel between the ninth of August, 378 A.D., and the eighth of August, 1918 A.D., lies, it is claimed, the clue to the stalemate of the Western Front in the Great War, to the four years' stagnation of trench-warfare which was both the outstanding feature and the dominating factor of the world conflict on land. The rival armies were as powerless to shake free from the toils of the trenches as were often the actual men from the clinging mud of those same trenches. During those four years, offensive after offensive was staged and launched on either side, desperate and costly assaults hurled against the trench-barriers — to gain a few square miles, or less, of desolated, useless ground at the price of scores of thousands of lives, the losses of the self-acclaimed victors far exceeding those of the side which yielded these barren acres.

A school of thought has arisen in Europe since the war, — Jean de Pierrefeu is the best-known example, — which draws from these futile assaults of 1914-1918 the lesson that 'the offensive' is inherently faulty as a form

of action. The eagerness of many of them, especially in France, to find any stick with which to beat the pre-war dog — the rival school which formed the entourage of Joffre and dictated the extreme offensive strategy of 1914 — makes them overlook the *reductio ad absurdum* to which a general acceptance of the offensive-defensive doctrine leads us.

It was not the principle of the offensive which was at fault, but the methods by which the general staffs tried to carry it into effect. Worst of all was their failure to grasp that the development of modern weapons had made war lopsided, and that until this lopsidedness was remedied not only were all offensives doomed to sputter out in a welter of useless bloodshed, but no decision could be possible save by the slow and mutually suicidal method of attrition.

The Russo-Japanese War gave us a foretaste of the stagnation of 1914-1918, but the lesson was lost on the general staffs of the world, who continued to develop the effect and range of weapons without troubling about their mobility, lacking which the offensive power of weapons merely stultifies itself. Thus does the technical study of a profession tend to blind men to its broader aspects, losing sight of the wood for the trees. Yet to any intelligent man, soldier or civilian, with a bare knowledge of the history of warfare, the lopsided nature of twentieth-century armies, its cause, and its inevitable consequence, should have been apparent.

The conduct of war, as distinct from its technical details, is a matter of pure common-sense, and throughout military history the hallmark of the great captains has been that they stripped the art of war of the entwining coils of professional custom and prejudice that habitually spring up in each era like

ivy until they suffocate and drain the sap from the tree of common-sense action. All fighting, whether a street scrap between two corner boys or *la grande guerre*, is in essentials the same, and to clear our vision of the undergrowth of custom and technicality we do well at intervals to go back and study war in its simplest form. In a bout of fisticuffs, a man leads off with one fist, in order to fix his opponent's attention and engage his resources, and then delivers the knock-out blow with his other fist.

The essence of these tactics is that the enemy is attacked from two directions practically at the same moment, so that in parrying the one he exposes himself to the other. Here in a nutshell is the ruling formula of all tactics, great or small—that of fixing combined with decisive manœuvre. That is, while one limb of the force fixes the enemy, pinning him to the ground and absorbing his attention and reserves, the other limb strikes at a vulnerable and exposed point—usually the flank or line of retreat and communications in war, just as it is the chin or solar plexus in boxing. If we read military history we find that this convergent attack from two directions simultaneously was the master key used by all the great artists of war, as distinguished from the mere artisan generals who relied on 'push of pike' and sheer weight of assault.

Right through the ages, however, so long as armies moved and fought as a whole, uniting before action and drawing up in a definite order of battle, this convergent attack was purely a battlefield manœuvre obtained by overlapping one or more of the enemy's flanks, or occasionally by placing a fraction of the force in readiness just beyond the flank of the army. Save for exceptional instances, the product of circumstances rather than deliberate

design, the strategic convergence was unknown before Napoleon, and is the latter's supreme contribution to the art of war. The far-flung strategic movements of Jenghiz Khan and Sabutai in the thirteenth century were undiscovered by students of war until recent years, and so have no place in the evolution of warfare among the European nations. In the strategic convergence two or more forces, or fractions of the army, converge on the enemy from distant points—the movements perhaps beginning long before, when the location of the eventual battlefield is no more than a shadowy idea in the mind of the commander-in-chief. In this connection the Battle of Adrianople has a special interest, for we may there see in embryo a limited strategic convergence. Though the division of the Gothic Army, and the fact that the cavalry of Alatheus and Safrax were at a distance, were due to the exigencies of forage and not to design, it is curious that the dramatic success of this convergence from outside the battlefield arena evoked no echo in the military thought of the time, or of subsequent centuries.

But the tactical use of the convergent attack may be traced in nearly every famous victory throughout history, and we find almost invariably that the infantry is the arm used for fixing the enemy and the cavalry for the decisive manœuvre—because of its natural suitability for rapid outflanking movements, the devastating momentum developed during its charge, and the demoralizing influence its furious onset inspires in exhausted or shaken troops.

To Alexander belongs the credit of developing this wise application of the law of economy of force, and from Alexander at Granicus to Hannibal at Cannæ and Scipio at Zama we see the employment of cavalry for the decisive

blow. Then for some centuries came the reign of the legions, with cavalry filling a comparatively minor rôle. By the highly developed skill of the legions the flanking action of cavalry was frustrated, as may be observed in Cæsar's tactics at Pharsalia. The reign of infantry continued, save for intermittent checks, until Adrianople, which, as we have noted, forced its abdication in favor of cavalry. Then for a thousand years cavalry was supreme and infantry became a mere accessory, to garrison towns or to operate in broken and hilly country. The decay of infantry was so marked that cavalry could ride it down by a direct charge and there was no need for tactical skill, nor in truth did it exist. This epoch was the Dark Ages of the art of war, as well as of European civilization.

With the growth of feudal chivalry, the mail-clad knight or man-at-arms was omnipotent against the raw, poorly armed levies, raised in emergency, who constituted the only infantry. Guarded by his armor, endowed with mobility through his horse, and producing tremendous hitting-power for shock action in his spear and sword, thus combining in himself all three elements, he was able to ride down the infantry levies with impunity. For the time he was indeed an ideal fighting instrument, lacking only tactical skill. It was this deficiency which brought about his downfall almost as much as any counter-measures. He had not the knowledge and insight to warn him against the increasing tendency to sacrifice mobility for protection, by a constant augmentation of his armor, nor to apprise himself of his own limitations and dissuade him from frontal attacks over unsuitable ground against strongly posted infantry.

The discovery of these limitations in the fourteenth century, against the Swiss pikemen and against the English

archers at Cressy, came as such a shock that he swung to the opposite extreme and discarded the mobility which was his supreme asset. Thus was seen the absurdity of Poitiers, with its dismounted cavalry masses hardly able to advance because of the weight of their armor, a dense and immobile target for the English bowmen.

With the introduction of firearms came a still further negation of the true cavalry doctrine, the squadrons riding up to the enemy's line, discharging their pistols, and then wheeling. The cavalry tactics of the sixteenth century were for the mounted arm to rely on its rudimentary firearms, as if in feeble imitation of the Mongol horse-archers of Sabutai, instead of on the shock of the charge.

To Gustavus Adolphus is due the credit of introducing into modern war the true tactics of cavalry and of combining the action of the two arms as had Alexander, Hannibal, and Scipio. Thus it is that we see, again, infantry fixing the enemy and cavalry for the decisive manœuvre, in such famous examples as Cromwell at Naseby, Condé at Rocroi, Frederick—or rather, perhaps, Seydlitz—at Zorndorf, Napoleon at Dresden, Wellington at Salamanca.

The renaissance of cavalry in modern history was a revival of the characteristics of the era of Alexander and Hannibal, rather than of the cycle opening with Adrianople, for infantry, being now equipped with firearms and supported by artillery, was able to hold its own. It was perhaps fortunate for it that while these new weapons were in their infancy cavalry tactics were lacking in vigor and speed, and the progressive revival of cavalry shock-action coincided with a steady improvement in firearms, so that infantry was generally able to resist the onslaught, except when shaken or caught in disorder.

Unhappily for cavalry, also, its possibilities of tactical progress were necessarily more limited than the mechanical possibilities of firearms, and in actual fact reached their zenith while the flintlock musket was still the staple infantry-weapon. Then in the middle of the last century came the invention and general adoption of the breech-loading rifle and the Minié elongated bullet, and the increased accuracy and deadliness of infantry weapons soon brought about the virtual extinction of the cavalry charge.

But a traditional reluctance to face new facts delayed the general recognition of this truth. In 1870 the success of the Uhlans as a protective screen and for reconnaissance obscured both the rarity of offensive cavalry-action and the disastrous results of the few charges that were made, such as at Worth and Vionville. Clear thinking would have distinguished between the separate rôles of guarding and hitting—the latter of which was no longer feasible.

Finally, with the twentieth century, came the machine-gun and the automatic rifle, and with them the definite and complete disappearance from the battlefield of the cavalry charge.

II

The action of cavalry was vital to the functioning of the body military, and, when it ceased to work, warfare became stagnant.

To grasp the reason of this we have but to dissect war in terms of its three basic elements—guarding, moving, and hitting. The keynote of cavalry and its essential value have always lain in its mobility. In the first place this mobility has made it the best instrument to reconnoitre and to gain information about the enemy and his movements, and to form a protective screen at a

distance from the main forces. This form may be termed guarding-mobility. Modern invention has, however, given us in the aeroplane an instrument immensely faster, possessing a far greater range both of movement and of observation, and untrammelled by surface obstacles, because flying above them—but, by reason of this, unable to carry out such a thorough and detailed reconnaissance as can a cavalryman who moves along the ground.

By the universal consent of all general staffs, aircraft have replaced cavalry as the means of distant reconnaissance, leaving to cavalry the duty of close reconnaissance and acting as a protective screen within a short radius of the main forces, supplemented, however, by armored cars on the roads. It is possible that even this rôle may eventually be taken over by light tanks, cross-country cars carrying lightly equipped infantry, or scouts mounted on tractorized motor-cycles. But this time is not yet, and must depend on mechanical improvements, though it may be hastened by the rapid disappearance of the horse from civil transportation.

In the second place comes the mobility of cavalry for strategic movements, a means by which a commander could transfer part of his strength from one point to another to effect an unexpected concentration of force at some vital spot. Even in the past the value of cavalry was hardly distinguishable from that of mounted infantry in this respect, and now the development of railway and motor transport for troop movements has practically replaced them for this function, save in desert or undeveloped lands. Even in the latter the cross-country car threatens their position, if we may judge by the French exploits in Morocco and the Sahara.

Finally there is hitting-mobility,—

that used for direct offensive action, — which lies in the impetus of attack and demoralizing effect given by speed of onslaught. This has been the rôle of heavy cavalry, as distinct from the early dragoons and their successors, mounted infantry. In the cavalry charge has rested the supreme value of this arm. From Adrianople to La Haye Sainte a thousand fields have borne witness to its sovereign efficacy.

But when modern fire made this impossible on the battlefield — though the farce was still played at the German manœuvres to please the showman's eye of the Kaiser — the punch went out of warfare, defense triumphed over attack, and the conception of decisive military victory became a mirage in the desert of trench-warfare. Infantry aided by artillery could fix the enemy, disrupt and disorganize his screening forces, but there was no effective means of completing their efforts by a decisive blow such as cavalry had formerly delivered. Here lay the root cause of the stalemates of the Russo-Japanese War and the Great War, the reason why during the years 1914–1918 it proved so easy to break into the enemy's trench positions, so difficult, nay impossible, to break through them in time to smash his resistance and prevent his preparing fresh positions a mile or two in rear.

It became one of the tragic jokes of those weary years to see the cavalry massed, in readiness for its long-awaited rôle, behind the point where a grand attack was to be launched, raising hopes never to be fulfilled, for, if even isolated squadrons attempted to pass through, a few odd machine-guns sufficed to bring to a halt their vain advance.

Can a more damning comment be made upon the leaders of the armies than they themselves afforded by their Micawber-like faith that 'something would turn up' to give cavalry its

chance — presumably to enter a Promised Land where inconvenient machine-guns did not exist — and by their utter lack of effort to provide a substitute for cavalry's rôle suitable to modern conditions?

The deadlock was broken only by the coming of the tank, a new weapon thrust upon the military hierarchy in face of their distrust and opposition. Misused at first, whether from obtuseness or of intent, its value was disparaged by those who misapplied it, and its very continuance was in jeopardy, until the astounding surprise coup at Cambrai in November 1917.

The decisive part it played in the drama of 1918 was acknowledged, somewhat grudgingly, by the Allied commanders and, more emphatically, by the Germans who suffered from it. But with the coming of peace a characteristic reaction took place toward time-honored and traditional methods — typified by the Regular officer who at 11 A.M. on November 11, 1918, heaved a sigh of relief on hearing the Armistice signals, exclaiming, 'Thank heavens! Now we shall be able to get back to *real* soldiering!'

III

It is an axiom that nations learn more readily from defeat than from victory, and though for the nonce Germany is prohibited from building tanks, her post-war military reviews and textbooks bear ample witness to the study that is being devoted to them and their tactics. Will she repeat both the recovery of the Eastern Roman Empire and the basic idea of its military reorganization? 'Theodosius, on whom devolved the task of reorganizing the troops of the Empire, appears to have appreciated to its fullest extent the military meaning of the fight at Adrianople. Abandoning the old Roman

theory of war, he decided that the cavalry must in future compose the most important part of the imperial army.'

Unable to provide this new arm in sufficient numbers or quality from home resources, he obtained it by enlisting wholesale the services of Teutonic allies. Here again we may ask ourselves whether Germany, temporarily debarred from producing her own tanks, though for different reasons, will use Russia as her tool in developing these new sources of military power.

Whether the former Allied Powers have imbibed the lessons of 1918, and adequately developed the means that brought them victory, is a moot point.

Financial stringency and war weariness played certainly as great a part as conservatism among military authorities in preventing far-reaching schemes of tank-expansion. There is justice in the claim that, as tank design is still in its infancy, such money as is available can be more wisely spent in experiments to develop more efficient and reliable types of tank than in equipping armies with a large number of tanks that may be obsolete in a few years.

Meanwhile, however, post-war reorganization and establishments have been crystallizing, and when once the proportionate strengths of the various arms are settled they have a tendency to become fixed. Save under the stress and shocks of war, large changes are difficult, if not impossible, to bring about. In peace-time, with estimates and expenditures rigidly limited, an increase in one arm implies the reduction of another, and, as is but natural, sentiment and interest combine to resist the change. Disbanded regiments mean not only marred careers but the severance of great traditions. To transplant individuals from one regiment or corps to another is too often productive of discord and discontent under the

settled conditions of peace-time. Thus it is rarely feasible, save under the pressure of an imminent and vivid emergency such as will spur men to sacrifice their personal feelings and interests for the sake of the army and the nation. It is this fact that causes disquietude over the otherwise sound policy of experiment before production. Inevitably, military organization and thought are settling down into definite channels all the time the experiment is going on.

In the 1919 campaign 10,000 tanks and 7500 cross-country tractors were being built for the Allies. Now the British Army has only five tank battalions, possessing but a few-score tanks of up-to-date design. Like the American Army, it is experimenting—an official phrase that is often a pseudonym for inertia, or at best a limited safety-valve for enthusiasts who might otherwise become troublesome.

The French Army has a far greater number of tanks, though its tanks are obsolete and its mechanical progress lags behind its ideas. But it at least works on the basis of a higher proportion of tanks to the other arms than do the other countries, where one tank battalion to a division is the most that is visualized.

To appreciate that this idea is retrogressive there is no need to project ourselves into the far future, with its visions of naval warfare on land waged by tank fleets, or to number ourselves with the hot-headed reformers who would wipe out the existing arms with a stroke of the pen. Plain common-sense and a knowledge of history will show us that, even if warfare moves in cycles, they are progressive cycles, and that each succeeding war in modern times between the Great Powers shows an advance mechanically on the last, and at least begins where the last left off.

What, then, is the cause of this step

back in the proportion of tanks to the other arms?

There is no question that the general staffs of all nations regard the tank as a valuable adjunct to the arms already existing — infantry, cavalry, artillery.

Yet curiously, in this very recognition, as we have stated it, lies the explanation of the small proportion of tanks to the other arms in the armies of 1925. Similarly, with subordinate commanders, the value many of them now place on tanks is the cause of their misuse in post-war manoeuvres.

Despite the high speed and relatively less obstacle-crossing power of the latest tanks, they are still regarded as an adjunct to the infantry, and a means of helping the latter — as was the primary purpose of the tanks in the Great War.

The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that for centuries soldiers have been accustomed to think in terms of three main arms — infantry, cavalry, artillery. Then in the last war came the addition of tanks, and soldiers were in a quandary where to place them. The British treat them as an extra arm to the three originals; the French consider them as part of the infantry.

The right classification and right use of tanks are to be found by a study of history in the light of the unchanging and fundamental principles of war — with one eye on the past and the other on the future, for history has a strange way of repeating itself.

IV

Herein lies both the explanation and the object of our opening comparison between the ninth of August, 378 A.D., and the eighth of August, 1918 A.D. The deduction is that tanks are not an extra arm, or a substitute for infantry, but the modernized form of heavy cavalry.

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Cavalry enthusiasts, reluctant to see their old love disappear, draw such grains of comfort as they can from its success in the limited spheres of close reconnaissance and for movement in uncivilized lands which happen to be flat and suitable for cavalry. In their anxiety to prepare a case for the defense they overstress this limited value. If, instead of thinking of cavalry as men on horseback, one thought of it as the mobile arm, the source of many misconceptions and prejudices would be removed. For in fulfilling its historical functions cavalry has assumed many different forms and comprised radically different types and patterns.

On the other hand, the modernist school that considers cavalry an anachronism concentrates its energies on destructive criticism. What neither side seems concerned with is to remedy the lopsidedness of modern warfare and to discover a substitute for the vitally important rôle of decisive manoeuvre formerly fulfilled by cavalry — a rôle that was indeed the main purpose of the mobile arm.

It is not too much to say that the drying-up of cavalry action has caused the decay of generalship and that the art of war as understood by the great captains cannot revive until a substitute for cavalry's former offensive rôle is recognized — for it has already been found, if the history of war be appraised logically. The Battle of Amiens needs to be studied in the light of the Battle of Adrianople.

The tank is at least as well protected against infantry weapons as was the mediæval cavalry, its range and speed of movement are greater, its hitting-power superior — making all allowance for the vastly improved weapons it has to face.

Like the cavalry of old, the tank has its limitations; there are certain types of ground on which it is handicapped

and certain defenses against which it is helpless. These limitations must be appreciated, and its tactical employment based on them, as were those of cavalry by the great captains. Has the eighth of August, 1918, ushered in a tank age, as the ninth of August, 378, brought in a cavalry age? Only the future can tell. The status of infantry is now in the scales. Those who shared in the experience of 1918, and even more those who have watched the latest tanks sweeping over rough country at twenty miles per hour, swinging round in their own length and then off again, like prehistoric monsters of Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, can have little doubt that, on ground suitable to tank action, infantry is helpless against them. But in most countries there is wooded, hilly, or swampy ground where tanks cannot operate. By taking advantage of such tank-proof localities and areas, infantry may retain a useful rôle until a modern successor of the longbow of Cressy is invented to restore the balance.

Conversely, the full benefit of the tank substitute for cavalry depends on how far the commanders of to-day take to heart the lesson that mediæval chivalry failed to appreciate until taught by bitter experience, and then misinterpreted in such a way as to rob cavalry of its chief asset, mobility. So long as tanks are intermingled with infantry and frittered away in dribbles on unsuitable ground, they will be no more effective than the fourteenth-sixteenth century cavalry, before Gustavus Adolphus.

Once appreciate that they are not an extra arm or a mere aid to infantry, but are the modern form of heavy cavalry, and their correct tactical use is clear — to be concentrated and used in as large masses as possible for decisive manœuvre against the flanks and communications of the enemy, which have been

fixed by the infantry and the artillery.

Then not only may we see the rescue of mobility from the toils of trench-warfare, but with it the revival of generalship and of the art of war, in contrast to its mere mechanics. Instead of machines threatening to become the masters of man, as they actually did in 1914–1918, they will give man back opportunities for the use of his art. On the battlefields of the future may be repeated the triumphs of an Arbela, a Cannæ, a Zama, or an Austerlitz. It will then again be true to say with Napoleon: '*Men* do not matter; it is the *man* who counts.' The realization that the proper rôle of the tank, at present a Cinderella, is the supremely vital act of decisive manœuvre will do more than anything else to sweep away the prejudice that always attaches to an innovation, and so pave the way for a readjustment of the proportions of the various arms.

Better still, the restoration of a mobile arm for offensive action will keep alight the cavalry spirit, the very soul of war. To-day the germs of trench-warfare still linger in the military system, with all their deadening effects on mind and action, which can be counteracted only by inoculation with the serum of mobility. To save us from the indecisiveness of recent methods of warfare, which inflict permanent injury on the economic life of both sides, we stand in great need of the lightning grasp of a situation, the rapidity of action, and the energy in exploiting the fleeting opportunities of battle, which are the essence of the cavalry spirit.

The tank assault of to-morrow is but the long-awaited rebirth of the cavalry charge, with the merely material change that moving fire is added to shock and that the cavalry-tank replaces the cavalry-horse.

Thus, to paraphrase, 'The cavalry is dead! Long live the cavalry!'

DEATH AND TAXES

BY RAYMOND EDWARDS HUNTINGTON

I

BELOW the age of forty the average man has little interest in inheritance taxes, but let him become an heir or an executor and suddenly he is keenly interested in a subject of bewildering complexity. Unless he has the legal turn of mind, the more he looks into the subject the more confused he is apt to become. The intricacy of the situation is appalling.

There is no standardized inheritance tax. The District of Columbia, Florida, Alabama, and Nevada impose no inheritance taxes. Each of the other forty-five States has its own individual tax-rate, exemptions, deductions, and special methods of computation. In addition to State inheritance taxes there is the supremely effective Federal Estate Tax on all estates of over \$50,000. Again we find that the Estate Tax is based upon a fundamentally different principle from the inheritance taxes of the great majority of the States.

In fact the confusion has become so marked and so costly that President Coolidge himself addressed a conference of tax officials from the different States and made a strong appeal for a common-sense revision of inheritance taxes with a view to removing the vicious features, reducing the burden of these taxes, and clarifying the entire situation. He even went so far as to suggest for consideration either that the Federal Government should step aside, abolish its Estate Tax, and leave

the field to the States, or that the States should retire, let the Federal Government collect all death taxes, and apportion them among the States which would otherwise have jurisdiction.

He laid special stress on the overlapping-tax evil which is one of the glaring injustices of the present situation, and made clear the dangers of such vicious legislation by illustrating the wasting of estates by this multiple capital levy. Pointing out the tremendous burdens imposed upon the estates of our captains of business by the high brackets of the Estate Tax, simultaneously with the overlapping inheritance taxes, he sounded a warning that a continuation of such taxation would kill initiative, undermine the very foundations of business, and lead to Communism. The logic of his argument for tax reduction and simplification was indisputable. The press gave wide publicity to and approval of the President's position. A few days later this conference of tax officials adjourned.

What has happened since?

Unmistakable results of the President's firm stand on multiple taxation and tax reduction soon began to appear in the different legislatures. On February 24, Nevada went to the extreme by passing an act which repealed her existing inheritance-tax law, this act to take effect on July 1. Bills began to crop up in other legislatures seeking to abolish similar legislation. For a short time it looked as if several States

would abandon inheritance taxes. Three days ahead of Nevada, Wyoming graciously let down the bars to non-residents on stocks of domestic corporations. In Kansas a bill was introduced to repeal the transfer tax of near relatives; in Ohio a bill to repeal the inheritance tax of that State; in New York a bill to increase the exemption to members of Class 1 from \$5000 to \$10,000; in Pennsylvania a proposal to amend the constitution so as to grant exemptions, and another measure to exempt the transfer of personal property within the jurisdiction of the State of a non-resident decedent. In Arizona and Delaware we find efforts to abolish the inheritance-tax laws; in Oklahoma a bill aimed at the income-tax law as well; in New Jersey an effort to amend the constitution and abolish both inheritance and income taxes. Other States have made gestures in these directions.

New York is one of the few States that met the overlapping-tax evil sensibly, with a new law. In this new law that State inserts a reciprocal-exemption clause which exempts a nonresident from taxation by New York (a) if he is a resident of a State that has no inheritance tax, such as Alabama, or (b) if his State of residence extends a similar reciprocal exemption to nonresidents, as does Massachusetts.

To what degree do inheritance taxes overlap?

Speaking in general terms, the property of the nonresident which is most widely taxed is stock — shares of a corporation which may have one or more States of incorporation. If the corporation in which his stock makes him virtually a partner happens to be incorporated in several States, so much the worse for his family when the time comes to pay inheritance taxes. Each of those several States may exercise

the power to exact and collect a tax on the same block of stock, and these taxes will be in addition to the tax of his home State (unless he lives in the small group which impose no inheritance tax), and in addition to the Federal Estate Tax, if he happens to leave over \$50,000. The mischief of this tax upon tax upon the same bit of property is at once apparent, and the frame of mind of one who has been called upon to pay such taxes can be easily imagined.

In an estate of any size at all triple taxation is common and double taxation is the rule. Let us illustrate. Assume the estate is about \$200,000. This means double taxation — tax by State of residence and Federal Estate Tax. But many of the stocks in an estate of this size will represent companies incorporated in another State. Let us say they are Michigan corporations. Then we have triple taxation as far as all the Michigan stocks are concerned — Michigan tax, home State tax, Federal Estate Tax. It is a perfect system. Collections are always good. The States are poor and need the money. They have been getting it. They hate to give it up.

II

Dropping the overlapping-tax evil, let us turn for a moment to another weak spot in the inheritance-tax situation in most of our older States — that is the exemptions.

The exemptions are the arbitrary amounts which a State says shall not be taxed. Some States insist that one exemption only can be allowed to an entire estate. Most States classify the beneficiaries into groups determined by blood relationship, and then allow a certain exemption to each member in a group or a certain exemption to each group as a whole. Here again we

glimpse the amazing variety and confusion of these laws.

Because of the remarkable efficacy of inheritance taxes as income-producers for the State, the exemptions in most of our Eastern or older States are much too low and do not take into serious consideration the actual needs of the widow. For example, Delaware, which is one of the fairest States in the Union in her inheritance-tax legislation, allows a widow a munificent exemption of \$3000. Imagine a widow left a small estate as her sole means of support, and the meagreness of the exemption becomes at once a hardship.

At the time this article is being written the average maximum exemption of all the States is a little under \$11,000. Kansas takes the lead in her fair-minded consideration of the widow, to whom she allows an exemption of \$75,000, which is not even approached by any other State. The next largest exemption is \$25,000, found in only two States at this time, and the next is \$24,000, found in California only. From this figure we drop to \$20,000, found in about five States. Thus we find the majority of exemptions below this figure, which in itself is inadequate.

If, then, we are to steer clear of confiscation and Communistic tendencies, must we not first of all give proper consideration to the widow and leave her, free from all death taxes, at least a competency which takes into account the present scale of living costs?

An unfortunate phase of the exemption situation is the exemption which has a trick of disappearing entirely, as is the case in Massachusetts, New York, and a few other States. For instance, Massachusetts allows a widow an exemption of \$10,000. If, however, the husband has left her over \$10,000, the exemption disappears and the tax attaches to the entire distributive share with the proviso that the tax

may not reduce her portion below \$10,000. When you add a disappearing act to an exemption that is inadequate at the start, injustice and sometimes hardship result.

Only the other day an executor told me of settling an estate the chief beneficiary of which was a gentle old woman who was left \$12,000 as her sole means of support. Death taxes took \$600 out of her principal. Without question this estate had been left in bad order, else the taxes would not have eaten so large a hole in the principal. But this does not alter the fact that this hardship has been inflicted upon a helpless old woman, and legally inflicted by presumably deliberate legislation. While there is much hue and cry about the high brackets of the Estate Tax, which falls most heavily upon the rich, should not our legislators first of all see to it that they have not taken away the widow's mite?

More recently a fellow tax-specialist called to my attention a small estate of \$20,000 in which one of the heirs paid an inheritance tax of some \$1500 to the State of Pennsylvania. Here we have a State which at this writing grants no exemptions to individuals.¹ This heavy tax was due to the fact that this particular heir was a cousin, hence subject to the ten-per-cent rate on the Pennsylvania property, which amounted to \$15,000. Here again we find a situation where ignorance of the inheritance-tax laws or neglect of the donor to rearrange the estate properly cost the beneficiary an unnecessarily heavy tax.

The time limit is a third factor which too often causes hardships in the settling of estates. Vermont, whose inheritance-tax legislation is among the best of all our States, is broad-minded in

¹ Since this article was written, Pennsylvania has passed a law granting reciprocal exemptions to nonresidents living in States which grant the same privilege to residents of Pennsylvania.

allowing two years. The average time allowed for settlement, however, is but twelve months, and some States impose a penalty-interest charge if the tax remains unpaid at the end of six.

To put it another way, the average executor has but twelve months to settle up an estate and get all the death taxes paid. Otherwise he faces penalty-interest charges or suits to collect these taxes. He is further spurred to prompt settlement in certain States by a discount for cash, usually about five per cent for payment within six months of death.

More often than not the cash is not available. In examining the actual court-records covering the estates of men of large means it is surprising to note that the cash on hand in the estate is usually from a tenth to a twentieth of the amount representing debts and taxes which must be paid before the estate can be distributed. Take the case of G. M. Rothschild, who left an estate of a little less than six millions. His cash was found to be less than three hundred dollars, while taxes amounted to considerably over a million, to say nothing of debts. Nothing strange or discreditable about this. The man of large interests has his funds tied up in his business. He likes to keep his money at work, and frequently he has to tie it up in real estate or close corporations to get the return he demands. In his zest for conquest, however, he forgets his family and the price which they will have to pay through their executor in order to raise the cash within the time limit.

Where an estate is left largely in real estate, property which should not be pushed hurriedly into a market, the executor is forced to sell at once the best securities or the cream of the estate in order to raise the cash on time. If the estate should happen to be wholly real estate it is probable that the

executor would have to borrow by mortgaging the property to get the cash. In either case the forced sale of securities or real estate depresses the market as a rule, and prices are accepted which may be far below the price which could have been obtained under fairer conditions.

It is but natural that in many cases Liberty bonds, Municipals, and the choicest investment stocks are thrown overboard regardless of the position of the market. When the estate comes to be distributed the heirs find themselves in possession of unlisted securities having narrow markets, real estate and other property not readily convertible. The cream is gone. Uncle Sam and the various States get it because this is the one tax they are sure of collecting on time.

III

One of the sorest spots in the entire inheritance-tax situation is the burden placed upon life insurance.

Over eighty per cent of all that men leave to their families is life insurance. Thus, when we consider how large an item life insurance is in the average estate, we see at a glance what a tempting field it offers to the tax-collector. Let us first touch upon the Estate Tax in this respect.

The Federal Estate Tax gives an exemption of \$50,000 and further exempts \$40,000 of insurance to a named beneficiary. In other words, a man may leave \$50,000 worth of stocks, bonds, real estate, or other property, and \$40,000 of life insurance to his wife, and his family will not have to pay an Estate Tax because of these exemptions. Any insurance over the \$40,000 becomes subject to tax.

Here we have a point that has been subject to costly legal battles which will continue until it is cleared up.

In the famous Frick case, which has recently been decided in favor of the Frick Estate, the lower court held that this tax upon life insurance was unconstitutional. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was hoped the question would be settled once for all. The Supreme Court ruled that the tax should not have been imposed upon the Frick insurance because this policy had become payable prior to the act of Congress imposing this tax; that this act could not be retroactive, and hence this tax should be refunded to the estate. The Supreme Court did not discuss or rule upon the question of the constitutionality of this tax upon insurance, deeming that it was immaterial. Thus the situation remains for the most part unchanged, in that insurance which has or may become a claim since Congress passed this act in 1919 is taxable above the \$40,000 exemption.

When we realize in how many cases life insurance constitutes the sole means of support for a family suddenly left without a provider it would seem that the Federal Government should raise the exemption on insurance to at least \$100,000 or exempt it entirely when made out to a named beneficiary.

In addition to the Federal Government we find five States which at this writing tax life insurance under certain conditions. Arkansas taxes except when the insurance is payable to the widow or a direct ascendant or descendant. Montana taxes all insurance over \$50,000, while Mississippi taxes all over \$20,000. In Tennessee, insurance payable to beneficiaries who are strangers or collaterals is taxable, while Wisconsin has the worst record of all, in that she taxes all insurance with no consideration of the hardship which such taxation may impose. The above constitute the exceptions to the general rule that insurance to a named

beneficiary is usually exempt. This general rule should be the universal rule, because there is small excuse for penalizing a man's family for the one unselfish act of self-denial and thrift exercised in order that he may keep his family from want and suffering if he is taken away before he has been able to provide a competence. Such taxation is difficult to understand, almost impossible to explain on any grounds of reason or justice.

IV

Here then we have four outstanding sore spots in the inheritance-tax situation: (a) overlapping taxes, (b) meagre exemptions, (c) executor being forced to act too quickly, and (d) taxation of life insurance. Why do these sore spots continue to exist?

Ignorance is the only answer.

You and your neighbor don't know half as much as you ought to know about inheritance taxes because you think you will never have to pay them. Your family may pay the price for your indifference. It is human nature to postpone doing anything that pertains to death. We do not like to think about it. It is so easy to put it off another day. We are indifferent because we do not know how much our indifference may cost our wives and children. If you knew that a certain block of stock you were rather partial to would bring a death tax of just so many hundred or thousand dollars and that you could save your wife that tax by switching over into another stock just as good in every way, or by buying a certain bond, would you not make that change in short order?

It is very questionable if many of us would wish to give up our associations and friends, pull up stakes, and trek to a tax-exempt State like Alabama just to dodge the bulk of inheritance

taxes. Most of us think too much of the home State to want to do that. It is not necessary. Moreover, the taking-up of residence in a tax-exempt State does not dodge the Federal Estate Tax, which is likely to remain, in modified form, for just this reason. If this tax should be removed there would then be spots which would offer total exemption from death taxes, and such spots might become asylums for tax-dodgers. Uncle Sam is not keen to establish any such asylums. He does not believe in encouraging tax-dodging.

To trek to the tax-exempt State is not necessary, because with a little care and forethought a man can arrange his estate so that his family will have to pay no more than the legal minimum. And a little more forethought will see to it that cash, Liberty bonds, Municipals, or insurance are provided to take care of these minimum taxes.

Absurd or seemingly impossible situations have arisen more than once because of ignorance of inheritance taxes. Not long ago a man of wealth arranged in his will that one of his sons should pay all the death taxes of the estate. These taxes amounted to a sum so far beyond this son's share that he was thousands of dollars in debt in carrying out the terms of the will.

Speaking of the injustice of the present inheritance-tax situation, a business man wrote to me the other day and said, 'The situation is so bad that it certainly can't become worse and must improve.' If this man were to die now his family would have to pay handsomely in multiple taxes because of his indifference.

Secretary Mellon has termed such taxation 'economic suicide,' because it encourages the spending of capital for current expenses. One of our foremost financial dailies gives a more graphic description, calling it the 'eating-up of seed corn.'

Every man owes it to his family to familiarize himself at least with the inheritance taxes of his State of residence and should see to it that his will and his investments are made with due regard to the exemptions which are permitted. He should get the family attorney to advise him as to whether his will has imposed terms which will inflict a penalty on any one member of the family. He should acquaint himself in a general way with the States which are known as 'favorable' from an inheritance-tax investment standpoint, and when he buys stocks he should stick pretty closely to those States and his home State. He should know that the ownership of a single share of stock in a certain State may make taxable certain coupon bonds in his estate that would otherwise be tax-exempt.

He should be quick to see the advantage of having his wife own outright a goodly portion of his estate, and he should remember that the Federal Government imposes a gift tax on all gifts totaling over \$50,000 in any one year. A good man of my acquaintance has already paid two different inheritance taxes on property which he had given to former wives. He has been a 'good sport' and has preferred to do this rather than run the risk of having his widow pay a very much heavier tax.

V

My experience in examining estates from the inheritance-tax standpoint points toward certain tendencies. It would hardly be safe to draw conclusions, so varied are the combinations.

If a man of large affairs is a financial man and has been largely concerned with the handling of securities rather than the conduct of business or real-estate operations, one is apt to find that his estate is in a better position to meet inheritance taxes promptly than

the average estate and with less shrinkage due to forced sales.

If, on the other hand, the client is wholly absorbed in one business and cares nothing for the market or for real estate, one is apt to find his estate carrying a large proportion of shares of a close corporation, which cannot be quickly liquidated or the sale of which may disturb the control of the business. In such a case we have a fairly typical instance where the executor may be forced to make sacrifice sales in order to raise the cash for the payment of taxes.

Another type is the young man who has accumulated perhaps half a million through a touch of inventive genius. He carefully divides his estate with his wife and in her portion he leaves most of the bonds and the more conservative stocks. In his share we find bonds and a wide range of stocks. His share, because of the variety and proportion of stocks, bears the heavier tax, which *the wife would have to pay* if he should die first. The diversification is excellent. It gives just so many more States the opportunity to impose their taxes. Thus diversification means one thing from the inheritance standpoint and another thing from the investment standpoint. Both should be weighed, because at times the inheritance tax can be disregarded in favor of the investment return.

In the estate of the man who has a fondness for real estate we may find a freedom from multiple taxation, but we are also apt to find surprisingly little cash or easily liquidated securities. Here again we find a case where the executor may have difficulty in raising the cash for the taxes, and in meeting this difficulty he may be forced to make sacrifices which would make multiple taxation itself blush.

Doctors, lawyers, and ministers represent groups on which inheritance taxes are apt to fall heavily. You may think it strange that I have included lawyers in this grouping. But a lawyer who is at the same time a successful investor and a specialist in inheritance taxes is the rare exception, not the rule. Each of these professional groups is so concerned with professional thought that it has little time for the study of investments. For this reason professional men quite often accumulate a wide variety of securities of doubtful value, or, if not of doubtful value, of extremely wide diversification. We have already noted the fact that diversification in ownership of stocks may mean a broadside of inheritance taxes.

One of the first estates which came to me for examination was that of a minister. Naturally an estate of modest proportions, the tax itself was small. But the estate was involved in some seventeen different States, calling for either taxes or waivers from each. A waiver is the document issued by the proper State official permitting the transfer of stock, and must be obtained before the stock of a decedent may be sold. The annoyance, delay, and expense in settling a small estate so involved would have been out of all proportion to the value of the property. Furthermore, the exemptions of the State of residence were such that a simple rearrangement ensured exemption for both wife and children.

'Eating up seed corn' is bad business. It will continue just as long as we are content to have it so. But more time is required to change laws than to change investments, and every estate-owner should look to his holdings as a first step in insuring his heirs against unnecessary and unjust losses through inheritance taxation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE!

LEAGUED and Associated and Brotherhooded to saturation though we are, we've got to L. and A. and B. ourselves again. We've got to organize a Society for the Enforcement of Mother Goose! We have stood stupidly by while our precious fairy-tales have been purged of their thrills. We have allowed Santa Claus to be cast into limbo. We have exposed the beneficent stork. We feel not a qualm when our five-year-olds ask if there is really a God. And *now* it is Mother Goose! The modernists say she must go. Pious old Mother Goose is not only silly, ungrammatical, and un-American, but is brutal and obscene! An obituary which does not appear on that time-eaten tombstone in the old King's Chapel Burying Ground.

Elizabeth Goose lived with her daughter's family in Boston over two hundred years ago. The Fleets had a houseful of children, and many a time this talented grandmother brought cosmos out of chaos with her jingling doggerel, sung in a none too musical voice, they tell us. Johnny was magicked into trotting baby sister on his foot to the tune of 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.' Getting supper was play to Polly and Susan if Grandmother would only sing 'Polly put the kettle on' and then 'Sukey take it off again.' And as for saying one's prayers at night, one had only to remember the fate of that highly improper old man who was surprised 'in my lady's chamber.'

However, it took Papa Fleet, the irascible son-in-law, to make Mother Goose's story worth the telling. Unlike his entranced offspring, this upright son

of grace considered his mother-in-law a public nuisance. Truth to tell, he became so 'het up' that he determined to write down the silly trash and publish it that Mother Goose might be held up to the contempt of the whole colony. Why, people went to the stocks every day for less! So publish it he did. And lo! a boomerang — he gave the world one of its most indispensable classics.

Howbeit, it has remained for the new school to psychoanalyze Mother Goose. And alas — she is found to be responsible for most of the ills of our day. She condones slovenliness in

Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on.

Yet if the truth were known perhaps the good lady used this very rhyme in gentle ridicule to induce her charges to prepare for bed in the approved fashion. I have seen college-bred mothers resort to methods less scientific. Simple Simon, we are told, advocates unsound economics, though it might be argued that the pieman rather effectually undermines Simon's theory. Miss Muffet and her spider engender a fear complex. King Cole, that ribald soul, extols imperialism, while 'Sing a song of sixpence' is un-American, since it deals with a monarchical monetary system!

Now the iconoclasts would not wholly deprive our babies of their rhymes. Not at all! They would merely exchange Mother Goose for such educational gems as this: —

What makes us stand so tall and straight?
Our bones, which number two hundred eight;

or this one, which tends to correct fear complexes by padding the strong arm of the law: —

Let Friend Policeman be your guide,
When into the street you go.
Whether you walk or in autos ride,
You must mind the rules, you know.

Recriminations aside — there is little danger of the modernists being taken too seriously. The babies would n't stand for it, and we can at least trust them for an honest verdict. I look upon my four-year-old as a wholly unspoiled critic. She has never read a dime novel or a movie caption or heard a radio bedtime story. I esteem her virgin taste. She was a year and a half old when I formally introduced her to literature. We tried first the 'Three Little Kittens.' The new school would scarcely approve their carelessness in the matter of mittens. However, Baby was enthusiastic, and after that other old favorites followed fast. At present her five-foot shelf contains *The Three Bears*, *The Three Pigs*, *Cinderella*, some of Carl Sandburg's stories, the *Child's Garden of Verses*, *Peter Pan*, various folk-tales, and much Mother Goose. These are her friends. They are of her world. She quotes them as we grown-ups quote Shakespeare. To my 'Where have you been?' she answers blithely, 'I've been to London to look at the queen.' Or if I ask, 'Whose girl are you?' she is quite likely to twinkle her eyes at me and say, —

'Little Tom Tinker's girl,
Bow-wow-wow!'

While I work, she 'reads' to me, her memory guided by the pictures. I doubt if the morals or the manners or the grammar impress her. Such impedimenta can probably be tracked to her great-grandfather as easily as to Mother Goose.

What she does get from Mother Goose is sheer delight and no mean amount of intellectual exercise. Her imagination is kindled, she is developing a feeling for rhythm, a sense of humor, and a keen instinct for dramati-

zation. Now suppose we give the modernists a laboratory test. Just repeat to the average three-year-old 'Old Mother Hubbard.' Watch his face light up as the simple rhyme swings old familiar concepts into view. See how long it takes him to learn it word for word. And then watch him dramatize it with the aid of his dog, or his Teddy bear, or the circumambient air. Then read him one of the new medicated rhymes: —

Pitter, patter, rainy day,
Bringing summer showers,
Though I can't go out to play,
I know 't will help the flowers.

Unless I miss my guess you will be rewarded with an entirely sincere and equally impenetrable indifference.

Now the baby does n't know it, and perhaps his parents have given the subject no thought, but there is sound psychology back of our love for Mother Goose and all the fine old romantic literature for children. In fact the need for it has never been so urgent as it is now in our machine-made civilization. Already 'atmosphere,' as we love to call it, is a thing of conscious effort rather than the spontaneous expression of a rich fancy. If this stultifying process of standardization goes much further, we shall soon be reduced to experiencing all our emotions by proxy. All the romance left to us will be in books. And if our books must be civilized, too, God help us! Farewell to even vicarious adventure.

Indeed, it is bad enough for a whole nation of grown-ups to be painted from the same can, but it is inconceivable for children. And yet we are bleaching the color out of their lives as fast as modern methods will permit. We can all see the pathos of the little blue-gingham uniforms orphans wear, and it is high time we awoke to the tragedy of blue-gingham souls. Sound as it may be to reduce our babies' physical existence to clock-work, the virtue becomes a vice when it

threatens to print their minds in the same all-over pattern. What we need is less system and more color—less efficiency and more personality. Can you conceive of a Mark Twain brought up on Dr. Holt? Or could Stevenson so enthrall our boys if he had never prowled abroad at night with a lantern hidden under his jacket?

We have expurgated Bluebeard and his ilk from our children's reading,—no doubt rightly,—yet it is singular how many of our great writers recall with relish the weird, spine-pricking tales told them in the light of a flickering fire by some old Negro mammy or the Raggedy Man. True, conditions to-day make it seem imperative that we throw about our children certain safeguards, mental and spiritual as well as physical. But in our zeal let us exorcise only the truly harmful. Let us stop short of the picturesque, the whimsical.

Not long ago I took my two boys to see a beautiful performance of Barrie's *Peter Pan*. You remember when Tinker Bell is dying, how Peter appeals to the audience to save her. 'Do you believe in fairies?' he cries. 'Clap your hands if you do!' And as I fervently clapped, the tears that chased each other down

my cheeks were not so much for Tinker Bell as for my two fact-stuffed, fancy-starved little boys who tugged at my elbows and whispered a scandalized '*Mother, you don't!*'

Perhaps I don't,—thousand pities,—but ten thousand pities if *they* don't! Realities claim them soon enough. But—and here lies the whole point of my brief for Mother Goose—reality itself takes its hue from the color of the spectacles we wear. Sentiment can lend glamour to shoestrings. And sentiment cannot be infused into our beings by an act of will. It cannot even be taught by mail. It is the flavor, the bouquet, the rare essence that our early contacts distill into our personalities. Like Heaven, it 'lies about us in our infancy.' Repulsed then, it is forever denied us when we are grown. It is like the faint star whose glint we can catch out of the tail of the eye, but which vanishes utterly when we turn our full gaze upon it. There can scarcely be too much of it. A normal quota is just about sufficient to season our everydayness. And an overdose produced our geniuses. So there you are! I move you that we leave the babies their Mother Goose. There is scarcely enough truth to go around for the grown-ups, anyway.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE diary of **Helen Dore Boylston** is the first chapter of the autobiography of an American girl between the years 1917 and 1924. At twenty-two, Miss Boylston, a recent graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital, was serving her novitiate as nurse with one of the famous medical units in France. The diary, as it was hurriedly written in odd moments at camp, discloses the abrupt breaking-in of grim human realities upon a young girl reared in the best American tradition. Its racy and instantaneous record conveys the sights and sounds, the thoughts and emotions, the very texture of momentous days. Further installments of Miss Boylston's diary will carry the reader on among the conditions confronting the world to-day. Here is the 'modern' young woman in the making. **W. M. Leiserson** is chairman of the Board of Arbitration for the Men's Clothing Industry of Chicago. The cases he describes are all matters of fact. The clarity with which they illuminate the problems of labor relations will bring understanding to many readers. ¶Doubtless **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, an *Atlantic* philosopher, will persuade others that the democratic notion that all citizens must be of the same length, breadth, and thickness is the most awful terror connected with the advance of the proletariat. ¶The letters of **Anna M. Whistler** animate the gentle and lovely figure which was first known to us in her son's portrait. Discovered in a house at Intervale, New Hampshire, once owned by Mr. James H. Gamble, to whom all but two of the letters are written, they eventually became the property of Miss Katherine E. Abbott, who kindly arranged them for the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Traveler, printer, and in recent years designer of the distinctive books of a New York publisher, **Manuel Komroff** yet finds time for the creation of strange and beautiful short stories. His tales are soon to be collected in a volume which will include

'The Grace of Lambs,' originally published in the *March Atlantic*. **Frank Kendon** is an English poet whose work we have welcomed to our pages. ¶A new contributor, **Mary Lucia Bierce Fuller**, has returned to this country after twenty-eight years of devoted missionary service in India. In recalling the friendly group of Brahmin widows and her conversation with them, Miss Fuller seems to have overlooked 'two or three other types of widows not too uncommon in my dear Maharashtra,' which in all fairness she feels she must describe.

There is too, of course, the occasional happy widow who has a family and is loved, who forgets herself in the service and happiness of those dear to her; who may even have the oversight of an estate; or who has found peace in meditation, austerities, and self-abnegation. If she is of to-day, she is not shaven, and may be a student, teacher, or nurse. Then there is the widow who enjoys respite, who out of the fire finds the frying-pan a refuge. After all, a dead husband, however calamitous a widow's status, may not be an actual calamity! But these widows were of those who sigh and 'go softly all their years' that they may earn a happier rebirth.

A new translator of the New Testament and Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago, **Edgar J. Goodspeed** is also a felicitous essayist, as his forthcoming volume will give entertaining proof. ¶For many years **Lucy Furman** has been writing and working for the cause of the Hindman Settlement School in Knott County, Kentucky. Her present narrative gives an account of the school 'raising.' Begun twenty-three years ago in the heart of the 'feud district,' it has become one of the best known of all mountain schools and an instrument for peace throughout the countryside. At present the institution numbers thirty-three teachers and workers and, including a branch, a total enrollment of 434 pupils. Over six hundred children are waiting for admission. Yet, because of the impoverished district, the school is in grave need of support.

Retiring after twenty-two years in the Indian service, fourteen of them on the western frontier, **Leo Crane** is qualified to express his frank and stimulating diagnosis of Indian troubles. This narrative and those which have appeared in the three preceding numbers form chapters of the book by Mr. Crane, entitled *Indians of the Enchanted Desert*, published August 10, an Atlantic Monthly Press publication issued by Little, Brown and Company. ¶The Reverend **Justin Wroe Nixon**, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in Rochester, New York, will earn the sympathy of many when in such troubled times he defines the difficult and dangerous path of the moderate. **Thomas Pearson** is a member of the American Financial Commission invited by the Persian Government to administer Persia's finances. Amid the clatter of an American holiday his serene and simple narrative is refreshing to behold. **Cornelia James Cannon**, wife of Professor W. B. Cannon, and herself widely known as an educator, is ever ready with trenchant and provocative criticism. **Helene Mullins** makes her graceful début in our pages. ¶To a number of observers, **Valeska Bari's** pictures of Porto Rico are both natural and characteristic. Miss Bari will be remembered for her story, 'Majority Rule,' which appeared in the January *Atlantic*. **Carroll Perry**, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Ipswich, Massachusetts, is one of five brothers numbering more wits and good sense than is customarily bestowed upon a single family.

Bulls are not the only animals enraged by red flags. The capacity to give or take an argument about the Soviet without violent loss of temper and dignity is confined to few, and of that few **Sir Martin Conway** is by odds the most sensible and dispassionate we know. A mountaineer, a connoisseur, a politician, and a practical philosopher, he has watched life from many angles. ¶According to **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, man shall once more ride off to battle in armor, but, characteristic of a material age, the future Laureate shall sing 'The Charge of the Light Tank Brigade.' Captain Hart has been appointed

to succeed Colonel Repington as Military Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. ¶The experience of analyzing the estates of men of affairs has familiarized **Raymond Edwards Huntington**, of Wellesley Hills, with a practical working knowledge of the inheritance-tax laws.

For those who found themselves discomforted by the disquisition on Darwinism in 'The Bee's Knees,' Mr. Charles Stewart has willingly prepared the following epilogue.

Darwin goes on page after page to show that all animals were built up by chance, fortuitously. They have a tendency to vary illicitly; and coincidence with the environment, chance, does the rest. This varying is not a deity working *directly* — it is 'spontaneous.'

About this time he becomes dissatisfied with this 'chance' and 'spontaneous' way of expression and wants to emphasize that there may be *laws* (though he does not know what the law is in any of these various cases). And so he puts up a plea that words do not exactly serve him — 'chance' or such idea as that does not say it; it is only his way of expression. All of which is all right, especially as anyone who is reading him in the whole gathers what he is driving at.

Suppose that every little variation in the millions that are made, according to Darwin, to produce a slight change was a variation according to a *law*; and that moreover Darwin knew what that law was. Suppose even that the *Creator* is behind it all with *laws*; and that even every little variation is the direct work of Deity. In either case Darwinism is pure chance — fortuitous. Because —

Of the millions of variations, there are millions that are unfitting, of no avail, purposeless, without reason or object or function. Millions of individuals, as Darwin tells us, vary unprofitably and die, are not perpetuated, do not go toward building up a new animal. As he *says* also, it is not necessarily the *best* animals that survive — simply those whose variations fit the environment. This is a matter of chance.

Therefore, Darwinism is fortuitous, and blind chance, not because the *variations* originate by law or not by law, or because they are attributed to Deity or not to Deity, but because of the way they are *applied*. Their application, the way they are set to work, is *haphazard*.

Now that is what I say in my article — that Darwin represents an animal as built up by chance. It is true; and anyone who has looked into the theory knows it.

CHARLES D. STEWART

The genuine story of this automobilist is but another proof that thrift and happiness are boon companions.

BOLTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read with deep interest 'Confessions of an Automobilist,' in the June issue. His conclusions are probably very correct — of a certain class of people.

I live in a country town of less than eight hundred inhabitants, with no industry other than farming, and the motor-cars owned here number about two hundred, only half a dozen of which can be called 'pleasure cars,' though the rest contribute to the pleasure of their owners.

The mechanic and the farmer look upon their cars as a business proposition. I have had six years' experience as the owner of a humble Ford. I have two sons in town, one with a home of his own. The other lives at home with us. Both of these boys are mechanics, electricians, carpenters, and builders. They are rarely out of work, but to find constant employment without their cars would be next to impossible. And we have in town a goodly number of young men and women who are enabled to live at home through the genius of Henry Ford. Being of the finer type of country-bred youth, this means much to the social life of such small communities.

My own experience is not unique. An old man, I had no idea of ever taking the risk of learning to drive a car, but when my home-boy enlisted he talked about selling his car, and he had some good offers for it. A friend persuaded me that I could learn, so I asked the boy to leave his car for me to drive.

Living in the country, five miles from railroad and trolley cars, I have always kept a horse as a necessity. I learned to drive the car. I kept the horse, but was able to let her out for enough to pay for her keeping. When the boy returned I found that I needed a car of my own. Now I have my third car.

From the beginning I have kept a careful account. During a period of six years the cost of driving the car, including gas, oil, repairs, and depreciation, has been inside five cents a mile — much less than driving a horse, and the cost is nothing when the car stands idle in the barn. Of course, I have no garage rent to pay, and being something of a mechanic I can do much of the repairing myself.

As an 'illustrative' story or two let me add that in my 'retirement' I sometimes have calls to preach at a distance from home. For three or four summers I supplied a pulpit twenty miles away. By public conveyance that meant a day's journey and often staying overnight. With the

flivver I could leave home at nine o'clock and be home to dinner.

Last August my three sons and I loaded the camping outfit on to the car, visited my old home in Central New York, and went on to Niagara Falls, a trip of eleven days and 1128 miles, and came home feeling younger than ever, and it cost no more than it would have cost us to stay at home — even for gasoline. If we had been at home we would have been driving four cars about.

The banker's story does not apply to the country districts, where half or more of the cars are owned. Please give us the true story, the story as a whole.

Very truly yours,

J. N. PARDEE

A verdict from the Bench.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Towle's article on 'The Motor Menace' in the July *Atlantic* is a splendid presentation of the case for Compulsory Automobile Insurance as a means of reducing accidents and insuring compensation to the innocent victims thereof. However, greater stress should be laid upon the fundamental distinction between *Liability Insurance* and *Compensation Insurance*.

Liability Insurance only guarantees the solvency of the automobile-owner up to definite limits, usually not exceeding \$5000 for one injury or death. It does not insure compensation to the victim of an automobile accident, but compels him to engage in an unequal contest with a powerful insurance company or a personal-injury suit to obtain damages. In case the party inflicting injury (1) cannot be identified, (2) is acting outside the scope of his authority, (3) is engaged in Governmental work, or (4) preponderating proof of 'negligence' cannot be obtained owing to the death or unconsciousness of the injured person, *Liability Insurance* furnishes no remedy.

Even when all the conditions to recovery exist, a personal-injury suit is necessary to recover damages, and this is at best a slow and expensive remedy. Other than insuring the ability of the automobile-owner to pay a judgment, liability insurance would inure largely to the profit of insurance agents and ambulance chasers.

These reasons led us to discard Employers' Liability Insurance and to adopt Workmen's Compensation Insurance, the principle of which has been so successfully applied in cases of industrial accidents.

Compensation Insurance can be written at a lower cost than Liability Insurance and will

guarantee prompt and adequate compensation to every injured person and to the family of every person killed by automobiles, according to uniform and definite schedules. It will protect the automobile-owner from his present *unlimited* liability to respond in damages. It will do away with the evils of the personal-injury suit and relieve the courts of the flood of automobile-accident cases which now clog the dockets.

Society as a whole would be relieved of the burden of maintaining courts and juries who now spend three fourths of their time in the trial of these cases, and of the burden placed upon charities in furnishing medical care to the injured and financial relief to the dependent families of the dead.

Compulsory Compensation Insurance would place these burdens where they properly belong — namely, upon the automobile-owners who cause the damage. In common with many other judges, I feel a debt of gratitude to Mr. Towle for his forceful and popular discussion of this subject.

Sincerely,
ROBERT S. MARX
Judge of the Superior Court

* * *

The land of 'Ain't'?

READING, PENNA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Frances LeFevre's story, 'The Victor — Who?' was much enjoyed by my family. We have lived in Reading ten years and number among our friends and acquaintances many of the Pennsylvania Dutch folk.

I well remember with what mingled feelings of dismay and astonishment my wife and I stepped from the train at the old Franklin Street station some ten years ago. It was Saturday night, and as we walked down Penn Street, seeking a hotel, we found that thoroughfare jammed and overflowing into the gutter with a race of people who spoke a strange language. Comfortably fat women, carrying market baskets stuffed with provisions, waddled along dragging tired children behind them. Collarless men with weatherbeaten faces, leathery necks, and backs bent from toil in the fields, shuffled along carrying live chickens, ducks, and geese under their arms. Lined up along the curb under the street lights were groups of flashily dressed young city sports ogling the passing stream of women and eating peanuts. Everything was so foreign to the life we had known that it was hard for us to believe we were in an American city.

But with the passing years we have come to

love the place and its people. It is a friendly town. And, while the inhabitants have many peculiarities which can only be understood through long acquaintance, they are on the whole kindly, impulsive, warm-hearted people. Above all, they are thrifty.

We have had many laughs at their queer sayings and their queerer beliefs. Many of the older generation have implicit faith in powwow-ing and when ill will go to the powwow man rather than to a doctor. They also call in the powwow man when they have an enemy to get rid of, believing that he can cast a spell over the enemy so that he will sicken and die. I personally know one old woman who spent comparatively large sums for this purpose — happily without the desired result.

One afternoon my wife and I were standing on Penn Street at the Seventh Street grade crossing. The railroad gates were down and a long freight-train was passing. The interrupted stream of human traffic began piling up about the gates. Pressed close against us by the surrounding crowd was a Pennsylvania Dutch woman and her small son. When at last the caboose hove in sight, the little fellow turned to his mother and in an excited, piping voice exclaimed, 'Ain't, mom, when the little red car goes by it's all?'

One of my wife's friends had discontinued the service of ice to her house during her absence. Shortly after her return she was awakened very early one morning by a loud pounding on the kitchen door. From her bedroom window she recognized her former iceman standing on the steps below. On perceiving her in negligee the Dutchmen favored her with a broad smile and inquired cheerily, 'Mrs. Dalton, is you on yet?' 'What did you say?' inquired the good lady. 'Is you on yet?' repeated the Dutchman. 'On what?' asked Mrs. Dalton. 'On ice,' explained her iceman. He merely wanted to know if he was to resume his regular service.

With five young boys going to schools where most of their mates are embryo Pennsylvania Dutchmen, it has been a most difficult task for us to weed out the double negatives and split infinitives from their conversation. All the boys have acquired the Dutch accent and inflection to a large extent and it seems hopeless for us to attempt to eradicate it while we live in this community. Jack, aged ten, will instinctively say 'wanity case' or 'Queen of the Walley' rather than sound the *V* where it belongs. Everything in Reading is 'wim, wigor, and witality.' You can't get away from it. It's as contagious as the measles.

Yours very truly,

J. H. E.

